Everybody's Magazine

15 Cents

A New Serial
By Dorothy Canfield

The SQUIRREL CAGE

A story mostly about you and me.
If that isn't interesting what is?

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"20 years on the market—
Hasn't scratched yet."

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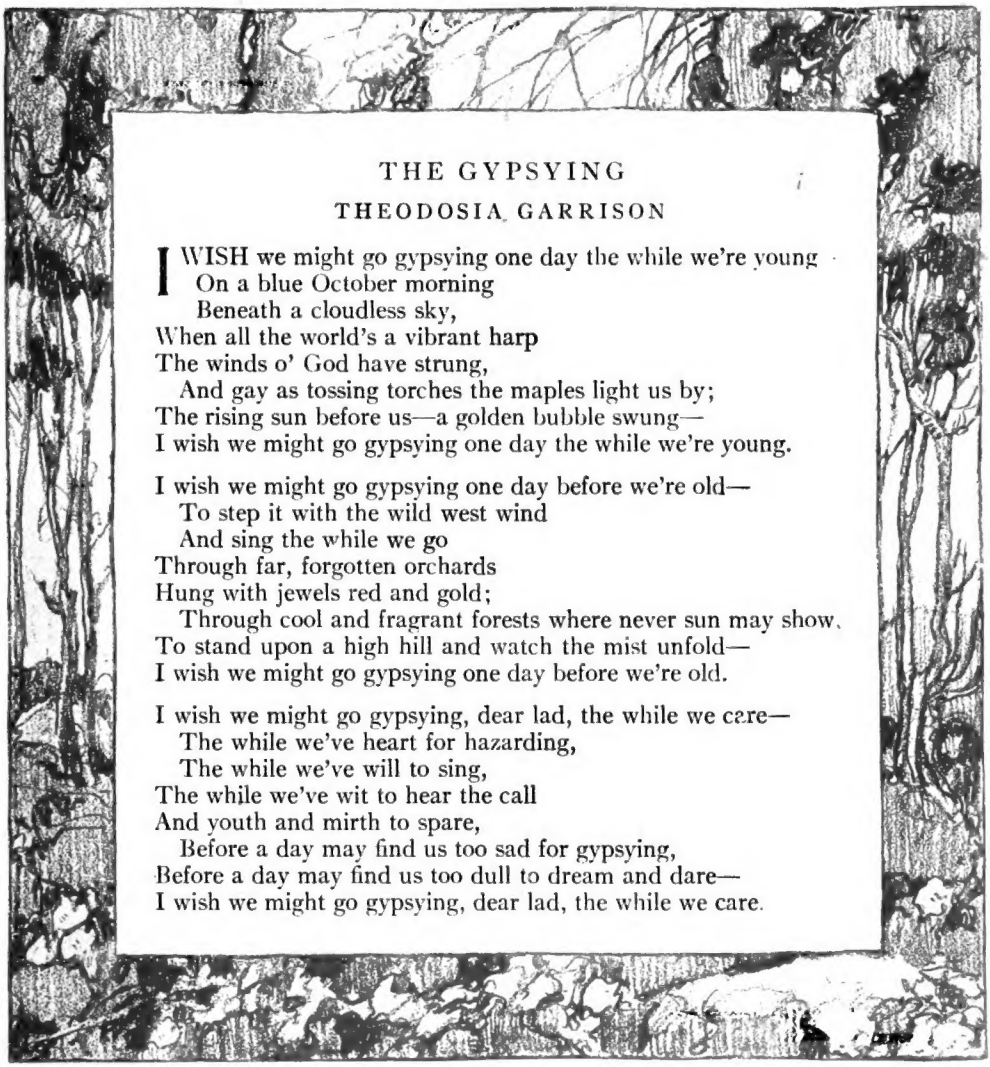

THE GYPSYING

THEODOSIA GARRISON

I WISH we might go gypsying one day the while we're young
On a blue October morning
Beneath a cloudless sky,
When all the world's a vibrant harp
The winds o' God have strung,
And gay as tossing torches the maples light us by;
The rising sun before us—a golden bubble swung—
I wish we might go gypsying one day the while we're young.

I wish we might go gypsying one day before we're old—
To step it with the wild west wind
And sing the while we go
Through far, forgotten orchards
Hung with jewels red and gold;
Through cool and fragrant forests where never sun may show,
To stand upon a high hill and watch the mist unfold—
I wish we might go gypsying one day before we're old.

I wish we might go gypsying, dear lad, the while we care—
The while we've heart for hazarding,
The while we've will to sing,
The while we've wit to hear the call
And youth and mirth to spare,
Before a day may find us too sad for gypsying,
Before a day may find us too dull to dream and dare—
I wish we might go gypsying, dear lad, the while we care.

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"NO, I'M NOT GOING TO CRY; BUT IT WOULD SERVE YOU RIGHT IF I DID."

—The Squirrel Cage. *Page 447.*

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Everybody's Magazine

VOL. XXV, NO. 4 OCTOBER, 1911

THE MOST PERFECT THING IN AMERICA

BY · M'CREADY · SYKES

Illustrated with Photographs by Brown Brothers

WE HAVE been hearing a great deal about efficiency.

Interesting books are published on scientific management. There are magazines devoted wholly to the discussion of business systems. At the recent hearings before the Interstate Commerce Commission, Mr. Brandeis told the railroad officials that if they needed to increase their revenues, they could do so much more surely by introducing efficiency into their management than by raising rates. Harrington Emerson gave it as his belief that if all the railroads "would introduce efficiency into all their departments" they could save a million dollars a day.

Much testimony was given to show that these suggestions were practical and based on experience. Mr. F. B. Gilbreth, of New York, building contractor, described the application of the system to bricklaying—the reduction, by scientific methods, of the process to absolutely essential motions. Gilbreth believed this new and improved method could be very readily applied to all railroad hand-work, such as the handling of freight, unloading and loading of cars, shoveling of all kinds, track-repairing, bridge-building, and the like.

But the transportation officials retorted that the management of American railways was already a marvel of efficiency; that Mr. Brandeis was formulating airy theories on a subject upon which he had little practical information; that if he could show them definitely and practically how they might by more efficient management save a million dollars, or a thousand dollars, a day, there was a job waiting for him at a million dollars a year salary.

I am not going to thrash over the question of which was right. I don't know. You don't know. The general public has no means of knowing. Even the august potentates of the Interstate Commerce Commission, who have been imbibing railway wisdom for years, and who had spent wearisome weeks in listening to the testimony of experts, near-experts, and expertinoes — even the Interstate Commerce Commission threw up their hands at this baffling question of "efficiency."

In the same way, we hear that our colleges are inefficient, that much of their splendid equipment and endowment is wasted in lost motion, in patching up the defective training of ill-prepared boys; that in great measure our older and larger universities tend to become mere pleasant country clubs for gilded youth—turning

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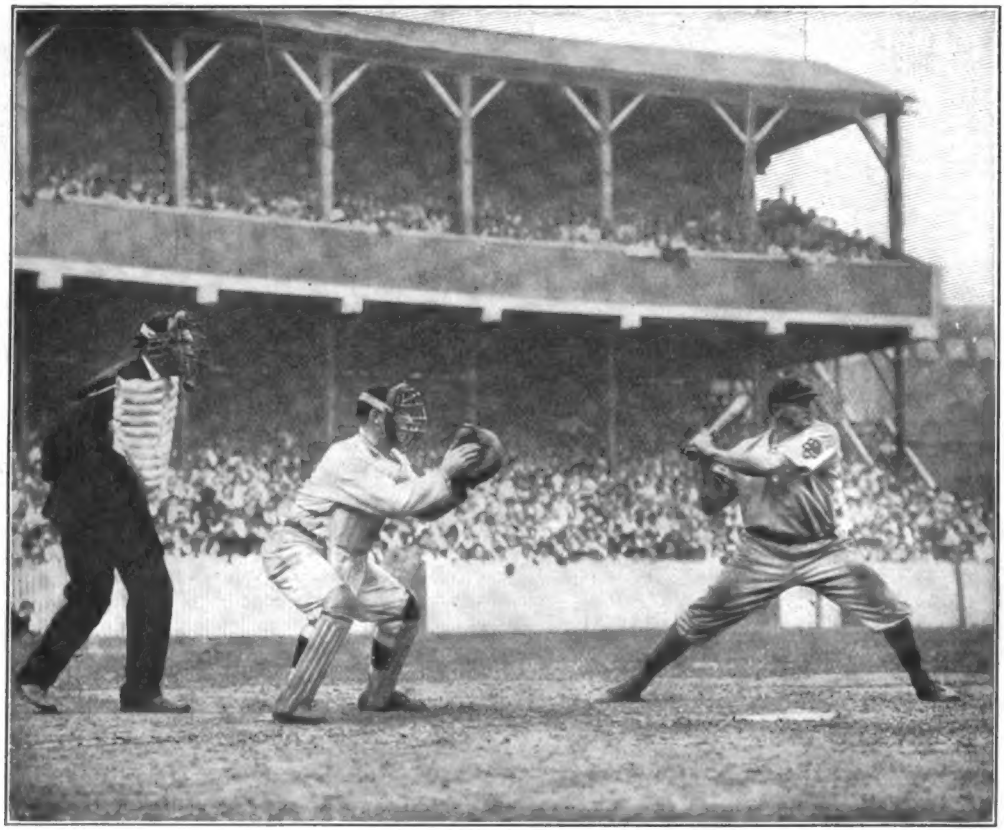
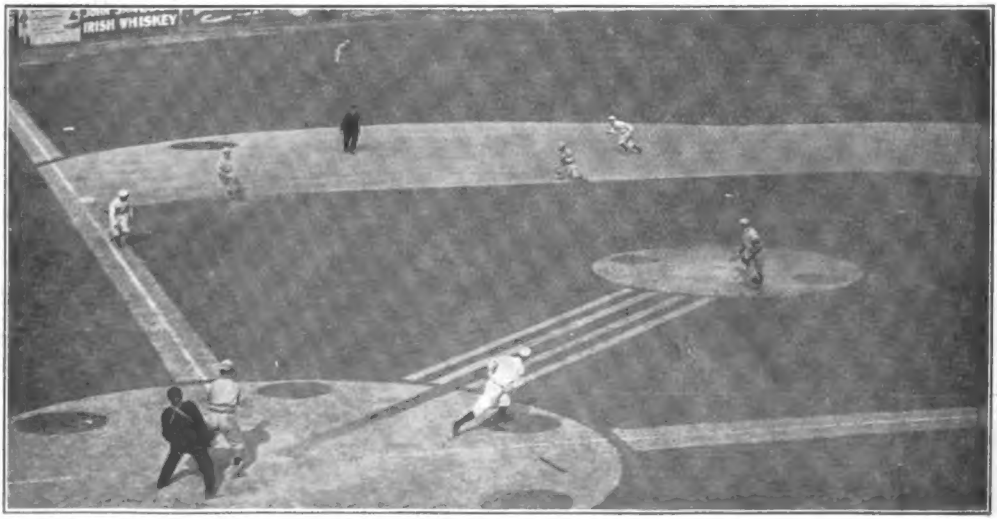


HANS WAGNER, WHO KNOWS HOW TO UTILIZE THE FRACTION OF A SECOND AT THE POINT WHERE IT IS MOST VALUABLE, ABOUT TO "KNOCK THE COVER OFF IT."



WHILE YOU ARE WATCHING THE OUTFIELDER SCAMPER AFTER THE BALL, THE RELAY LINE IS BEING SWIFTLY FORMED IN THE INFIELD.

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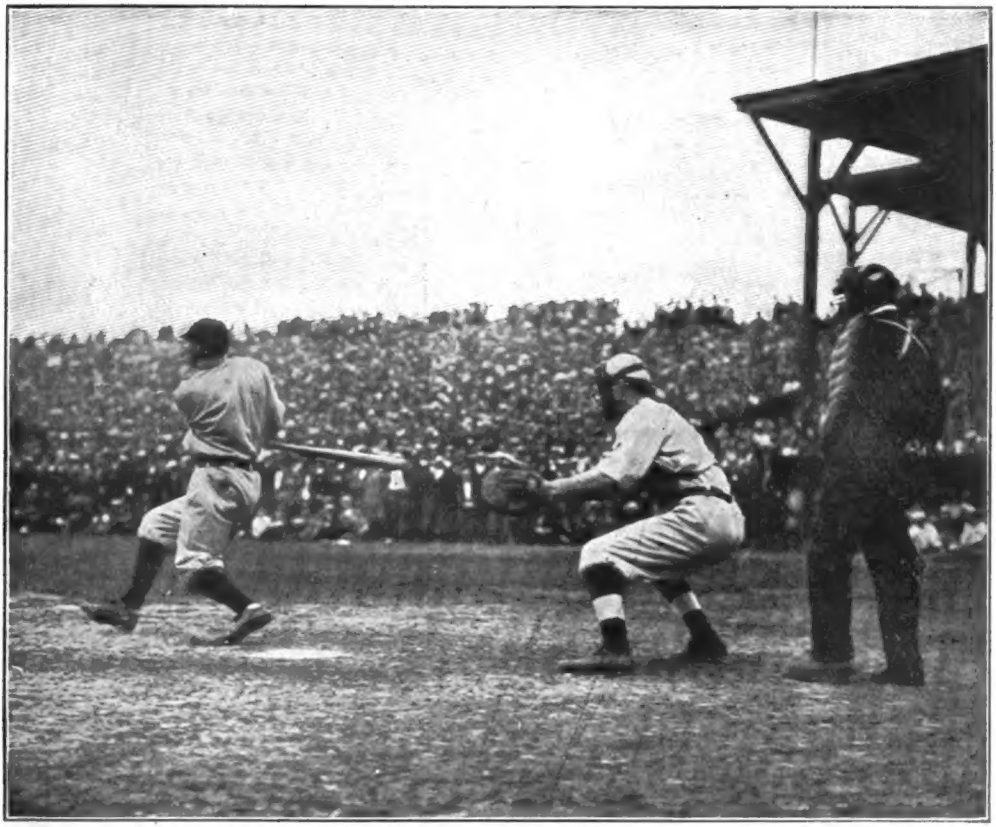
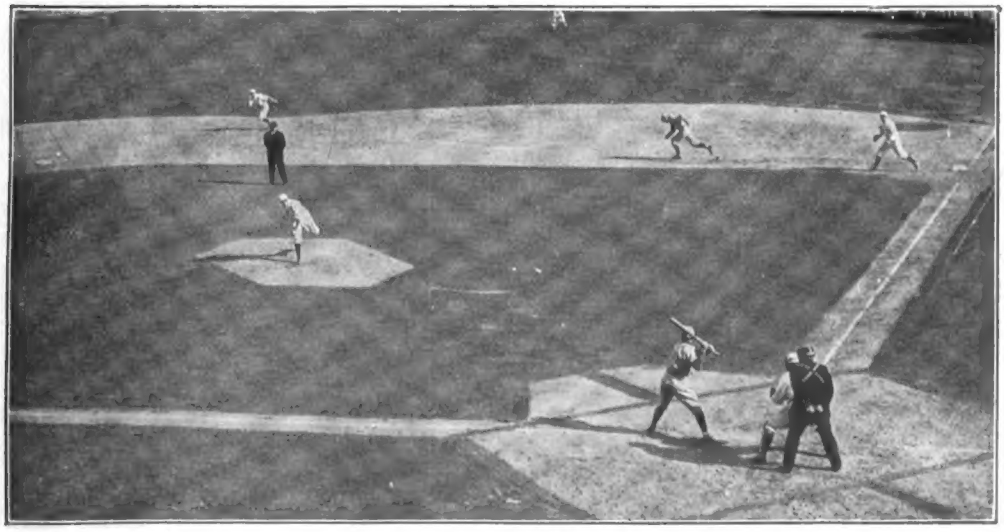


TY COBB AT THE BAT. COBB IS AN ENIGMA TO ALMOST EVERY PITCHER, AND HE WILL UNDOUBTEDLY BE THE LEADING AMERICAN LEAGUE BATTER FOR THIS YEAR —AND FOR THE THIRD CONSECUTIVE TIME.



THIRTY FEET AWAY FROM THE BASE THERE IS NO UNCERTAINTY WHETHER THE NEXT MOVE IS TO BE FORWARD OR BACK. NOTE THE SECOND BASEMAN RUNNING IN TO CATCH THE BASE RUNNER.

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CHRISTY MATHEWSON, OF THE NEW YORK NATIONALS, IS PROBABLY THE MASTER IN DELIVERING THE DIFFICULT AND PUZZLING OVERHAND DROP.

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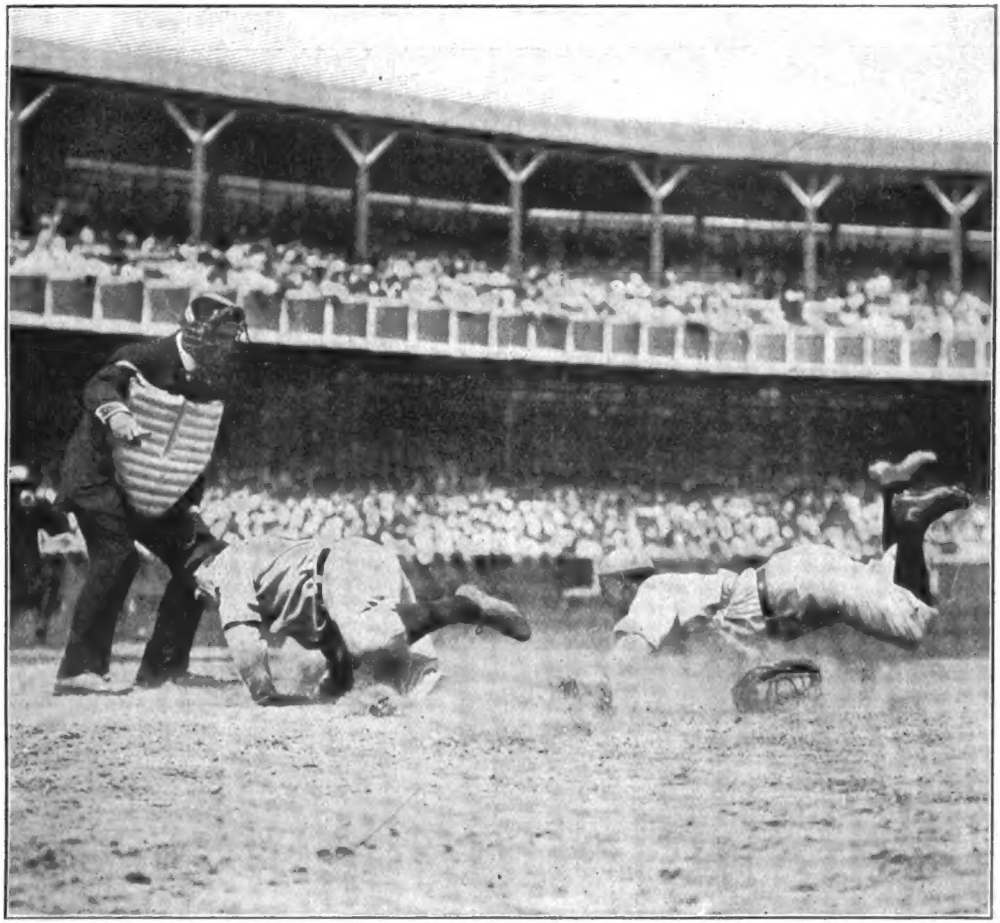

A CLOSE DECISION AT THE PLATE. THE UMPIRE MUST DECIDE INSTANTANEOUSLY TO WHICH PLAYER BELONGS THE SMALL FRACTION OF A SECOND OF SUPERIOR QUICKNESS.

FRANK CHANCE ON FIRST, CATCHING A BASE-RUNNER NAPPING. ORDINARILY THE FIRST FIVE FEET FROM FIRST TO SECOND ARE A COMPARATIVELY SAFE REGION.

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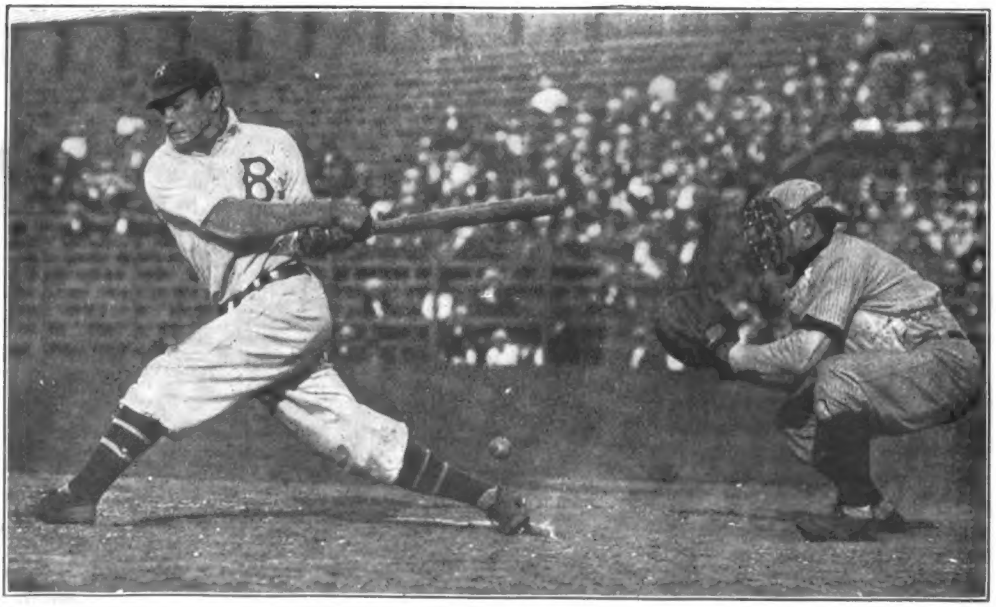
THE BASEBALL FAN FOLLOWS EACH MOVE AVIDLY AND KNOWINGLY; AND HIS ENTHUSIASM BURSTS OUT ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THE COMPLETION OF EVEN THE MOST INTRICATE PLAY.



AN EXTRAORDINARY SNAPSHOT. NOTE THE POSITION OF THE BALL, WHICH THE BATTER HAS MISSED, SWINGING AT IT SO HEAVILY THAT HE IS ALMOST FACED ABOUT.

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out graduates, to use the pungent expression of the late president of Amherst, "with the tastes of a clubman and the scholarship of a child." Is the charge well founded? Here, again, most of us are without either the prolonged intimate knowledge or the wide perspective to make accurate judgments possible.

We hear the same thing about modern kindergarten instruction: that its methods are in some respects wasteful, that there is an unproductive diversion of the energy of the child. Is this true? How many of us know?

Now let's get away from all this merely negative criticism, and consider one distinctly American institution where not only has the science of efficiency been carried to a fine point of precise and definite perfection of detail, but wherein practically the whole American people are trained and competent judges, alert to note the slightest deviation from the standard. Keep your eye on that one essential point—*the perfection of efficiency*, with the whole public competent to pass judgment on the product. That's something worth while, and it isn't of so much importance whether the institution be itself a great commercial enterprise or a scientific pursuit or an economic or religious institution or even a game. The Most Perfect Thing in America—and we needn't quibble over the grammatical propriety of the superlative form of the adjective, either.

My thesis is this—that from the standpoint of efficiency in the maximum adaptation of means to ends, in getting the utmost resulting product from every tiny contribution of energy, eliminating to the utmost the waste of lost motion, the Most Perfect Thing in America to-day is the professional game of baseball, as played in the major leagues.

"Now, darn you, laugh!" as the man plaintively remarked in announcing to the crowd that he came from Arkansas. Having laughed, think it over.

After all, there are a good many things less important than a nation's games. Our old friends, the Athenians, came about as near as any people that have ever lived on earth to attaining a well-balanced, rational kind of life. The Athenian orators are dead; the Greek drama can never lend itself to modern forms of life; Greek sculpture and Greek architecture are our despair; but there was one thing the Greeks left us that we could take to ourselves after twenty centuries of disuse—and that was the Olympic Games. It meant something for the sanity, the clear poise, and the fine achievement of the Greeks that *in public exhibitions they had before them over and over again contests wherein every Greek was an expert judge*, wherein every detail of efficiency and achievement had been carefully worked out, and wherein any deviation from that high standard would be instantly detected by the whole body of spectators. The Olympic Games were by no means the least of the elements which made that wonderful country an undying influence and inspiration for all mankind.

For about thirty years the American game of baseball has been in the course of progressive development. It is our one national game, making a far wider appeal than football, more popular than horse-racing has ever been, and free from any trace of gambling such as has ruined that sport. For six months in the year, every day sees gatherings of the public aggregating hundreds of thousands in number, and practically there is not a dollar's worth of public gambling on the results. On a comparison with horse-racing in England, *jai alai* in Cuba, or bull-fighting in the Latin countries, the advantages are all with the American game. The English cricket is a five-o'clock tea by its side; it is "Cranford" compared with "The Three Musketeers." In none of these other sports is there such opportunity for high coordination of mind and muscle, for such efficient use of every particle of effort, as in our own national game.

The modern game is at present fundamentally a game of signals, of plays based on signals and met by equally prompt and swiftly concerted measures of defense. In this unceasing contest, wherein the player never knows what new problem may confront him the next instant, the science of the game has worked out a system of swift and accurate efficiency that makes every step, every shift of position—one might almost say every movement of the arm—do its instant effective work. The game of baseball is in its essential theory a series of attempts to do a particular thing in a particular place before your opponents can do another entirely different kind of thing.

Thus, in stealing second the runner's ob-

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ject is to run ninety feet in a particular direction from a certain given point to another given point a trifle faster than a ball can be pitched from the pitcher's box to the catcher and afterward thrown from the catcher to the second given point. These two things—running on the part of one man, and projecting a ball twice through the air in opposite directions, successively, on the part of his adversaries, are normally just about as nearly equal in point of time as two entirely different human actions can be. They are so nearly equal that the race is frequently lost or won in the tiny interval of time occupied by the second baseman in lowering his arm to touch the runner, so that the runner throws himself upon the ground as he approaches the base; and because the second baseman is obliged to lower his arm a couple of feet more, the runner gains that infinitesimal interval of time, and the race is decided by the fraction of an instant too small to be measured.

It is hardly too much to say that that 360-foot diamond track which the batter and runner must travel has been so carefully studied and worked into the experience of some hundreds of professional players that they understand every foot of it as thoroughly as a jeweler understands the mechanism of a watch. The first five feet on the way from first to second are a comparatively safe region; they are just outside the harbor; within that protected region thousands of base-runners have spent what in their combined lives would make an aggregate of years in dancing and teetering on their tiptoes, ready for an instant's dash forward or back, alert for the opportunity that may come any instant, with the harbor of safety behind them and the perilous road of achievement before.

Beyond them is the path of danger, and thirty feet away from the base they are in a region where there is no balancing on tiptoes, no uncertainty whether the next move is to be forward or back; it is a region whose topography no base-runner has ever had time to examine except on the dead run; no base-runner ever passes through it except on a furious rush; and at its far end, for the last few feet this side of second base, it is a path that in most instances must be negotiated in a very peculiar and technical way—by a swift slide of the body at the utmost speed consistent with not overreaching the mark by the momentum of the slide. More than one world's championship has been lost and won by the skill with which one or two runners handled this tiny stretch within two feet of second.

Beyond second base the region of safety is two or three times as extensive as in the corresponding region at first; it is a territory altogether different; it is within striking distance of home. It is just as carefully worked out and studied as the other.

I have said that every bit of this 360-foot course has been carefully mapped out and studied, and that the player must know it as a jeweler knows his watch. If you have any doubt of this, observe a novice—swift and agile though he be—try to get around the bases against a professional team. His career will be as short and inglorious as that of Darius Green in his flying-machine. It is a joke.

Take a stop-watch and try to figure out the relative probabilities for and against the runner trying to steal second. You come instantly into fractions of a second—with the fractions favoring the fielders. And here begins new matter. Clearly, if normally it takes appreciably longer for a runner to run from first to second than for the ball to be pitched and then thrown to second, it simply would not in the long run pay to attempt regularly and persistently to steal. In fact, no one does attempt regularly and persistently to steal. But, starting out with the easily demonstrated fact that the fielders' undertaking requires of itself a fraction less time than the runner's undertaking, your good base-runner proceeds to cut down by reductions altogether infinitesimal that percentage of margin against him, with the result that, taking the season through, in one of the major leagues, out of three efforts to steal second a recent writer has calculated that a great base-runner like Eddie Collins will make two of them successful. And that is a type and example of what modern baseball is—the efficient utilization of the last fraction of a second of time. Baseball championships are habitually decided nowadays in fractions of a second.

The fraction of a second in the place where fractions count.

For, to continue our illustration, the attainment of second base is, in a way, the crisis of the runner's journey. That precise point, once reached, transforms the runner from a traveler setting out on his jour-

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ney into a traveler within sight of home. From second base the runner can score on a hit. The last ten feet between first and second are the most closely contested territory in the diamond.

Indeed, in the past few years the game has become largely a game of sacrifice hits. The theory of the sacrifice is that it is likely to be worth an "out" in order to advance a runner from first to second. The ideal batting team is the team whose runners can steal second; the ideal fielding team is the team that can uniformly prevent their opponents from stealing second and can thus force them to sacrifice. Now the difference between being able to steal second on the one hand, and missing it on the other, is just about the tiniest difference you can imagine. Hesitation for the fraction of a second on the part of the catcher—an instant's delay by the runner in deciding how he is going to slide—anything which adds to that precious shade of the flicking of an instant of time—will turn the scale. Ty Cobb has acquired in perfection the art of reaching out with his foot and catching the bag right under the baseman's descending arm. Eddie Collins of the Athletics is one of the greatest base-runners that ever trotted around a diamond. Neither of these great players makes remarkable records in stealing bases by swiftness of foot. To understand their success you must rather watch the great leads they manage to take off first—another case of the fraction of a second in the place where fractions count.

In the World's Championship series of 1910 between the Chicago National League and the Philadelphia Americans, the Philadelphia base-runners in the five games stole seven bases to Chicago's three. This small total of only ten stolen bases in five games speaks well for the vigilant work of the pitchers on both teams. In those five games the Philadelphia team made fifty-six hits, of which twenty were for extra bases, so that by hits alone they landed fifty-six men at first base. Yet in the whole five games only seven runners could steal a base.

Keep your mind for a moment on the importance of the gentle art of advancing to second, and, to elucidate the nature of the problem, take some figures from those five games for the World's Championship of 1910. Five games are of course too few to work it out on a reliable actuarial basis, but they give us a little glimpse of the major tactics of the game. The Philadelphia Americans won four games out of the five, winning all but the fourth, but it is not the score of runs that interests us just now. Let us take the times at bat, hits, strike-outs, bases on balls, stolen bases, sacrifices, left on base, and advances on errors and see what they show:

PHILADELPHIA AMERICANS (Athletics)

	1st Game	2d Game	3d Game	4th Game	5th Game	Total	Average (approximate)
At Bat	26	37	41	37	36	177	35
Hits	7	14	15	11	9	56	11
Were struck out	4	6	1	6	7	24	5
Took Bases on Balls	4	4	3	3	3	17	3.4
Stolen Bases	1	2	–	–	4	7	1.4
Sacrifice Hits	2	1	1	2	1	7	1.4
Left on Base	4	9	7	10	6	36	7
Advanced on errors	1	3	5	1	2	12	2.4

CHICAGO NATIONAL LEAGUE (Cubs)

	1st Game	2d Game	3d Game	4th Game	5th Game	Total	Average (approximate)
At Bat	28	31	31	34	34	158	32
Hits	3	8	6	9	9	35	7
Were struck out	8	5	8	6	4	31	6
Took Bases on Balls	2	9	4	2	1	18	3.6
Stolen Bases	–	–	1	1	1	3	.6
Sacrifice Hits	–	3	–	1	1	5	1
Left on Base	2	14	4	3	7	30	6
Advanced on errors	2	4	1	3	1	11	2.2

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The surprising feature of this set of figures is the great number of hits: fifty-six for the Athletics and thirty-five for Chicago in the five games, an average of eleven and seven per game respectively. It was in this series that the Philadelphia team hit that terrific batting streak which will long stand out in baseball annals. In other respects, observe how closely the two sets of figures correspond. The column of averages represents for each team its average throughout the five games. Note how close they run—with the important exception of the stolen bases.

Now with these tabulations of averages before us, let us go back to the runner at first base, confronted by the problem of getting to second. You will observe that in the Philadelphia team there was a *minimum* of seventy-three men reaching first; that is, fifty-six hits and seventeen bases on balls. I say minimum, because this does not include the bases taken on errors or on being hit by a pitched ball. *Of this minimum of seventy-three, only seven, or less than one in ten, were able to steal a base.*

Remember that stealing bases is not only one of the most spectacular plays for the fans; it is the cheapest method of advancing the runner, barring the advances made possible by errors or by forcing due to a base given on balls. A hit always involves the danger of becoming an involuntary sacrifice, or, worse yet, a double play. Stolen bases are not so conspicuously tabulated in the permanent records as are hits, but they are in truth the logical prize-winners in the batters' record. A stolen base is worth more than a hit; and its statistical rarity, showing the difficulty of stealing bases as compared with the making of hits, illustrates how nicely and delicately the rules and distances are adjusted. Any team that could double its percentage of stolen bases would in a whole season be almost inevitably the champion.

Right on this critical point impinge the finest niceties of the game. As soon as second base is threatened with a steal, the whole energy of the fielding team is concentrated in defense against that particular attack. Ordinarily the pitcher, when second is threatened, will deliberately "waste" a ball, that is, pitch it well out beyond the batter's reach. True, the pitcher thus gives a ball toward the fatal four that will enable the batter to "walk," but the wide ball is, by the tiny fraction of a second, a little quicker for the catcher, and there is less chance of the batter's hitting it. It is another case of utilizing the fraction of a second in the place where fractions count. Batters like the terrible Hans Wagner have a way of hitting even these waste balls.

First base, from the runner's standpoint, is valuable only as a place to get away from. No runs are scored there. Not only that, but the very presence of a runner on first is a certain menace to the side at bat, for it bears the danger of a double play.

There are seven ways in which a runner may advance from first to second:

1. By stealing.
2. By one of his own batters making a hit.
3. By the batter's receiving a base on balls.
4. By the batter's making first base on an error.
5. By a sacrifice by the batter.
6. By the batter's being hit by a pitched ball.
7. On a balk.

Of these, 6 and 7 are negligible. Taking the minimum seventy-three runners of the Philadelphia team that reached first, let us see what were their chances of making second. To the 177 batters up, this is what happened:

1. Only seven of them stole a base; and as a base can be stolen only by a runner already on a base, this means seven stolen bases out of a minimum of seventy-three chances—one in ten.
2. Fifty-six hits were made by the 177 men at bat. Almost one in three—an extraordinary percentage!
3. Seventeen men took a base on balls—less than one in ten.
4. Only twelve errors were made by the opposing team in the whole series, of which only a trifling number would be available to the runner at first. In fact, in this series, the Philadelphia team received first base on errors but three times, all in the third game. That was about one in sixty!
5. Seven sacrifice hits were made. As no one would have been in position to sacrifice unless there were a man on first and less than two out, the 177 times at bat furnish no statistical guide; comparatively few of these 177 had opportunity to sacrifice.

Thus, in this series an actuarial summary of the chances of reaching second would be approximately this:

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By stealing: 1 in 10—10 per cent.

On a hit: 1 in 3—33 per cent.

Following a base on balls: 1 in 10—10 per cent.

On opponents' error: 1 in 60—1.7 per cent.

On a sacrifice: statistics wanting.

The great superiority of the Philadelphia team in this series was shown in nothing more than in the way in which they took advantage of their own strong point, and batted themselves into victory. For a team that in five games smashed out fifty-six hits in 177 times at bat, to try as a regular thing the hazard of the stolen base or the costly sacrifice would have been to throw away their strongest weapon of offense. Figures such as these make it clear why a strong team sometimes refrains from that most beautiful of plays, the stolen base. When one batter in three can hit safely, why take the sure loss of the sacrifice or the hazard of the steal?

Bear in mind that for every one of these seventy-three or more men that reached first, the problem had to be studied and solved by itself. Much depends in each case on the personal characteristics and idiosyncrasies of the opposing players. Some pitchers will nab a man who ventures five feet from first. Some take twice as long as others to get into their "wind-up." In negotiating the bases, almost perfect co-ordination is required between the man at the bat and the runner—effected in large part through the medium of the coachers, who must be alert to every indication that may give a clue to the opponents' intent.

The "hit and run" play, though there are still some teams that refuse to regard it as orthodox baseball, has for fifteen years or more been in such general use that it has made a fair demonstration of the possibilities of high coordination. With a man on base and less than two out, when the signal is given for this play the runner starts for his base with the pitcher's wind-up, and the batter strikes for some kind of a hit—it doesn't much matter what. The batter has a fair chance of hitting almost any kind of a pitched ball if it doesn't matter where he hits it. If he knocks a pop fly, that ends him. If it's an easy grounder, the result may be a reversed sacrifice. But the feature of the play is the big start taken by the runner, almost assuring him his base on any kind of a fair hit, and in the long run most managers make pretty free use of this play, so that it has come to be the staple diet for most teams.

The beautiful "squeeze" play applies the hit and run so as to send a man home from third. The first squeeze play ever worked on the diamond was made by the Yale team in the final Yale-Princeton game at Eastern Park, June 16, 1894. Yale was at the bat, one out, with Arbuthnot on third and Murphy on second. George Bowen Case, the Yale captain, was at the bat, with two balls and no strikes. The Princeton infielders were on the grass. Both Yale runners took big leads. With two balls and no strikes, the next ball had to be good; Case signaled for the squeeze play, and on the Princeton pitcher's first motion of his wind-up both runners started off. All Case had to do was to hit the ball on the ground—merely block the ball. If it should be a hard hit, one run was surely in; if a bunt, probably both.

As it turned out, Case knocked a little bunt. Jake Altman, the Princeton pitcher, ran in and started to toss the ball to Williams, the Princeton catcher, but changed his mind and threw to first, and both the Yale runners scored.

That was the first time the squeeze was ever deliberately played. Case was that great Yale captain who never lost a game to a National League team. It was a day of great college teams, when Walter F. Carter, known to all succeeding Yale generations as "Dutch" Carter, pitched for Yale. Carter was afterward the law partner in New York of Governor Hughes, now Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Few professionals have ever had a more thorough comprehension of the scientific principles of the game than Walter Carter. Few have excelled him in getting the last fraction out of every play.

The next player to specialize on the "squeeze" was Clark Griffith, of the New York Americans. It is still one of the most valuable "end-plays" ever devised.

Making first base, though more dramatic to watch, is an uneventful expedition compared with the trip to second. It takes a fast man to negotiate the journey in 3 3-5 seconds. No thrown ball goes over three hundred feet, and if a batted ball travel beyond the safe limits of a single throw it must be "relayed" by the fielders. While you are watching the outfielder scamper after the

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ball, the relay line is being swiftly formed in the infield. There could be no such quick and accurate fielding of deep outfield hits if the outfielder taking the ball did not know that behind him was ranged his line of relays, ready to take the ball the instant he could turn and throw it. The relay line, in a professional team, forms almost automatically.

To make a double play in the infield, the short-stop, for example, must field a ball that has been batted about 135 feet; he passes the ball from ten to twenty-five feet to the second baseman, who must then throw it ninety feet to first; all this while the batter is running ninety feet, a trick that, as we have seen, it takes a snappy runner to turn in 3 3-5 seconds. It's a close call, and another case of utilizing the fraction of a second; but with sharp fielding the margin is all on the side of the fielders. The double play is the menace ever threatening the runner on first.

In modern baseball, which has become so largely a game of signaling, the catcher nowadays runs the fielding team very much as the quarterback runs a football team when his side has the ball. He must keep up an unceasing fire of silent signals, not only to the pitcher, but frequently to the whole team. Ten years ago, baseball had become largely a battle between the opposing pitchers; to-day it is a highly organized struggle of strategy, with the pitcher bearing the brunt of carrying the strategy into execution. Every batter has his own weakness, and it is the pitcher's duty to study the weakness, the personality, even the temperament, of the opposing batter. The hardest kind of ball to deliver properly is the overhand drop; Christy Mathewson, of the New York Nationals, is probably the master in this difficult and puzzling delivery, and the crack pitcher is the pitcher who can shift rapidly from one kind of ball to another, with his whole team guided in unison by the signals of the catcher.

Great players like Hans Wagner, Ty Cobb, Christy Mathewson, or Eddie Collins are not so much born baseball players as they are thorough students of the great modern science of efficiency; they play to get every ounce out of the rules, to eliminate every bit of lost motion. They make their living by it precisely as the efficiency experts in manufacturing make their living by the application of efficient methods to modern business; and they do it all under the open sky, to be plainly seen by hundreds of thousands of their countrymen.

So we come back to our old illustration of the Olympic Games, and we claim for our national game a high ethical and educational value altogether irrespective of the importance of the game in itself. Taken as a whole, American crowds, even baseball crowds, are inclined to be fair, newspaper witticisms to the contrary notwithstanding. I venture the suggestion that the perfection of the modern game has done as much as anything else to create and develop this sense of fair dealing in the American people. Baseball is itself the very type of true sport, for its rules are carefully designed to give free and uninterrupted scope for the exercise of skill. The batter and runners are performing their undertaking while the fielders are performing theirs, and neither must interfere with the other.

In football, skill and strategy must in every play contend not only with skill and strategy but with brute force opposing what intelligence attempts. Football is primarily and essentially a struggle of force —however much it may be modified by training and coaching into a strategic contest. Baseball is primarily and essentially a struggle of strategy.

The beauty of it is that it calls unceasingly into play qualities latent in every man—in every boy. To excel in it one must "fight, not as one that beateth the air," but by high coordination of muscle and brain, and, what is more, by high coordination with one's fellows. Its prizes lie in the high places—to be reached by the last margin of effort, to be caught in the little extra instant of time—a game fitly developed among a people of high nervous organization and of a temperament quick and eager. Even to those who simply sit on the stands and watch, there comes the inspiration that follows a thing well done, the developing sense of justice and fair play nurtured by the very example and appreciation of skill, even in the enemy.

So when thirty thousand people in a single city shut up shop and forsake their work and everything else to watch the final struggle between the leaders at the season's end, it is small wonder. It would be a wonder were they to do otherwise; they are witnessing the very quintessence and consummation of the Most Perfect Thing in America.

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THE SQUIRREL CAGE

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

Author of "GUNHILD," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

Editor's Note.—Is the society of your town a Squirrel Cage? Do the standards set up for you make "bread and butter with sugar" more important than "bread and butter with father"? Is a wife's first duty to exploit her husband's business success or to be his companion?

Dorothy Canfield's remarkable serial is a story for all American society—for Business Men and Women-Busy-about-Little Things; for every one who is whirling in the American Squirrel Cage—and every one who is trying to get out; for all who have the disease of "social-ambitionitis"—and all who are fighting it. In the absorbing history of a young girl's struggle for essentials in a community that tries to mold her to its own artificial standards, Miss Canfield strikes the very key-note of American life.

CHAPTER I—AN AMERICAN FAMILY

THE house of the Emery family was a singularly good example of the capacity of wood and plaster and brick to acquire personality. It was the physical symbol of its owners' position in life; it was the history of their career written down for all to see, and as such they felt in it the most justifiable pride.

When Mr. and Mrs. Emery, directly after their wedding in a central New York village, had gone west to Ohio, they had spent their tiny capital in building a small story-and-a-half cottage, ornamented with the jig-saw work and fancy turning popular in 1872; and this had been the nucleus of their present rambling, picturesque, many-roomed home. Every step in the long series of changes which had led from its first state to its last had a profound and gratifying significance to the Emerys, and its final condition, prosperous, modern, sophisticated, with the right kind of woodwork in every room that showed, with the latest, most unobtrusively artistic effects in decoration, represented their culminating well-earned position in the inner circle of the best society of Endbury.

Moreover, they felt that, just as the house had been attained with effort, self-denial, and careful calculations, yet still without incurring debt, so their social position had been secured by unremitting diligence and care, but with no loss of self-respect or even of dignity. They were honestly proud of both their house and their list of acquaintances, and saw no reason to regard them as less worthy achievements of an industrious life than their four creditable, grown-up children, or Judge Emery's honorable reputation on the bench. In their youth they had conceived of certain things as worth attaining. They had worked hard for these things, and their unabashed pleasure in possessing them had the vivid and substantial quality which comes from a keen memory of battles with a world none too ready

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to gratify human ambitions and desires.

The two older children, George and Marietta, could remember those early struggling days with almost as fresh an emotion as that of their parents. Indeed, Marietta, now a competent, sharp-eyed matron of thirty-two, could not see the most innocuous colored lithograph without an uncontrollable wave of bitterness, so present to her mind was the period when they painfully groped their way out of chromos.

The date of that epoch coincided with the date of their first acquaintance with the Hollisters. The Hollisters were Endbury's First Family; literally so, for they had come up from their farm in Kentucky to settle in Endbury when it was but a frontier post. The particular Mrs. Hollister who, at the time the Emerys began to pierce the upper crust, was the leader of Endbury society, had discarded chromos as much as five years before. Mrs. Emery and Marietta, newly admitted to the honor of her acquaintance, wondered to themselves at the cold monotony of her black-and-white engravings. The artlessness of this wonder struck shame to their hearts when they chanced to learn that the lady had repaid it by a worldly-wise amusement at their own highly-colored waterfalls and snow-capped mountain-peaks.

Marietta could recall as piercingly as though it were yesterday in how crestfallen a chagrin she and her mother had gazed at their parlor after this incident, their disillusioned eyes open for the first time to the futility of its claim to sophistication.

The youngest of the Emerys, many years the junior of her brothers and sister, knew nothing at all of the anxious bitter-sweet of these early endeavors for sophistication. By the time she came to conscious individual life, the summit had been virtually reached. It is not to be denied that Lydia had witnessed several abrupt changes in family ideals of household decoration and of entertaining; but since they were exactly contemporaneous with similar changes on the part of the Hollisters and other people in their circle, these revolutions of taste brought no sense of humiliation.

Such, for instance, was the substitution for carpets of hardwood floors and rugs as Oriental as the purse would allow. Lydia could remember gorgeously flowered carpets on every Emery floor; but since flowered carpets covered all the prosperous floors in town at the same time, it was not more painful to have found them attractive than to have worn immensely large sleeves, or preposterously blousing shirt-waists, or to have ridden bicycles, or read E. P. Roe, or done anything else that everybody else used to do and did no more.

A philosophic observer who had known the history of Mrs. Emery's life might have found something pathetic in her pleasure at Lydia's light-hearted joking at the funny old things people used to think pretty, and the absurd pursuits they used to find entertaining. It was to her a symbol that her daughter had escaped what had caused her so much suffering—the uneasy, self-distrusting dread lest she might still be finding pretty things that up-to-date people thought grotesque; lest suddenly what she had toiled so painfully to obtain should somehow turn out not to be the "right thing," after all. Marietta did not recall more vividly than her mother the trying period that had elapsed between their new enlightenment on the subject of chromos and the day when an unexpected large fee from a client of Mr. Emery (not yet judge) enabled them to hang their Protestant walls with engravings of pagan gods and Roman Catholic saints.

But the acridity which for Marietta lingered about the recollection of their efforts to make themselves over, did not exist in the more amply satisfied mind of her mother. The difference showed itself visibly in the contrast between the daughter's face, stamped with a certain tired, unflagging intensity of effort, and the freshness of the older woman. At thirty-two, Marietta looked, perhaps not older than her age, but obviously more worn by the strain of life than her mother at fifty-six.

Mrs. Emery had enjoyed her life heartily—the victories for their own sake, the defeats because they had spurred her on to fresh and finally successful effort; and the remembrance of both was sweet to her. She loved her husband for himself and for what he had been able to give her, and she loved her children ardently, although she had been sorely vexed by her second son's unfortunate marriage. He had always been a discordant note in the family concert—the veiled, unconscious, uneasy skepticism of Marietta bursting out openly in Henry as a careless, laughing cynicism, excessively disconcerting to his mother. She sometimes thought he had married the grocer's

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daughter out of sheer "contrariness."

The irritation which surrounded that event and the play of cross-purposes and discord which had filled the period until the misguided young people had voluntarily exiled themselves to the far West, remained more of a sore spot in Mrs. Emery's mind than any blow given or taken in her lifelong campaign for distinction.

It seemed sometimes to her that Lydia had been granted her by a merciful Providence in order that she might make that "fresh start all over again" which is the never-realized ideal of erring humanity. Marietta had been a young lady fourteen years before, and fourteen years meant much—meant everything to people who progressed as fast as the Emerys. Uncertain of themselves, they had not ventured to launch Marietta boldly upon the waves of a society the chart of which was so new to them. She had had no "coming-out" party. She simply put on long skirts, coiled her black hair on top of her head, and began to go to evening parties with a few young men who were amused by the tart briskness of her tongue and attracted by the comeliness of her healthful youth. She had married the first man who proposed to her, a young insurance agent. Since then they had lived in a very comfortable middling state of harmony, apparently on about the same social scale as Marietta's parents. That this feat was accomplished on a much smaller income was due to Marietta's unrivaled instinct and trained capacity for keeping up appearances.

All this history had been creditable, but nothing more; and Mrs. Emery often looked at her older daughter with compunction for her own earlier ignorance and helplessness. She could have done so much more for Marietta if she had only known how. Mrs. Mortimer was, however, a rather prickly personality with whom to attempt to sympathize; and in general her mother felt the usual "-in-law" conclusion about her daughter's life—that Marietta could undoubtedly have done much better than to marry her industrious, negligible husband, but that on the whole she might have done worse.

No such philosophical calm restrained her emotions about Lydia. She was in positive beauty and charm all that Marietta had not been, and she was to have in the way of backing and management all that poor Marietta had lacked. It seemed to Mrs. Emery that her whole life had been devoted to learning what to do and what not to do for Lydia. As the time of action drew nearer, she nerved herself for the campaign with a finely confident feeling that she knew every inch of the ground. Her expectancy grew more and more tense as her eagerness rose. During the long year that Lydia was in Europe, receiving a final gloss even higher than that imparted by the expensive and exclusive girls' school where she had spent the years between fourteen and eighteen, Mrs. Emery laid her plans and arranged her life with a fervent devotion to one end—the success of Lydia's first season in society. Every room in the house seemed to her vision to stand in a bright vacancy, awaiting the arrival of the débutante.

CHAPTER II

AMERICAN BEAUTIES

On the morning of Lydia's long-expected return, as Mrs. Emery moved restlessly about the large double parlors, opening out on a veranda where the vines were already golden in the September sunlight, it seemed to her that the very chairs and tables turned faces like hers, tired with patience, toward the open door. She sat down suddenly and lost herself in a vain attempt to recall the well-beloved sound of Lydia's voice. A knot came in her throat and she covered her face with her large, white, carefully manicured hands.

Marietta came in briskly a few moments later, bringing a bouquet of asters from her own garden. She was dressed, as always, with a severe reticence in color and line which, though due to her extreme need for rigid economy, nevertheless gave to the rather spare outlines of her tall figure a distinction admired by Endbury under the name of stylishness. Her rapid step had carried her half-way across the room before she saw, to her surprise, that her mother, usually so self-contained, was giving way to an inexplicable emotion.

"Good gracious! mother—" she began, in the energetic fashion which was apt to make her most neutral remarks sound combative.

Mrs. Emery dried her eyes with a gesture of protest, adjusted her gray pompadour

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deftly, and hastily cut off her daughter's remonstrance. "Oh, you needn't tell me I'm foolish, Marietta. I know it. I just suddenly got so impatient it didn't seem as though I could wait another minute."

The younger woman accepted this explanation of the tears with a murmured sound of enigmatic intonation. Her thin, dark face settled into a repose with something of grimness in it. She began putting the flowers into a vase which stood between the reproduction of a Giotto Madonna and a Japanese devil-hunt, both results of the study of art taken up during the past winter by her mother's favorite woman's club. Mrs. Emery watched her, her eyes wandering to the objects on either side the vase. The sight stirred her to speech: "Oh, Marietta, how *do* you suppose the house will seem to Lydia? I've done so much to it this year, and perhaps she won't like it."

Mrs. Mortimer shook her dark head with a gesture like her father's and said with his decisiveness: "Really, mother, you must draw the line about Lydia somewhere! I guess if the house is good enough for you and father, it is for her!"

Her hand was caught and held. "That's just it, Marietta—that's just what worries me. *Is* what's good enough for us good enough for Lydia? Won't anything, even the best in Endbury, be a come-down for her?"

"You mean you've put Lydia up on such a high plane to begin with that whichever way she goes will be a step down?" asked Mrs. Mortimer.

"Yes, yes, that's just it," breathed her mother, unconscious of any edge of irony in her daughter's accent.

Marietta released herself with a laugh which was like a mocking tap on her mother's shoulder. "Well, folks without real worries will certainly manufacture them! If there ever was a girl with a smooth road in front of her——!"

The door-bell rang. "They've come! They've come!" cried Mrs. Emery wildly.

"Lydia wouldn't ring the bell, and her train isn't due till ten," Mrs. Mortimer reminded her, with her usual firm grasp on the facts of a situation.

"Oh, yes. Well, then it's the new sideboard. I am so——"

"It's a boy with a big pasteboard box," contradicted Mrs. Mortimer, looking down the hall to the front door. "Bring it here!" she called commandingly.

"It's for Lydia!" cried Mrs. Emery, reading the address. She spoke with dramatic intensity, and a flush rose to her fair cheeks.

Her olive-skinned daughter looked at her and laughed. "What did you expect?"

"But he didn't care enough about her coming home even to be in town to-day!" Mrs. Emery's maternal vanity flared up hotly.

Mrs. Mortimer laughed again and began taking the layers of wax-paper out of the box. "That was the trouble with you, was it? That's nothing. He had to be away to oversee the installation of a new electrical plant in Urbana. Did you ever know Paul Hollister to let anything interfere with business?" This characterization was delivered with an intonation which made it manifest praise.

Her mother seconded it with unquestioning acquiescence: "No, that's a fact. Never!"

Mrs. Mortimer in her turn had an accent of dramatic intensity as she now cried out: "Oh, they are American Beauties! The biggest I ever saw!"

The two women looked at the flowers, almost awestruck at their size.

"Have you a vase?" Mrs. Mortimer asked dubiously.

Mrs. Emery rose to the occasion: "The Japanese umbrella-stand!"

There was a pause as they reverently arranged the great sheaf of enormous flowers. Then Mrs. Emery began, "Marietta—" She hesitated.

"Well?" Mrs. Mortimer prompted her, a little impatient of reserves.

"Do you really think that he—that Lydia——"

Marietta accepted with a pinched smile her mother's boundary lines of reticence. "Of course. Did you ever know Paul Hollister to give up anything he wanted?"

Her mother shook her head.

Mrs. Mortimer rose with a "Well, then!" and the air of one who has said all there is to be said on a subject, and crossed the room to the door.

Her mother still looked unresigned. "Well, it's a pity he's not here now, anyhow," she said; adding in spirited answer to her daughter's expression: "Now, you need not look that way, Marietta! You know yourself that Lydia is very romantic and fanciful! It would be a very dif-

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ferent matter if she were like Madeline Hollister. She wouldn't need any managing."

Mrs. Mortimer smiled at the idea. "Yes, I'd like to see somebody try to manage Paul's sister," she commented.

"They wouldn't *have* to," her mother pointed out. "She's so level-headed and sane. But Lydia's different—it's part of her loveliness, of course. Only you *do* have to manage her! And she'll be very unsettled for the first week or so. The impressions she gets then—well, I wish he were here!"

Mrs. Mortimer waved her hand toward the roses.

"Of course, of course," assented her mother, subsiding peaceably down the scale from anxiety to confidence with the phrase. She looked at the monstrous flowers with the gaze of acquired admiration so usual in her eyes. "They don't look much like *roses*, do they?" she remarked irrelevantly.

Mrs. Mortimer turned in the doorway, her face expressing extreme surprise. "Good gracious, no!" she cried. "Of course not. They cost a dollar and a half apiece." She did not stop to hear her mother's vaguely assenting reply. Mrs. Emery heard her firm, rapid tread go down the hall and then suddenly stop. Something indefinable about the pause which followed made the mother's heart beat thickly. "What is it, Marietta?" she called; but her voice was lost in Mrs. Mortimer's exclamation of surprise, "Why, it can't be—why, *Lydia!*"

As from a great distance the mother heard a confused rush in the hall and then, piercing through the dream-like unreality of the moment, came the sweet, high note of a girl's voice, laughing, but with the liquid uncertainty of tears quivering through the mirth. "Oh, Marietta! Where's mother? Aren't you all slow-pokes—not a soul to meet us at the train—where's mother? Where's mother? Where's——"

The room swam around Mrs. Emery as she stood up, looking toward the door; and the girl who came running in, her dark eyes shining with happy tears, was not more real than the many visions of her which had haunted her mother's imagination during the lonely year of separation. At the clasp of the young arms about her, her face took light as from an inner source, and the breath came back to her in a gasp. She tried to speak, but the only word was, "Lydia! Lydia! Lydia!"

The girl laughed, a half-sob breaking her voice as she answered whimsically, "Well, who did you expect to see?"

Mrs. Mortimer performed her usual function of relieving emotional tension by putting a strong hand on Lydia's shoulder and spinning her about. "Come, I want to see if it *is* you, and how you look!"

For a moment the ardent young creature stood still in a glowing quiet. She drank in the dazzled gaze of admiration of the two women with an innocent delight.

Then she turned to her sister with a defiant, pretty tilt of her head. "Well, and how *do* I look?" she asked, and before she could be answered she flew at Mrs. Mortimer with a gentle roughness, clasping her till the matron gasped. "You look too good to be true—both you and mother—if you *are* such lazybones you would not go to the station to meet the prodigal daughter!"

"Well, if you will come on an earlier train than you telegraphed—what did you do with father?" said Mrs. Mortimer.

The girl moved away, putting up her hands to her hat uncertainly as though to take out the hat-pins. There was between the three a moment of that constraint which accompanies the transition from emotional intensity to an every-day level. In Lydia's voice there was even a little flatness, as she answered: "Oh, he put me in a hack and went off to see about business. I heard him 'phoning something to somebody about a suit, or something. We got through the customs sooner than we thought we could, and caught an earlier train."

Mrs. Emery turned from her adoring gaze at Lydia's slim beauty and looked inquiringly at her older daughter. Mrs. Mortimer understood and nodded.

"What are you two making faces about?"—Lydia turned in time to catch the interchange of glances.

Mrs. Emery hesitated. Marietta spoke with a crisp straightforwardness which kept her remark without undue significance. "We were just wondering if now wasn't a good time to show you what Paul Hollister did for your welcome home. He couldn't be here himself, so he sent those."

As Lydia turned toward the flowers, her two elders fixed her with the unscrupulously scrutinizing gaze of blood-relations; but their microscopic survey showed them nothing in the girl's face, already flushed and excited by her home-coming, beyond an

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amused surprise at the grotesque size of the tribute.

"Why, for mercy's sake! Such monsters!" She turned to her mother. "They don't look any more like *roses*, do they?"

Mrs. Emery's answer rose so spontaneously to her lips that she was not aware of her plagiarism of Marietta. "Good gracious, no! Of course not. They cost a dollar and a half apiece."

Lydia neither assented to nor dissented from this apothegm. It started another train of thought. "As much as that! Why, Paul oughtn't to be so extravagant! He can't afford to, and I would have liked it just as well if he had sent something else instead——"

Her sister broke in with an ample gesture of negation. "You don't know Paul! If he goes on the way he's started, there'll soon be nothing he can't afford. He's district sales manager for all southern Ohio."

Lydia paid to this information the passing tribute of a moment's uncomprehending surprise. "Think of that! The last time Paul told me about himself he was working day and night at Schenectady, learning the business and getting—oh, fifty cents an hour, or some such starvation wages."

Mrs. Mortimer's bitterly acquired sense of values revolted at this.

"What are you talking about, Lydia? Fifty cents an hour starvation wages!"

"Well, maybe it was five cents an hour—I don't remember. And he worked with his hands and was always in danger of getting shot through with a million volts of electricity or mashed with a breaking flywheel or something. He said electricians are the soldiers of modern civilization. I told that to a German woman we met on the steamer, when she said Americans have no courage because they don't fight duels. The idea!"

"OH, YOU NEEDN'T TELL ME I'M FOOLISH. I KNOW IT."

She began pulling off her gloves, with a quick, energetic gesture.

Mrs. Mortimer went on: "Well, Paul certainly has a brilliant future before him. Everybody says that—" She stopped, struck by her rather heavy insistence on the theme, and by a curious look from Lydia. The girl did not blush, she did not seem embarrassed; but the childlike clarity of her face was clouded by an expression of consciousness.

Mrs. Emery made a rush upon her, drawing her away, with a displeased look at Marietta. "Never mind about Paul's prospects," she said. "With Lydia just this minute home—to begin gossiping about the neighbors! Come up to your room, darling, and see the little outdoor sitting-room we've had fixed over the porch."

Mrs. Mortimer was not given to bearing even a passing chagrin with undue self-restraint. She threw into the intonation of

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her next sentence a resentment at the rebuke from her mother. "I still live, you know, if Lydia *has* come home!"

As Mrs. Emery turned, she added: "Oh, I only wanted to make you stop long enough to tell you that I'm going home now. I'll bring my two men-folks over to-night. Dr. Melton and Aunt Julia are coming, aren't they?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Lydia. "It doesn't seem as though I could wait to see godfather! I sort of half hoped he might be here now."

"Well, *Lydia!*" her mother reproached her jealously.

Marietta laughed. "Oh, you might as well give in, mother. Lydia likes the little old doctor better than the rest of us."

"He talks to me," said Lydia defensively.

"*We* never say a word," commented Mrs. Mortimer dryly.

Lydia broke away from her mother's close clasp and ran back to her sister. She was always running, as though to keep up with the rapidity of her impulses. She held her subtly curved cheek up to the other's strongly marked face. "You just kiss me, Etta dear," she pleaded, "and stop teasing."

Mrs. Mortimer looked long into the clear, dark eyes. Then her face melted suddenly till she looked like her mother. She put her arms around the girl with a fervent gesture of tenderness. "Dear little Lydia!" she murmured, with a quaver in her voice.

CHAPTER III

PICKING UP THE THREADS

After she was alone she stood still in a reverie that had from her aspect something of sadness. "Poor little Lydia!" she sighed.

"What's the matter with Lydia?" asked some one behind her.

She turned to face a dark, elderly person of robust dignity.

"Oh, it's you, father—why, I was thinking what a hateful, horrid world we're all so eager to push Lydia into—a can full of angleworms it is——"

"Anything specially the trouble with you?" asked her father guardedly.

"Oh, no—same old thing. Keeping up a two-maid and a man establishment on a one-maid income—and mostly not being able to get hold of the one maid." She was starting down the steps of the veranda as she spoke, but paused as though she could not resist the relief which came from expression. "And the cost of living! The necessities aren't so bad, but the other things—the things you *have* to have not to be out of things! I lie awake nights worrying about them! I think of them in church. Why, I can't think of *any*thing but the way expenses mount up! Everybody is getting so reckless and extravagant—and I *won't* go into debt! I'll come to it, though. Everybody else does. We're the only people now who haven't Oriental rugs. Why, the Gilberts—and you know they're awfully in debt to their grocer and for their rent—well, they have just bought an Oriental rug that they paid a hundred and sixty dollars for! It makes me sick! Our parlor looks so common! And our last dinner party cost —" She detected a wavering in her father's attention and broke off with a hurt, "Oh, well, no matter!" and ran down the steps.

Her father turned back eagerly in response to a call from Lydia, who came skimming down the hall. "Oh, daddy dearest, it's a jewel of a little sitting-room you've had fixed up—and mother says we can serve the punch there the night of my coming-out party."

Mrs. Emery was at her heels. Her husband laughed at the mother's expression and drew her to him. "Here, mother, stop staring at Lydia long enough to welcome me home, too." He bent over her and rubbed his cheek against hers. "Come, tell us the news. Are you feeling better?" He gave her a playful push toward the door of the parlor. "Here, let's go in and visit. I'm an old fool! *I* can't do any work this morning."

Lydia seized their hands and pulled them into the parlor. "I've been in this room already, but I didn't see it, I was so excited. I don't believe I touched the floor when I walked. Oh, it's lovely! It's lovely!"

She darted about the room like a humming-bird, recognizing what was familiar with fond little exclamations—"Oh, that darling little wicker chair—the picture of the dog—oh! oh! here's my china lamb!"—and crying out in admiration over new acquisitions. "Oh, mother, what a perfectly lovely new couch—sofa—what do you call it? Why, it's so beautifully *different!* Where did you get it?"

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Mrs. Emery turned to her husband. "There, Nat, what did I tell you!" she triumphed.

"That's one of your mother's latest extravagances," explained Judge Emery carelessly. "It's the latest fad in Endbury—hand-made furniture. I can't see it's so fine. Grand Rapids is good enough for me!"

"He doesn't like the man who makes it, that's all," Mrs. Emery accused him.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Lydia, rubbing her hand over the satin-smooth, lusterless wood of the sofa's high back.

Judge Emery replied with his laugh of indifferent tolerance for anything outside the profession of the law. "Oh, I never said I didn't like him. I only said he struck me as a crack-brained, self-willed, conceited——"

Lydia laughed. She thought her father's dry, ironic turns very witty.

"I never saw anything *conceited* about him," protested Mrs. Emery, admitting the rest of the indictment.

Judge Emery sat down on the sofa in question and pulled his tie into shape. "Well, folks that find the ordinary ways of doing things not good enough for them are always conceited."

"What does he do that's so queer?" asked Lydia.

"Oh, he's one of the back-to-all-four faddists," said her father.

Lydia was dim as to his meaning, but willing to be amused.

"He lives as no Dago ditch-digger with a bit of get-up-and-get would be willing to."

Lydia turned to her mother for real enlightenment.

"Oh, it's nothing interesting," said the matron, observing admiringly Lydia's French dress. "Only for a while everybody was talking about his queerness. He was an insurance man, like Marietta's husband, and getting on finely, when all of a sudden, for no reason on earth, he threw it all up and went to live in the woods. Do you mean to say that you really paid only twenty dollars for that dress?"

"In the woods!" repeated Lydia.

"Yes, the real woods. His father —he died last winter—was a farmer and left him the Black Rock woods, the picnic woods. He built him a little house there and makes his furniture out of the trees."

Lydia's passing curiosity had faded. "Not quite twenty, even. Only ninety-two francs," she answered her mother's question. "You never saw anything like the summer bargains there. Well, *I* should think your carpenter-man was crazy." She glanced down with satisfaction at the hang of her skirt.

"Oh, not dangerous," her mother reassured her; "just Socialistic, I guess, and all that sort of thing."

"Well, who's crazier than a Socialist?" cried her father genially. He added, "Where you going, daughter?"

Lydia stopped in the doorway with a look of apology for her lack of interest in their talk. "I thought I'd just slip into the hall and see if there's anything new there. There's so much I want to see—all at once."

Her fond impatience brought her parents forward with a start of pleasure, and the tour of inspection began.

She led them from one room to another, swooping with swallow-like motions upon them for sudden caresses, dazzling them with her changing grace. She "liked it all," she told them, "a thousand times more than she remembered!" She liked the new arrangement of the butler's pantry, she loved the library for being done all over new, she adored the hall for being left exactly the way it was. The dining-room was the best of all, she declared, with so much that was familiar and so much that was new.

"Only no sideboard," she commented.

Mrs. Emery looked vexed. "I knew you'd notice that!" she said. "We tried to get the new one put in before you got back, but Mr. Rankin *won't* deliver a thing till it's just *so!*"

"Rankin!" cried Lydia, stopping short. "Who's that?"

"Oh, that's the crazy cabinet-maker we were talking about. The one who——"

"Why, *I've* met a Mr. Rankin," said Lydia, with more emphasis than the statement seemed to warrant. "Only it can't be the same person. He was awfully nice. That time when you and father were at Washington for Christmas and I was at Dr. Melton's with Aunt Julia. I used to see him there a lot. He used to talk to the doctor by the hour, and Aunt Julia and I were doing that set of doilies in Hardanger work and we used to sit and sew and count threads and listen."

"That's the one," said her father. "Melton has one of his flighty notions that the man's something wonderful."

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"But he wasn't queer or anything then!" protested Lydia. "He never talked to me any, of course—I was such a kid; but it was awfully interesting to hear him and godfather go on about the future of humanity, and morals, and the universe, and such. I —never heard such talk before—or after; but it can't be *that* one!" she broke off to marvel incredulously at the possibility. "He was—why, he was *awfully* nice!" She fell back on reiteration to help out her affirmation.

"They say there's queer blood in his family, and I guess he's got his share," Judge Emery summed up and dismissed the case with a gesture of finality. He glanced up at a tall clock, standing in the corner, compared its time with his watch, and addressed himself with a householder's seriousness to setting it right.

A new aspect of the matter they had been discussing struck Lydia. "But what does he—what do people *do* about him?" she asked.

This misty inquiry was as intelligible to her mother as a cipher to the holders of a key: "Oh, he's very nice about that. He dropped out of society completely. Of course, you see him when he comes to set up a piece of his furniture or to take an order, but that's all—and he used to be so popular!" The regret in the last clause was that of a thrifty person before waste of any kind. "I understand he still goes to Dr. Melton's a good deal, but that just counts him one of your godfather's collection of freaks—" She broke off to look out of the window. "Oh, Lydia, here are the expressmen with your trunks. Quick! Quick! Where are your keys? It seems as though I couldn't wait to see your dresses." She hurried to the door and vanished.

Lydia did not stir for a moment. She was looking down at the table, absorbed in watching the dim reflections of her pink finger-tips as she pressed them upon the dark, polished wood.

Her father closed the door of the clock and turned away, but she did not hear him. "I have a time with that pendulum. I can't seem to get it right," he explained.

Lydia looked at him blankly a moment. Then she drew a long breath and took an aimless step away from the table. "Well, if that's not too queer for *any*thing!"

Judge Emery stared. "Why, no, it's quite common in pendulum clocks," he told her.

CHAPTER IV

THE DAWN

The morning after her return from Europe, Lydia awoke early. As she lay in her soft, white bed and looked about her pretty room with an ineffable sense of well-being, it seemed to her that everything which had happened to her was lovely and that the future could only contain a crescendo of good fortune. It all seemed, as she said to herself, too good to be true—certainly more than she deserved. Among her unmerited blessings she quaintly placed being herself; but this was the less naive in that she placed among her blessings everything of which she was conscious in her world. Her world at this time was not a large one, and every element in it seemed to her "ideal." Her loving, indulgent father, who always had a smile for her over his newspaper at the table, and who, though she knew he was too good to be wealthy, always managed somehow to pay for dresses prettier than other girls' clothes; her devoted, idolizing mother, whose one thought was for her daughter's pleasure; her rich, big brother George in Cleveland, whom she saw so seldom, but whose handsome presents testified to an affection which was to be numbered among the objects of her gratitude; good, sharp-tongued sister Etta, who said such bright things and ran her house so wonderfully; Aunt Julia—dear, dear Aunt Julia, whose warm heart was one of Lydia's happiest homes; and Aunt Julia's brother, Dr. Melton—ah, how could any one be grateful enough for such an all-comprehending, quick-helping, ever-ready ally, teacher, mentor, playmate, friend, and comrade as her godfather!

She lay still for a few moments, luxuriating with an innocent egotism in all her advantages, and then sprang up and began to dress herself. No one else was awake. She saw with surprise that it was barely five o'clock. She wondered that she felt so little sleepy, since she had been up late the night before. All the family and connections had gathered, and she had talked with an eager breathlessness and listened as eagerly to pick up all those details of home news which do not go into letters—those insignificant changes and events which make up the physiognomy of an existence, and without which one can not again become an integral

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part of a life once familiar. It had been a fatiguing, illuminating evening.

A change of mood had come in the night. As she dressed, she felt that in some way neither the fatigue nor the illumination had lasted on through the blankness of her sound young sleep. She felt restlessly fresh and vigorous, like a creature born anew with the morning light, and she did not feel herself as yet an integral part of the busy, absorbing life to which she had returned. The countless tendrils of Endbury feelings, standards, activities, brushed against her, but had not as yet laid hold of her. Europe had never been more to her young-lady's eyes than an immense World's Exposition, rather overwhelmingly full of objects to be inspected; and now, here in Ohio, even that impression was dim and remote; but so also was Endbury. She had left the one; she had not yet arrived at the other. She felt herself for the moment in a neutral territory which was scarcely terrestrial.

The silent house was a kingdom of delight to be rediscovered, and when she stepped out on the veranda, the look of the trees, the lawn with its dew-studded cobwebs, the breath of the light wind across her cheek, the odor of dawn—all the indefinable personality of that early hour made her heart contract with pleasure. She ran out to her favorite arbor and plucked one of the heavy clusters of purple grapes, savoring their cool acidity as though it were a joy new in the history of the world. She raised her face to the sky with wonder.

Just outside the circle of shade cast by an exuberantly leaved maple, she stood for a moment, her hands full of grapes, her eyes wandering about the green, well-kept double acres, called diversely in the family "the grounds" (Mrs. Emery's name) and "the yard." Lydia always clung to her father's name. She had very little inborn feeling for the fine shadings of her mother's vocabulary. She always called the two servants "the help" instead of "the maids"; spoke of "the washerwoman" instead of "the laundress"; and, as her father did, called the man who took care of the lawn, ran the furnace, and drove their comfortable surrey, "the hired man" instead of the "gardener" or the "coachman." Lydia explained this whimiscal reaction rather incoherently by saying that those nice old words were so much more fun than the others, and, in spite of remonstrance, she clung to her fancy with so lightly laughing an obstinacy that neither she nor any one else suspected it of being a surface indication of a significant tendency.

She had occasionally other droll ways of differing from the family, which were indulgently called "Lydia's notions." Her mother would certainly have thus named this flight out into the early morning, and she would have been unquestionably disturbed, perhaps even a little alarmed, by the beatific expression of Lydia's face as she gazed fixedly up into the sky, the tempered radiance of which was as yet not too bright for her clear gaze.

All the restless joy of a few moments before fused into a trance-like quiet. She stood still in the sunshine, a slow flush like a reflection of dawn rising to her cheeks, her lips parted, her eyes bright and vacant. An old person coming upon her at this moment would have been painfully moved by that tragic pity which age feels for the inexperienced joy of youth. She looked a child, open-eyed and breathless before the fleeting beauties of a bubble, most iridescent when about to disappear.

It was a man by no means old who swung suddenly into sight around the corner, walking swiftly and noiselessly upon the close-cut grass; and his startled expression when he found himself close to Lydia was by no means one of pity. He fell back a step, his gaze upon her that of a man dazzled by an incredible vision. She brought her eyes down to him, and for the space of a breath the expression was hers as well.

Then for a moment longer, though mutual recognition flashed into their eyes, they did not speak, looking at each other long and seriously.

Finally, with a nymph-like stir of all her slender body, Lydia roused herself. "Well, I can speak; can you?" she asked whimsically. "Don't you remember me?"

The man drew a long breath and took off his cap, showing close-cropped auburn hair, gleaming, like his beard, red in the sun. "You took my breath away!" he exclaimed. "I didn't think you could be real! You looked so exactly the way this glorious morning made me feel."

Before she could stop herself, Lydia had answered: "Why, that's just how you looked to me!" She flushed burningly at the significance of her words.

The man turned away his quiet gray eyes

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before her confusion and said lightly: "Oh, yes, I remember you very well. You're a niece of Mrs. Sandworth's, Dr. Melton's sister, and you're the big-eyed little girl who used to sit and sew in a corner while the doctor and I talked our nonsense."

"No, I'm not," said Lydia, tilting her head prettily. "That's a year and a half ago, and I've grown up and been to Europe, and I just guess you haven't had two such interesting things happen to *you* in such a short time as—" She stopped, struck dumb by a sudden recollection. "Oh, I beg your pardon!" she murmured. "I forgot what they said you had——"

Her expression was so altered, she looked at him with so curious a change from friendly familiarity to strangeness, that his steady eyes wavered a moment in startled surprise. "What's that? I didn't catch what you said," he asked sharply.

"Why, nothing—nothing—only they were telling me yesterday about how you—why, it came over me that you *had* had a great deal happen to you this last year as well as I."

"Oh, *that!*" he summed it up for her with grave brevity. "I have started life on a new footing during the past year."

Lydia fumbled for words which would be applicable and not wounding. "I was *so* sorry to hear that—about your father, I mean, of course. And about the other—it must be very—*interesting*, I'm sure." His silent, enigmatic gaze upon her moved her to a fluttered fear lest she seem ungracious. She added, with a droll air of letting him see that she was not one of the enemy: "I do hope some day you'll tell me all about it. It sounds so romantic."

The young man gave an inarticulate sound and stroked his ruddy beard to conceal a smile. "It's not," he said briefly.

Lydia thought she had wounded his feelings. "Oh, I'm sure you must have some very good reason for doing such a *queer* thing!" she said hurriedly, and then, appalled by the words to which the haste of her good intentions had carried her: "Oh, I mean that it's very brave, heroic of you to have the courage—perhaps something very sad happened to you, and to forget it you——"

The other broke into the laugh he had been trying to suppress. His gray eyes lighted up brilliantly. "You're very kind," he said. "You're very kind, but rather imaginative. It doesn't take any courage; quite the reverse. And it's not a picturesque way of doing a retreat from active life. I hope and pray that it's to be a way of getting into it."

The girl's face of bewilderment at his tone moved him to add, with a ripple of amusement still in his voice: "Ah, don't try to make me out! I don't belong in your world, you know. I'm real."

Lydia continued to look at him blankly, the obscurity of his remarks in no way lessened for her by this last addition.

"Well, I oughtn't to keep you from your breakfast, I suppose," he suggested.

He waited a moment for Lydia to respond to this speech, struck by a sudden realization that it might sound like an unceremonious hint to her to retire, rather than the dismissal of himself he had intended. When she made no answer, he turned away with a somewhat awkward gesture of leave-taking. Lydia looked after him in silence.

CHAPTER V

THE DAY BEGINS

She watched him till he was out of sight, and, although the vigorous, rhythmic swing of his broad shoulders was like another manifestation of the morning's buoyant spirit, it did not move her to a responsive alertness. After he had turned a corner, she walked soberly back to the house. The dew had already disappeared from the grass. There was now no hint of the dawn's coolness; the day had begun.

Her father met her at the door with exclamations about her early hours. He would really see something of her, he said, if she kept up this sort of thing. It would be too good to be true if he could breakfast with her every morning. Whereupon he rang for the coffee and unfolded his newspaper. Lydia did not notice his absorption in the news of the day, partly because she was trained from her childhood to consider reading the newspaper as the main occupation of a man at home, but more because on this occasion she was preoccupied herself.

Mrs. Emery had not come down-stairs. A slight indisposition, which she had felt for several days, seemed to have been augmented by the excitement of Lydia's return. She had slept badly, was quite uncomfortable, she told her husband, and

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thought she would stay in bed and send for Dr. Melton. It seemed foolish, she apologized; but she wanted to lose no time, now that Lydia was back, and meant to be on the safe side.

After breakfast, when her father disappeared, Lydia found herself with a long morning before her. The doctor telephoned that he could not come till noon. Judge Emery, after his proprietary good-by kiss, advised her to be quiet and rest. Indeed, as Lydia idled for a moment over the dismantled breakfast-table, she was by no means moved to anything active. Dark shades were everywhere drawn down, and the house was like a dimly lighted cave; but through this attempt at protection, the sun was making itself felt in a slowly rising, breathless, moist heat.

Lydia climbed the stairs to her mother's room. She was looking forward to a long visit, but, finding the invalid asleep, she turned away from the door rather blankly, beginning to experience that uneasy discomfort which comes to moderns if unusual circumstances throw them even temporarily on their own resources. She lingered aimlessly for some time at the head of the stairs, and then, leaning heavily against the rail, began to descend slowly, one step at a time, to prolong the transit. A hushed, confused sound of some one busy about various small operations did not rouse her from her brooding reverie. Finally the fall of a large object, clattering noisily on the floor, made her conscious of some one in the hall below. She leaned over the balustrade and saw that the object which had fallen was the newel-post of the stairs. It had evidently been detached from its fastening by the workman who, with his back to her, now knelt over a tool-box, fumbling among the tools, with resultant little metallic clicks.

Lydia gazed intensely at this back for a moment and then ran lightly down the stairs, finger on lip. "Hush! Don't make any more noise than you can help. Mother's still asleep." As he gazed up at her in stupefaction, she broke into her charming laugh. "Why, I *always* seem to strike you speechless!"

The man stood up, smiling. "You see, I was just wondering if I oughtn't to apologize to you, if I should ever see you again, for being so curt to you this morning, and for my impertinent laugh. And then you spring up out of the ground before me. Well, so I will apologize. I'm sorry."

They adopted, as in the first part of their earlier talk, the half-humorous familiarity of people surprised in an unconventional situation; but in spite of this, the young man's apology was not without the accent of sincerity.

Lydia responded heartily in kind: "Oh, it was I who was horrid! But are you really, *really* sorry? And do you want to do something nice to make it up to me?"

"Anything!" he promised, smiling at her as at a child.

She indulged herself in a noiseless hand-clap. "You've promised! Well, then, the forfeit is to tell me all about it."

"All about it!" His blankness was genuine.

"Goodness gracious! don't you remember? That's what we were both horrid about. I asked you to tell me——"

He remembered, not entirely without annoyance. "Oh, I'll never *see* you to tell you."

She sat down on the bottom step and drew her white skirts about her. "What's the matter with right now?"

"I've got to earn my living right now," he objected, beginning with a swift deftness to bore a tiny hole.

The girl persisted. "Well, if you've something to do, all the better. Go ahead and talk at the same time. You won't feel you're wasting time. Honestly, what in the world did you do it for?"

"It?" He made her define herself.

"Oh, you know. Give up everything, lose your chance in business and society, and poke off into the woods to be a common—" she faltered here.

He supplied the word with a flash of mirth. "Don't be afraid to say it right out—even such an awful term as common workman, or carpenter. I can bear it."

"I knew it!" Lydia exclaimed. "As I was thinking it over on the stairs just now, I said to myself that probably you weren't a bit apologetic about being a workman; probably you had some queer reason for being proud of yourself for doing it."

He cast a startled look at her. "You're the only person in Endbury who's guessed it!"

"But why? Why? Why?" she urged him, her flexible eyebrows upraised in the eagerness of her inquiry. "I feel just as though I were going to hear the answer to a

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riddle. Don't keep me in suspense."

He had another turn in his attempt at evasion. "It wouldn't be polite to tell you the answer, for what I'm trying to do is to get out of being what everybody you know, except Dr. Melton, of course, thinks is the only way *to* be——"

"What's the matter with 'all the people I know?'" she challenged him explicitly.

He laughed and shook his head. "Oh, nothing new. Everybody from Ecclesiastes to Tolstoi has said it for me."

"They never say anything about just ordinary folks in Endbury, that *I* know."

Rankin looked at her whimsically. "Oh, *don't* they?"

"*Do* they?" Lydia wondered at the possibility. Presently she brought out as a patently absurd supposition: "You don't mean Endbury people are wicked?"

He laughed. "Do you think none but wicked people are written about in serious books? No! Lord, no! I don't think they're wicked. Just mistaken."

"What about? Now we're getting warm. I'll guess in a minute."

He looked down at her eager face a little sadly. "You'd never guess. It's all gone into your blood. You breathe it in and out as you live, every minute."

"What? What? *What?* You can't say it, you see. You only just talk."

"Oh, yes, I can say it. Wouldn't it be a tragedy if they should all be killing themselves to get what they really don't want and don't need, and starving for things they could have by just putting out their hands?"

Lydia's blankness was immense.

He said with ironic triumph: "You see, when I do say it, you can't make anything out of it."

After this he turned all his attention to his work, and it was sometime before he happened to glance again at the girl, drooping listlessly on the stair. He paused instantly with an exclamation of dismay.

"No, I'm not going to cry," Lydia told him with a very small smile; "but it would serve you right if I did."

The workman wiped his forehead and surveyed her in perplexity. "What *is* it you really want me to do for you?" he asked, half vexed.

"If you're serious in asking that," said Lydia with dignity, "I'll tell you. You can just take for granted that I'm not an idiot or a child, and talk to me sensibly. And you can tell me what you started out to, the real reason why you are a common carpenter instead of in the insurance business."

Rankin looked a little abashed by the grave seriousness of this appeal, although he smiled at its form. "You speak as though I had my reason tied up in a package."

Lydia said nothing, but did not drop her earnest eyes.

He thrust his hands into his pockets and returned this intent gaze, a new expression on his face. Then, picking up a tool again, he said with the accent of a man who takes an unexpected resolution: "Well, I *will* tell you!" He returned to his work, speaking, as he did so, in a reasonable, quiet manner, with none of the badinage which had, so far, underlaid his manner to the girl.

"It's very simple—nothing romantic about it. I didn't like the insurance business. I couldn't see how I could arrive at the age of forty as an insurance man, with an honest scruple left. Not that the insurance business is any worse than any other, probably; only I knew about it from the inside. So far as I could guess, the businesses my friends were in weren't very different. At least I couldn't improve things by changing to them. Also, judging by the older men, I saw that at forty I wouldn't have any interests in life except getting ahead of people. Now, what was I to do about it? I'm no philosopher with a cure for things. But I didn't want to fight so hard to get unnecessary things for myself that I kept other people from having the necessaries and didn't give myself time to enjoy the things that are best worth enjoying. What could I do? The only thing I could think of, if I didn't like the life I was in, was to get out of it and do something harmless, at least—if I didn't have gumption enough to think of something that might make things better.

"I like the cabinet-maker's trade, and I couldn't see that practising it would interfere with my growing all the honest scruples that were in me. Oh, I know it's as easy for a carpenter to turn out bad work to make more money as for anybody else. I haven't any illusions about the sanctity of the hand-crafts. But anyhow, I saw that as a maverick cabinet-maker I could be pretty much my own master. If I had strength of mind enough, I could be honest without endless friction with partners, employers, banks, creditors, employees, and

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all the rest of the spider-web of business life. I thought I could keep my head and know what I was doing, and I hoped that maybe, if I myself started in square and honest and *simple*, so I could be sure of myself, maybe after a while I could see clearer how to help other people to occupations that let them live as well as make money.

"You see, there's nothing mysterious about it, nor interesting. Just ordinary. I'm living the way I do because I'm not smart enough to think of a better way. Anyhow, just to look at me is proof that you don't *have* to shut the door of the industrial squirrel-cage on yourself, in order not to starve. Perhaps that'll give some cleverer person the courage to start out on his own tangent."

Lydia drew a long breath at the conclusion of this statement. "Well," she said, inconclusively—"Well!" After a pause she advanced: "My sister's husband is in the insurance business."

"You see," said the workman, drilling a hole with great rapidity, "you see, I ought not to talk to you. I can't, without being impolite."

Lydia seemed in no haste to assure him that he had not been. When she looked up later, it was to say with a bewildered air: "But a man has to earn his living!"

Rankin made a gesture of impatience. "A *living* isn't hard to earn! It's earning food for his vanity—or his wife's—that kills the average man! It's for cake the average man runs into debt. He must have everything that any one else has, whether he wants it or not—a fine house, an idle, card-playing wife, because other men keep their wives idle and card-playing; and his children must do what everybody else's children do, whether it's bad for their character or not. Ah! The children! That's the worst element of it! To bring them up so that these futile complications will be essentials of life to them!"

Lydia broke in with a sophisticated amusement at his heat. "Why, you're talking about Newport, or the Four Hundred of New York—if there is any such thing! The rest of America—why, any European would say we're as primitive as Aztecs! They do say so! Endbury's not complicated! Good gracious! A little, plain, Middle-Western town where everybody that is anybody knows everybody else!"

"No, it's not complicated according to European standards as yet, but why, in Heaven's name, should it strain every nerve to make itself so? Why can't we decide on a rational—" He broke off to say gloomily: "The devil of it is that we don't *decide* anything! We just slide along, making money and looking the other way. If people would only give, just once in their lives, the same amount of serious reflection to the question of what they want to get out of life that they give to the question of what they want to get out of a two-weeks' vacation, there aren't many folks—yes, even here in Endbury, that seems so harmless to you because it's so familiar—that wouldn't be horrified at the aimless procession of their busy days, and the trivial false standards they subscribe to with their blood and sweat."

"My *goodness!*" broke in Lydia.

The exclamation came from her extreme surprise, not only at the extraordinary doctrine enunciated, but at the experience, utterly new to her, of hearing convictions spoken of in ordinary conversation. The workman took it, however, for a mocking comment on his sudden fluency. He gave a grimace and, as he began picking up his tools, he said: "Ah, I shouldn't have given in to you! When I get started on that subject, I can't stop." His expression altered darkly. "But I hate all that kind of thing so! I *hate* it!"

Lydia shrank from him, startled but aroused. "Well, I hate hate!" she cried, with energy. "It's horrid to hate anything at all, but most of all what's wrong and doesn't know it's wrong. That needs *help* —not hate."

He had slung his tool-box on his shoulder before she began speaking, and now stood ready for his departure, looking at her intently. Even in the dim light of the hall she was aware of a wonderful change in his face. She was thrilled by the expression of his eyes in the moment of silence which followed.

Finally, "You've given me something to remember!" he said, his voice vibrating, and turned away.

CHAPTER VI

LYDIA'S GODFATHER

Lydia stood where he left her, listening to the sound of his footsteps die away down the walk outside. She was still standing

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there when, some time later, the door to the dining-room opened and a tiny elderly man trotted across the hall to the stairs. Lydia ran toward him, her face quivering like a child's about to weep. "Oh, dear godfather!" she cried, as she flung herself upon him. "I'm so glad you've come! I never wanted to see you so much!"

He was startled to feel that she was trembling, and that her cheek against his forehead—for she was much taller than he—was burning hot. "Good gracious, my dear!" he said, in the sweet, shrill voice his size indicated, "anybody'd think *you* were the patient I came to see."

Lydia recoiled from the little man as impulsively as she had rushed upon him. "Why, how awful!" she accused herself, horrified. "I'd *forgotten* mother!"

Dr. Melton laid his hat on the hall-shelf. "I will climb up on a chair to shake you," he said cheerfully, "if already, in less than twenty-four hours of your native land, you're indulging in nerves."

He picked up a palm-leaf fan, lost himself in a big hall-chair, and began to talk with a clicking, telegraphic speed: "I can't diagnose you yet, you know, without looking at you, as I can your mother. I know without going up-stairs that she is floored with one or another manifestation of the great disease of social-ambitionitis. But calm yourself. I've practised for thirty years among Endbury ladies. They can't spring anything new on *me!* I've taken your mother through doily fever, induced by the change from table-cloths to bare tops, through portière inflammation, through afternoon-tea distemper, through *art-nouveau* prostration, and mission-furniture palsy, not to speak of a horrible attack of acute insanity over the necessity of having her maids wear caps. I think you can trust me."

He had run on volubly to give Lydia time to recover herself; but now he shot a question at her with a complete change of manner: "But what's the matter with *you?*"

Lydia started as though he had suddenly clapped her on the shoulder. "I—why—I just—" she hesitated. Finally she brought out with the most honest surprise in the world: "Why, I don't know what *is* the matter with me!"

Dr. Melton's approval of this answer was immense. "Why, Lydia, I'm proud of you. You'll break everybody's heart by turning out a sensible woman, if you don't look out. Most girls would have faked up a headache or a broken heart—" He pulled himself to his feet. "Of course you don't know what the matter is with you, my dear. I do. I know everything and can't do a thing. That's me! Physically, you're upset by Endbury heat after an ocean voyage, and mentally, it's the reaction caused by your subsidence into private life after being the central figure—the returned traveler. Last evening, now, with that mob of friends and relatives pawing at you and trying to cram-jam you back into the Endbury box and shut the lid down, *that* was enough to kill anybody!" He turned away, mounted the stairs, and disappeared down the upper hall.

Lydia sat down on the bottom step to await his return, and lost herself in confusing, vivid recollections of the morning's events. What a strange person that man was! How very bright his eyes were when he——

She heard her mother's door open and saw the doctor running down the stairs, his wrinkled little face very grave.

"You were right, Lydia, to be anxious about your mother, and I'm an old fool! I'm afraid she's in for quite a siege. There's no danger, thank Heaven! but I don't believe she can be about for a month or more. I'm going to 'phone for a trained nurse."

He darted away, leaving Lydia leaning against the newel-post, gasping. Only half a day had passed since she had gone out into the dawn. She cried out to herself that she could not stand it to have things happen to her so fast. If all Endbury days were going to be like this! She was for a moment brought to a standstill by a realization of depths within her she had not dreamed of. She realized, horrified, that on hearing the doctor's verdict, her first thought—gone before it was formulated, but still her first thought—had been one of relief that now she need not tell her mother about her long talk with the proscribed carpenter.

It had not occurred to her, nor did it now, that she either should or should not tell her father.

The second instalment of "The Squirrel Cage" will appear in the November number.

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THE MONGREL

BY JOHN WARTH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER DE MARIS

FROM the moment when he blew into the office, lean and cocksure, his blue eyes smiling and his drab hair erect, he had answered to the name of Sweeney.

"What is this pretty thing?" had queried Green, of the early shift—at work before dawn on the "Eleventh EXTRA Final Edition"—on the first day of the new copy-boy.

"James McNeill—" began the steady reply.

"Well, I christen you Sweeney—Sweeney the First," cut in Green briskly. "It's a good name, and you'll grow to like it after a while. Now get out of here."

It was a slow process by which Sweeney's presence became more desired. For the first weeks he was always underfoot, and life was one long biff, bang, and roar, with his own person always at the seat of explosion. When the city editor and the copy-readers and the plain reporters wearied of cursing him and roaring "Copy—copy there!" "Copy on the hook!"—all the copy-boys took a fling at him. Sometimes they punched him, or tripped him up, or perhaps threw type in his eyes, or cleverly coaxed him into a public scrimmage from which they retired at the psychological moment, leaving him to pay the penalty alone. His life was probably the most thorough test to which boys of fourteen are put, now that sending them to sea has become unfashionable.

But the new copy-boy did not have bristly hair and a stiff upper lip for nothing. He plodded on his way, doing the best he could, and hitting back whenever he found an opening. After a month he was tolerably versed in the rudiments of a copy-boy's education—could tell at a glance when the city editor had got out on the wrong side of the bed and was to be handled like a mad dog; knew how far he could "sass" the green reporters, and which of the old ones would stand for his "swiping" a nickel when buying cigars. He had also soaked in a good bit of newspaper instinct, so that he knew at once, by sniffing the atmosphere, when a big story was on and it was for him to quit his whistling and fooling and trot back and forth like a trained terrier, with every sense alert.

After a month he was given the worst job in the shop—the task of preparing sheets for the telegraph operators. All day he did nothing but arrange yellow "flimsy" sheets, with carbon pages between, so that when the news came in over the wires the operators could knock off six copies on their typewriters instead of one. Sweeney was never a beauty; but when he had smudged his eyes and cheeks and lips with the black from the carbon sheets which wore off on his fingers, he was a sight. He grinned cheerfully if his betters roared at his appearance, but when his peers attempted ridicule he took them off behind the water-cooler and walloped them.

A little later the city editor's boy caught the measles, and Sweeney's chance came. He was promoted to the job, and thereafter his business was of a most dignified and responsible order. He was to sit in a wooden chair within striking distance of the captain of the ship and do his errands, all affecting the life and death of the crew and the success of the venture. This meant, specifically, running his copy, fetching his proofs, and doing instantly and perfectly about fifty other things, all different.

"Kid—you sit there or not, just as you please. But if I ever happen to want you

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and you're not Johnny-on-the-spot——"

Such was the boss's sole direction, spoken in a slow drawl and ending in a polite wave of the hand that seemed to imply a painless but utter annihilation.

As a matter of fact, the city editor—who was tall and lean and cynical, and had attained his rank notwithstanding a college education—never exhibited the vicious temper with which he was endowed except as a relaxation, when there was nothing happening. Then he would upset four or five copy-boys and swear a sentence or two that was as far ahead of the ordinary swearing in the office as his other accomplishments were superior to those of the rank and file. They issued, classics, from his lips and passed at once into the tradition of the office. When, however, big things were on and the newspaper world was roaring like a furnace under forced draft, he always spoke with a little added restraint, if anything. He never showed any signs of hurry. Yet he was rated the quickest city editor of his day, which, as any newspaper man can explain, is to say that he was the quickest man in New York, or the world, for that matter.

It so fell out that Sweeney became a favorite with the boss. They were absurdly unlike to the eye and belonged at opposite poles in every respect—the city editor being a thoroughbred, and Sweeney an all-round mongrel, for a primary point of difference. But each possessed a preternaturally keen sense of humor, and, although the dry sarcasm of the editor was utterly unlike the cheerful slang of the boy, the flavor of the latter's observations quickly won his master's approval.

The city editor exercised his own more or less renowned wit at the expense of any stray potentates of Europe and America who chanced to become city news, thus contributing in no small degree to the gaiety of the nation. His headlines were masterpieces as they slipped from the point of his swift, unerring pencil.

And Sweeney followed close on the heels of his master—contributing largely to the gaiety of the office by his miraculous slang. He bit off his talk casually, like a puppy barking, and his utterances were of a kind surely never heard on sea or land. The city editor and every one else took them up and chewed them over deliciously. Every breed of odorous word was meat for Sweeney's lips. Just as his appearance was reminiscent of every race and nation, so his speech seemed drawn from every highway and byway of language. Once, when some one queried Sweeney's nationality and the sources of his inspiration, the city editor explained his own theory thus:

"He's a mongrel—a pure mongrel—that's why he's such a wonderful yapper."

Then he added an ugly characterization—one of many vicious speeches in which he indulged himself: "But yapping is his only art. You can't bet on a yellow dog for anything else."

Such was, indeed, the city editor's philosophy of life. He had no respect for the rabble—to use his favored word—and was never so witty as when sneering at their doings. As the editor of a yellowish paper, he was obliged to print every heart-throb of high and low life of which he could get tidings. But all the weeping sentences telling of slum tragedies were gross exaggerations to his mind—the yellowest kind of fakes.

Nevertheless, the chief trusted Sweeney, and liked him as much as it was in his nature to like any human being; and altogether the boy was in a fair way to mount rapidly. As in most newspaper offices, there were opposed to his possible advancement no limits other than those set by his own abilities; for the making of newspapers, like railroading, is one of the few pure democracies of labor, where wits and wits alone are the wings wherewith to soar.

No one could remember just when or how Sweeney's star began to decline. It was perhaps a year after his instalment as the city editor's boy. Probably he had been careless and lax for some time before he was caught napping. Then he was taken red-handed in a bad blunder—losing a page of copy from a big murder trial some five and a half or six minutes before edition time. He escaped without a word of censure; but that was the boss's method with those he liked and trusted. And by some subtle shade of manner he always succeeded in arousing in the recalcitrant worker a more effective feeling of remorse than others could induce by a battery of threats.

"There's something wrong with Sweeney, all right," remarked Green a day later.

"It's the break he made yesterday," said Aiken, the star of the rewrite men. "For the first time I've detected signs of dejection about his pompadour."

"I think he's sick," put in Phillips, the

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HE GRINNED CHEERFULLY IF HIS BETTERS ROARED AT HIS APPEARANCE,
BUT WHEN HIS PEERS ATTEMPTED RIDICULE——

promising cub. "He's been dopey for several days."

One of the copy-boys tried out the idea of sickness that same afternoon on the invalid himself. "Got the mumps?" he asked with elaborate sympathy.

The fight was one of the bloodiest in the history of the paper. Sweeney's opponent was absent for two days and returned with three court-plaster patches. But Sweeney was obviously not himself, even if his fists were, at a pinch, as fast and punishing as ever. Phillips, like every one else in the shop, was fond of the boy and took an early opportunity to question him.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "You look like the tenth round with the crowd yelling to the other fellow to finish you off before the gong rings."

"Family sick," said Sweeney briefly.

"Very sick?"

Sweeney nodded.

Phillips thought a minute. "Got enough money?"

"We're all right," said Sweeney.

"Well—here's five, and you can pay it back when you get ready," said Phillips.

"Thanks," said Sweeney, tucking away the bill with expedition.

"Let me know how things come on," were Phillips's parting words.

Sweeney cheered up for a day or two, and then slumped away down again. He stayed off a whole day—a piece of misconduct unknown in his previous record. His substitute mixed everything up, the city editor went mad dog as a consequence, and the whole office had a bad session.

"Where the hell is Sweeney?" exclaimed Green resentfully, voicing the sentiments of all at the end of the trying day.

Sweeney showed up late the next morning, looking thinner and more drab-colored than ever. The city editor had it on his mind to ask the boy what ailed him, but there were so many things on his desk just then that he forgot his query. Besides, it was against all his rules to "coddle" his men. He tried to be scrupulously just to every one; but mercy was not in his scheme of life, and if you did not do your work you simply found yourself upon the sidewalk.

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The next morning, a Saturday, was one of the worst days the office could remember. There was no compelling news to keep the boss busy, and everything seemed to go wrong from the start. By the end of an hour he was at white heat, and at this point there arrived a rival sheet with a complete "beat" glaring forth on its front page. It was a small story, in fact; but in the chief's state of temper it was a spark of fire in a train of gunpowder. He kicked his chair away and began one of his historic oaths.

And into the heart of this enkindled conflagration suddenly walked Sweeney, over an hour late. There was plainly something wrong with the boy, for he was totally blind to the parlous state of affairs. He looked like the ghost of himself—yet he put on his usual roll of the shoulders and recklessly stalked toward his chair.

But he never reached it. The editor's rage fell full on his head.

"Where the hell have *you* been?" he roared in the boy's face.

Sweeney started and blinked. "Kept home," he said shortly.

The boy's manner—perhaps unintentionally defiant—was the end. A flood of oaths poured forth. Sweeney caught the last phrase. It was:

"—and don't you ever come back!"

Sweeney winced under the sudden blow. Then he bristled with his old-time fire. "All right!" he snapped back.

"Hurry up—get out!" yelled the boss.

"I'm going—as slowly as I want," said the boy, deliberately starting for the door.

In the conglomeration of words that followed Sweeney made out but four: "You little yellow pup!"

The boy lost all control of himself. He wheeled around. "You—you—" he screamed; and shot over the desk at the boss's head.

He was pulled off speechless and white with rage; and the boss, suddenly cool and sardonic, sat down and lit a cigarette. Somebody half dragged the boy out, choking with angry sobs; and the row was over.

Such things had happened before under the chief's leadership, but never anything that cast a thicker gloom over the office. Every one was relieved when the last edition went to press.

"I feel as if I had been whipped myself," remarked Aiken to Phillips on the way out.

"It's an infernal shame!" exclaimed Phillips hotly. "His family's sick—he told me about it."

"Well—nothing short of a miracle can get him back now—even if he'd come," commented Aiken gloomily.

The two thereupon hung over a bar and discussed the boss—the devil in him that made him the best-hated man in the city, the wonderful machine in his head that made him a great city editor, and his saving grace of justice, which normally earned him the loyal devotion of his men.

The following Monday was the usual dull Monday in the newspaper world, when real news is so scarce that no matter how obscure and insignificant you may be it is not safe to break an ankle or elope or kill yourself or really do anything more than eat, drink, and sleep. For the converse, it is one of the grim jokes involved in the making of newspapers that on a "big" day, when a steamship has foundered or the city is burning down, you can do almost anything you please and be sure that you will get off with "a stick" or at most an "inside head."

The city editor, in a chastened mood, had waxed mildly profane over his recital of the available stories to the make-up editor, in getting ready for the early forenoon editions. A bomb explosion in Williamsburg was the best he had to lead the paper; a petty East Side fire—petty from a newspaper point of view, because every one had been careless enough to escape without being even "overcome"—must furnish another front page head; and there were only "rewrites" from the morning papers, with hardly an item of fresh interest in them, to fill out the page. Bangor was burning up, to be sure, but, most inconsiderately, an hour too late to admit of more than a "flash" in the first edition.

Into this dearth of considerable happenings floated some "flimsy" from a news agency which covered certain outlying districts about the city, including the near-by Jersey cities and towns. Three pages of it the city editor dismissed at a glance. The fourth he read over carefully. He was on the point of sidetracking it, but finally picked it up again and went over to Phillips.

"Here's something about a dying kid," he said. "Drop over on it and see if you can dig up a human interest story."

He handed the sheet of yellow paper to the reporter. The account was worded in the jargon of cheap newspaper dialect, with

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all the showy statements jumbled into the first sentence. It read:

Hoboken, July 24—Nursed by his brother of five years for over a month, and after an all-night watch alone in the death chamber, a two-year-old boy, little Joseph Hockenhull, died this morning at 419 North Street, where the corpse was later found by a settlement worker, Miss Ethel Gallagher, the beautiful daughter of the millionaire brewer of Newark.

No food was in the room, and everything except the mattress on which the child died had been pawned by the older brother.

Miss Gallagher was overcome after doing all she could to aid the stricken household and was assisted to her home by Officer Francke in a cab. Coroner Wurtz has commenced a rigid investigation.

Phillips read it through and grinned appreciatively at the style.

"You know what I want," elaborated the boss. "Never mind the sordid details, but squeeze out every drop of pathos you can—and then put in your own feelings, too. These slum affairs are as flat as stale beer. But see if you can't put a bead on this one."

Phillips nodded and hurried off.

On the ferryboat he ran into Big Leary of the *Star*.

"Hello! What's up?" Phillips called out in surprise.

"Dying orphan—same as you," came back the sing-song reply from Leary.

Phillips laughed. "With so much talent on the job, I thought all Hoboken must be burning up," he said. "Why all this excitement over one small child, and a dead one at that?"

"Young man," said Leary, "if you were a miserable city editor on a dull Monday, and had to turn out enough scare-heads for the front page and enough columns of hot stuff to carry the advertising, you might clutch a dying child to your bosom yourself."

Once across the river it proved a tedious car ride to the street named in the story.

THE BOY LOST ALL CONTROL OF HIMSELF. HE WHEELED AROUND. "YOU—YOU—" HE SCREAMED.

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A long walk followed, and it was an irritated pair of news-gatherers who finally fixed upon the proper number and surveyed the dingy tenement thus indicated.

"It would serve my boss right," remarked Leary, as they paused, "if the whole shooting-match was a fake. Next thing he'll be asking me to run over to East Boston for the noon edition."

"Probably is a fake," said Phillips. "The five-year-old is a grandfather, the baby boy a street-car conductor, and the beautiful brewer's daughter——"

"It's the daughter that's beautiful," objected Leary. "Father is only a millionaire."

"Well—she's probably the scrub lady, anyway," finished Phillips.

"Come on," said Leary quickly. And they stepped gingerly in.

"Where the devil is everybody!" he exclaimed, after a minute's groping in the darkness.

The only answer was the caterwauling of a small child or two. The noise careered dismally down the dim stairway. Something in the squalor of the scene or perhaps the presence of death close at hand suddenly made Phillips thoroughly uncomfortable. He was glad that he knew enough of his new business to feel under no compulsion of feigning cheerfulness. He had started out as a reporter with a vague notion that he must act like a ghoul when face to face with grim realities; but a little observation had taught him otherwise.

"Let's get it over," broke in Phillips. "This is getting on my nerves."

"I wish we'd had a drink," grumbled the older man.

Without knowing exactly why, they started up the rickety stairs. The second flight brought the sound of voices, and through the crack of a door they suddenly caught a dull light and a glimpse of a policeman's uniform. Leary led the way in. As they glanced about they took off their hats.

Facing them, in a small recess, was a little mattress set on the floor. On it was the figure of a baby. A pair of candles burned at the head. To the left, by the window, opening on an air-shaft, sat a boy.

The two reporters nodded to the policeman by the door.

"We thought we were never getting here," said Leary quietly, in friendly fashion. "Can you give us the names, and so on? How did it happen?"

"Well, the kid died this morning," said the policeman.

"Where are the parents?"

"Don't know."

"Who took care of the kid?'

"His kid brother," was the reply. "Over there," he added, jerking a thumb toward the window.

"Have you got the names?"

"The dead one is Joseph Hockenhull, aged two. The live one is James McNeill Hockenhull, aged fourteen. Coroner Wurtz is coming. And my name's Francke, East Third Street station."

Leary wrote it all down carefully, the "Francke" with some ostentation. Phillips followed suit, remembering an early injunction from some one—"Always take a cop's name, but never use it unless he's the story."

Then they turned away to the window, and Phillips had his first good look at the forlorn figure there. The boy was facing him, and the features were in shadow except for the dull light of the candles. Something about the thin, erect figure and the queer, upsticking hair gave him a start.

"Why—" he exclaimed, stepping forward; he caught the boy by the shoulder, half turning his face to the light. "Why, it's Sweeney!" he cried in shocked surprise.

The boy nodded, biting his lip.

Leary grunted his amazement. "Didn't know you had friends here," he said.

"Why, Sweeney's one of our copy-boys!" Phillips exclaimed.

The boy got to his feet, standing rather unsteadily.

"Well, where is James McNeill Hockenhull?" said Leary quietly.

"Oh, we just called him Sweeney," said Phillips with heat. "He's the real thing—a blamed good copy-boy—knows more about a newspaper than any of us."

Somehow Phillips felt much ashamed of the nickname.

The boy stirred on his feet. "Well, Sweeney ain't so bad," he said hesitatingly. A very faded edition of his grin crossed his mouth as he spoke.

"How's that?" came from Leary.

"Why, my mother was mostly Irish. And she told me never to forget I was Irish too. She said I had three grandmothers and grandfathers, a Scotch, and an Irish,

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and one from Germany—but it was the Irish that counted."

"There must have been a fourth," blundered Phillips.

"I guess he was just American, like you and me," said Sweeney simply.

Phillips felt unaccountably impelled to shake Sweeney by the hand at this point; but he was so thoroughly upset that the most he could accomplish was a vigorous nod of the head. Leary, too, was plainly moved; but he did not forget his business. He began, in expert fashion, with a minimum of questions and no interruptions, to get the story.

"What's become of your father and mother?" he began.

"My father's gone away—my mother's dead," said Sweeney.

"How long was your brother sick?"

"Four weeks," said Sweeney, swallowing hard.

"Who took care of him?"

"I did, nights—and Mrs. Dongan, upstairs, when I left in the morning. These are her chairs," he added, meaning apparently the two kitchen chairs, the sole furniture of the room, except for the little mattress in the alcove.

"Her chairs?"

"Yes. I had to pay for the milk and things. There was a bureau and a table and chairs and a big bed and a little one—and a carpet—and a lamp—and lots of nice things—" Sweeney ended with a wistful gesture.

"You must be all in," said Leary shortly. "Sit down."

So Sweeney resumed his seat in one of the Dongan chairs.

"Where'd you go to school?" suggested Leary, after a moment of silence.

"Number 3," said Sweeney, with a lightened look. "In N'York. We uset to live in Houston Street. Then my father lost his job—he was a baker—and we came

"WHY—" HE EXCLAIMED, CATCHING THE BOY BY THE SHOULDER, "IT'S SWEENEY!"

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over here. But we didn't make out. And I got a job. And my father went away."

Sweeney paused, but did not make the exit of his father more specific.

"And my mother died when the kid was a year."

There the boy hung for a minute. Phillips was on the point of speaking, but Leary stopped him; and the next moment Sweeney took up the thread of his story.

"We made out all right, me and Joe. 'Tain't so easy feeding a baby, either. They don't hold much, and 'most all they take is milk, which don't last much. Like if you and me was eating milk we'd be swallowing all the time. Mrs. Dongan, she looked out for him when I was away—she's got six of 'em, and she said she never noticed an extry one. There was a young lady came round from the settlement and wanted me to have Joe sent away somewhere. She said as he would be better looked after. But I told her I guessed I could bring up my brother all right. And she never came back."

At this point in the narrative, Leary gave Phillips a look which the latter interpreted as referring generally to Miss Gallagher, the cheerful fiction of the flimsy story.

"You were all right," was Leary's approving comment to Sweeney.

"It was a lot of work—nights—and all that; and I had to sell everything when he got real sick," went on Sweeney, at a slackening pace. "He had a bad heart, the doctor said, and had no show. The doctor was a young fellow like you, and he wouldn't take anything. But the medicines and things took lots. The kid was worth it, all right, though. Never cried much—and he knew lots. Couldn't talk so much—leastways so's you could understand him. But he was awful bright. I guess he'd been a wonder, all right, if he'd growed up."

Sweeney paused for a long breath. "He went off all in a heap. Was like you or me one minute—and all white and still the next."

Neither of the men found anything to say after this. They looked down at the boy's tousled head, and the candles burned on for a full minute before any one moved. Then Leary suddenly shook Sweeney's hand very hard.

"Good-by," he said. "You're the real thing, boy." And he turned away.

Phillips gripped the boy's hand and tucked something into it.

"Good-by, Sweeney—I'll be back soon," he said. Then he hurried after Leary, leaving Sweeney seated with the little white figure on the mattress.

They clattered down the stairs together, and on the street Phillips paused to take a deep breath.

"Wait a second, will you?" he said to Leary. "This has got on my nerves."

"Same with me," nodded Leary.

They walked slowly down the street and presently hunted up telephones.

Phillips called his office from a neighboring saloon.

"This is Phillips—Hoboken," he said, when he heard his boss's voice. "That dead kid story. Good stuff. And, say—the kid's Sweeney."

"What's that?" came back sharply.

"He's our Sweeney, I say."

"The dead one?"

"No—it was Sweeney nursed his baby brother—four weeks—alone—sat up nights—sold the room bare to get medicines——"

"But I thought it was some Hoboken name."

"Yes—Hockenhull. That's right. We just called him Sweeney in the office."

Something like an oath came over the wire. Then: "Wait a minute." Phillips had time to catch his breath—his nerves were still ready to jangle at every turn.

"Hello!" cut in the city editor again. "Give the story to Aiken. And how much money have you?"

"A nickel. I gave Sweeney ten dollars."

"Well—you go back and tell Sweeney that's my ten. And that I'm sending over twenty more——"

"Yes," said Phillips, as his chief paused.

"And you tell him I want to apologize—get that word right now—apologize. And tell him to come back here and we'll make a city editor of him. Good-by."

Are you whirling in the Squirrel Cage? Begin Dorothy Canfield's absorbing story of American life in this number, and find out.

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The INSURGENT SUNDAY-SCHOOL

BY GEORGE CREEL

THE first Sunday-school was more bitterly attacked than any single radical suggestion of the present day. When Robert Raikes, in 1780, gathered the street urchins of Gloucester into a Sabbath class, and paid four old women a shilling apiece to teach them reading, writing, and religion, he was denounced as an enemy to the Church and to the State. The Archbishop of Canterbury called a meeting of the hierarchy "to devise ways and means to crush the dangerous enterprise." The leading English papers declared that Raikes's plan was "subversive of that order, that industry, that peace and tranquillity which constitute the happiness of society, and, far from deserving encouragement and applause, it merits our contempt, and ought to be exploded as the vain, chimerical institution of a visionary projector." A famous Scotch preacher insisted that the Sunday-school would "destroy family religion," and even John Wesley, in 1784, wrote in this dubious vein: "Perhaps God may have a deeper end thereto than men are aware of. Who knows that some of these schools may become nurseries for Christians?"

Had the Sunday-school idea been blood kin to the bubonic plague, its entrance into the United States could not have been opposed more fiercely. As late as 1820, a Connecticut pastor, discovering a small class huddled in the gallery, chased its daring members out of the church with his cane, and branded them as "imps of Satan, doing the devil's work."

Strangely enough, no one seemed to see that this attitude was nothing more or less than definite repudiation of the principles and policies laid down by the founders of the faith. Christianity, following in the footsteps of Judaism, was fundamentally a *teaching* religion. Christ and the apostles, no less than Moses and the prophets, paid small attention to abstract theology, but expressed their creeds in laws and rules of conduct. Out of the synagogues, cathedrals, and monasteries came the first schools and the great universities, and out of the church came Alcuin, Erasmus, Abelard, Comenius, Froebel, Pestalozzi, and many others to whom secular education owes its basic ideas.

By its eighteenth-century rejection of the Sunday-school, the Church admitted complete departure from the ancient standards. Christianity was a teaching religion no longer, but a *preaching* religion. Listeners, not learners, were desired; for the hierarchy feared religious instruction as a menace to its privileges, importance, and indispensability.

Even when the Sunday-school refused to be crushed, and grew in spite of opposition, the stubborn antagonism continued. The clergy tried to run it as a "lower-class" affair, and it was not until 1830 that Dr. Lyman Beecher took his children into a Sunday-school and set an example for people of wealth and culture.

Instead of being taught, the helpless little

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ones were stuffed. The Bible was hurled at them in one large, incomprehensible lump, and they were forced to memorize chapter after chapter, until they sweated Jeremiah and coughed Ezekiel.

Dr. John H. Vincent, afterward a bishop in the Methodist Church, and founder of the Chautauqua, lifted the first successful protest against the wretched system. Powerfully aided by B. F. Jacobs, a Chicago layman, he forced the adoption of a Uniform Lesson Plan on the International Sunday-School Association in 1872. A lesson committee was appointed, consisting of British and American sections, and the Bible was chopped up into as many chunks as were necessary for a six years' course.

Although the scheme gave coherency to Sunday-school instruction, and provided a much-needed bond of union between denominations, the system epitomized absurdity. As a result of "one lesson for the whole school," some Sundays saw kindergarten tots grappling with the passionate mysticisms of St. John, while other Sundays found senior classes piffling with story lessons meant for primary pupils.

As if this travesty on religious instruction were not discouragement enough, no provision whatever was made for housing. The school was either jammed in a basement or jumbled in the body of the church, careless of confusion and discomfort. About the only real attention paid to it, as a matter of fact, was at "money-raising" times, or when evangelists included the pupils in their revival efforts.

Is it not in consequence of this change in its course—the substitution of preaching for teaching—that the Church is now compelled to fly signals of distress? Had it continued to build upon the child, trusting to careful and continuous religious instruction for its perpetuation and extension rather than to creeds and dogmas, is it likely that every ecclesiastical convention would need to confess diminishing congregations and "lack of interest?" A pool without its feeding spring soon becomes stagnant. By refusing to recognize and realize the possibilities of the Sunday-school, the Church has cut itself off from its true source of supply. Put out of touch with the people by its hierarchical attitude, it has been forced into alliance with other aristocratic institutions.

Insurgent divines admit the "class consciousness" of the Church. High dignitaries within the Church itself declare the necessity of "getting back to the people." As the rich flee before the poor, opening up new districts for the protection of their exclusiveness, the Church follows fast, leaving the spiritual needs of the masses to be looked after by underpaid assistants in dingy missions.

Such leadership is not suited to the militant temper of the time. Not even the habit of centuries is proof against the passionate altruism of the age. *Inside the institution, as well as out*, there is insistent demand that the Church quit its reliance on tradition, and blaze again with the Christ flame.

The race has never lost sight of the Dream. When students of spiritual phenomena unite in declaring that a "wave of religious activity is sweeping over the land," what can it mean but that the olden ideals of love, justice, and fraternity are again in the ascendency?

Materialism has wrought its own ruin. No modern, unless he deliberately shuts his eyes, can fail to see inequalities and inhumanities. Injustice lies heavy on the heart of the world. Misused power sickens the sight. Poverty defies concealment, and every banquet board is spread in view of the hungry. The owner walks his acres under the gaze of the landless.

By very force of revulsion, a vivid social sense has burned itself into the universal consciousness. Individualism with its cruelties is giving way to unity with its kindnesses. Instead of that ancient savagery, "the survival of the fittest," there is growing recognition of the obligations of the strong to the weak; realization that advance must be made by all, and that happiness must be general before it can be personal.

It is peculiarly the province of the Church to take this tremendous emotionalism and give it form and projectile force. This traditional right, however, is meeting with denial. Many of those who are fighting for deep-reaching reforms not only look for no aid from the Church, but definitely align it with the forces against which they are striving.

It is a situation that guarantees much futility if permitted to continue. The Church has the plant. It is a going concern. While it is true that its vitalization requires the aid of these enthusiastic thousands that

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have been estranged, it is equally true that the forces of reform must have the aid of the Church if they are to win the ultimate victory. The historic institution, in spite of every mistake, still retains its hold upon the hearts and souls of the majority.

It is at this most crucial moment that there comes news of a great movement which bids fair to end the deadlock. Insurgents—of even keener vision than those that strive in purely secular fields—have captured the Sunday-school. They have

ONE OF THE FINISHED MAPS THAT THE CHILDREN COLOR.

A CLASS STUDYING THE PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF PALESTINE BY MEANS OF COLORING CONTOUR MAPS TO INDICATE ELEVATIONS.

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taken charge of its machinery, and are proceeding to the manufacture of men and women to whom religion will not be a Sabbath affair—unreal, mystic, remote—but a vital something with intimate application to every-day life and living.

At the triennial convention of the International Sunday-School Association in Louisville, Kentucky, June 18–23, 1908, the Lesson Committee was authorized to prepare a "thoroughly graded course for the entire school."

To appreciate the full significance of this insurgent victory, let it be understood that this did not mean a series graded for *departments* of the Sunday-school, *but a series graded according to the regular grades of the day school.*

Not a series leading only to a knowledge of biblical facts and teachings, *but a series presenting to the child at each successive stage of his development such suggestions of religious moment as make the strongest appeal to him at that period.*

Not a series in which religion is presented as a distinct department of life, but a *series through which the child passes naturally from stage to stage, finding impulse in each step to the highest life of which he is capable.*

Speaking out of well-grounded hopefulness, it is safe to say that the Sunday-school of the future will make Christianity and Good Citizenship interchangeable terms.

It will be a school in fact as well as name, superintended and taught by highly trained specialists; not a temporary "detention house" where children are befuddled by well-meaning but often absolutely ignorant volunteers.

Religion will be defined as the individual's attitude toward himself and his fellow man, not as the acceptance of some particular creed on a certain day. God will no longer be enthroned—grim and gray-bearded—in a far-away heaven, but will be expressed as Truth and Love and Service. Christ will be restored to His true naturalness and appeal, and His tremendous simplicities given their proper application to the affairs of this world.

The Bible will not be mechanically and arbitrarily forced into every lesson and recitation, nor will it be the sole text-book. All truth is to be regarded as part and parcel of religious instruction, no matter from what source it may be derived. Everything that is fundamental and essential to intelligent Christian faith and effective Christian service will be taught. The aim of the school will be the production of sound character; consequently men and things able to build character will be used without reference to their inclusion in the Bible.

The activities of the prophets, the apostles, the disciples, and the historic figures of the Church will be studied; but so will the activities of Livingstone, Florence Nightingale, "Chinese" Gordon, and Frances Willard. St. Paul, St. Mark, St. Augustine, and the great missionaries of all time will be followed in their inspired wanderings; but in similar

PRIMARY CLASS ILLUSTRATING BY ORIGINAL DRAWINGS A STORY JUST TOLD THEM BY THE TEACHER.

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A CLASS TRACING ON A SAND MAP OF PALESTINE THE JOURNEYS OF JESUS. THE BOYS THEMSELVES MODELED THE MAP.

fashion so will the children follow Jacob Riis through the slums, Dr. Grenfell through the wilds of Labrador, and Barnardo through the streets of London.

The new Sunday-school will insist that moral standards and religious faith are almost entirely the product of early training and continued instruction. Its doors will be shut against the evangelism that is so foreign and antagonistic to the normal religious development of the child. The generous enthusiasm of youth will be loosed upon the problems of the world. Children, young men, and young women will be enlisted in genuine social service, and the superb altruism of adolescence will be given expression in forms of practical usefulness.

Social conditions; the needs and agencies for betterment; the obligations of citizenship; political, industrial, and social duties and responsibilities—all these will be included in the religious instruction of the future.

There is nothing pussy-footed about this movement. Its leaders are speaking out with a boldness that would have invited heresy trials a decade ago. Henry H. Meyer, assistant editor of the Sunday-school periodicals of the Methodist Church, declares that "religious training which ignores

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truth revealed by science, or fails to take into account the knowledge gained by the pupil in public school work, is narrow, inadequate, and likely to prove false in matters of critical importance."

Professor Charles Foster Kent, of Yale, says: "Religious education is not mere instruction in certain doctrines or in the forms of worship. Its ultimate goal is to develop individual character and efficiency. It is the education not of a part but of the whole man."

Listen to Dr. G. Stanley Hall of Clark University:

"Where the clay of dogma is tramped down too hard about the roots of the growing soul, either the latter is arrested or doctrines are ruptured. Of all the outrages and mutilations practised upon youth by well-meaning adults, insistence upon such dogmas on pain of moral offense is perhaps the most disastrous and anti-religious in its results, for it enlists the conscience of the individual, at the age when it is most vigorous and tender, against its own normal mental development."

This capture of the Sunday-school, with its consequent release of imprisoned energy, was not the matter of a day, the victory of a sudden resolve. The action of the Louisville convention was the culmination of a twenty years' fight, the outcome of a silent, heroic struggle waged against the International Sunday-School Association by a small group of men and women.

Quite naturally, the first revolt against the Uniform Lesson plan—the first step in this struggle—came from the elementary grades. Among the teachers were many trained kindergartners and public school instructors, and they grew increasingly sick of jamming the Minor Prophets down the throats of little children. In 1879, a National Primary Teachers' Union was formed, and in 1887 the International Primary Union came into being, and commenced demanding that the child be given at least some degree of intelligent consideration. It failed to make so much as a small dent in the traditions and bigotries of the International Sunday-School Association.

Help, however, was at hand. In 1892, the Reverend Erastus Blakeslee, of New Haven, inaugurated an important reform under the name of Bible Study Union Lessons. He was aided in his work by Bishop Brooks, Professor W. R. Harper, Dr. Lyman Abbott, and other prominent clergymen and educators; and the result was a system of connected and graded Bible study for the Sunday-school. In the light of modern advance, the system was far from perfect, but it was such an improvement over the Uniform series that hundreds of Sunday-schools bought the "Blakeslee Lessons."

The Primary Union, vastly encouraged, redoubled its attack upon the International Sunday-School Association. Mrs. J. Woodbridge Barnes, a woman of very unusual force and ability, came into the work, and under her leadership the movement became dynamic and projectile.

In 1902, at the Denver convention, the International grudgingly surrendered, and authorized the preparation of a two years' course for beginners.

Up to this time, the Sunday-school had been paid as little attention by the experts in educational science as by the sociologist and political reformer. The Bible and all forms of distinctly Christian teaching had been eliminated from the curriculum of the American public schools, leaving the Sunday-school as the sole Protestant institution for popular religious instruction, for the inculcation of morals, for the building of character, for the making of good citizens. President Harper, of the University of Chicago, was the first educator to grasp the size and seriousness of the Sunday-school's task, and to rebel against the stupid, inefficient manner in which it was being undertaken. In 1903 he called a conference of college presidents, professors, pastors, and experts, and out of the gathering came the Religious Educational Association.

It is impossible to overestimate the service rendered to the Sunday-school by this organization. Unhampered by sectarian lines or theological platform, it has joined in enthusiastic interest the country's greatest experts in pedagogy, psychology, sociology, and religion, and focused scientific illumination upon Sunday-school methods and problems. To this association, more than to any other one force, is due the wider vision that sees in the Sunday-school a possible solution of all those religious, social, economic, political, and industrial problems that aggravate the illness of the world.

With fresh courage, the insurgents went into the Toronto convention of the International in 1905, and demanded a graded

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PRIMARY CLASS ILLUSTRATING IN CLAY THE STORY OF JESUS FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

THE SMALL PICTURE SHOWS THE WORK OF CHILDREN FROM SIX TO TEN YEARS OLD.

lesson course. They were beaten, but such was the favorable sentiment aroused that the reform group decided upon definite action. The entire matter was put in the hands of Mrs. Barnes, who proceeded to act with promptitude and boldness. She wrote letters to such educators and experts as were definitely identified with Sunday-school work, and asked them to join in the preparation of a graded course of instruction. In October, 1906, nineteen men and women assembled in Newark and set to work.

It is regrettable that this group can not be given the individual praise so richly deserved; but at the outset it was agreed that identities should be suppressed in order that ugly jealousies might not add to the difficulties already in waiting. Not only did the faithful nineteen sacrifice all chance of glory and reward, but they labored without financial return, even paying their own expenses.

For two years these men and women gave three, four, five, and six days a month to the work. In addition to these days of united conference, separate committees conducted investigations, and famous educational authorities were called in to pass upon the theological, pedagogical, and psychological soundness of the lessons as they were planned.

By January, 1908, this Graded Lesson Conference, as it had come to be called, had prepared a complete nine years' course—Beginners, two years; Primary, three years; Junior, four years—a sufficient part of the whole to show what could and should be done.

W. N. Hartshorn, chairman of the International Sunday-School Association's Executive Committee, invited the wrath of the reactionaries by calling a meeting of the insurgents at his home in Boston. It was decided that the International, at the triennial convention, to be held in June, should be asked to adopt the work, and authorize the further preparation of courses for the higher grades.

From January until June the insurgents

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explained and appealed. The Presbyterians, Methodists, and Congregationalists became firm supporters of the Graded Lesson plan, and each day saw leader after leader giving over his prejudices. And when the Louisville convention met, in spite of the fact that the reactionaries made up a majority, the Graded Lesson Plan carried, together with all the new ideas that its adoption implied. The majority did not dare to crush the reform with sledge-hammer votes. John T. McFarland, C. R. Blackall, J. R. Miller, M. C. Hazard, William Douglas Mackenzie, and other insurgents led the fight in a fashion that was at once an appeal and a solemn threat.

The Lesson Committee not only adopted the work of the Graded Conference as its own, but asked it to continue in existence, and complete the task. This is being done. The faithful group, still unhonored and unsung, is turning out grade after grade, passing the product on to the Lesson Committee, and permitting that august body to claim it as its own. The members are neither resentful nor distressed. They consecrated themselves to results in 1906, and they are getting them now.

The work of the committee, it may be explained, ceases with the preparation of the detailed outline of the course of study for each grade. The selection and publication of text-books is left to the several denominations, and to such other publishers or societies as may wish to enter the field.

The International's course, however, is not without competition. The University of Chicago Press publishes "The Constructive Bible Series," comprising eighteen volumes covering all grades from kindergarten to adult.

The Bible Study Union (the Blakeslee Lessons) is commencing the publication of an entirely new and more adequately graded series designed to "develop normal, intelligent, faithful, and efficient Christian character." Professor Kent, Professor Coe, of Union Theological Seminary, and other noted educators have been engaged to superintend its preparation, and the foremost text-book authors have been employed.

At this point it is well to consider the case of the Episcopal Church, the only Protestant denomination not included in the membership of the International Sunday-School Association. As a consequence of being unbound by the International's plan of uniformity, individual initiative has had free swing among the Episcopalians, and in many of the dioceses schools have long been adequately graded and competently taught.

The New York Sunday-School Commission, formed in 1898 by Bishop Potter and Dr. William Walter Smith, gave the greatest impetus to the reform movement. This commission, under the supervision of Dr. Smith, himself an able author, issues a thoroughly graded, pedagogically planned course of instruction which has been adopted by a majority of the dioceses. The Board of Education of the Diocese of Massachusetts has also published a carefully graded course.

There is a strong movement, however, in the interests of greater unification and development. The convention of 1910 named a General Board of Religious Education which will act as a clearing-house for the diocesan organizations and direct the Sunday-school movement for the entire church. The report that led to the formation of this central body recommended "more co-

UNDER THE NEW REGIME THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL CLASS HAS THE SAME EXPERT TUTELAGE THAT THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AFFORD.

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STEREOGRAPHS OF MODERN JERUSALEM AID THE CLASS IN MODELING MAPS OF THE CITY AS IT WAS IN THE TIME OF CHRIST.

operation and mutual sympathy between the public schools and the Sunday-schools," and "more attention to the morals and hygiene of sex, and the correlation of extra-biblical teaching with the ordinary religious instruction."

None of these series is perfect. There is yet too much ferment, struggle, and compromise. But every denomination is looking ahead, going forward, and more and more realizing the true importance of the Sunday-school and intelligent religious instruction. And there is hope of a more perfect system. The Religious Education Association has consigned the general study of a Sunday-school curriculum to a commission of twenty-one members, all famous names in religion and education. These experts are considering the principles, the methods, and the materials, and their report is being awaited as the first attempt at a scientific verdict.

In all of the series, however, there is the same emphasis upon character building, the same attempt to relate Christianity to every-day living. Christian character—Christian conduct—life's problems—social duties—justice—fraternity—the social and ethical teachings of Jesus—these are the things that stand out large in every course. Each one officially recognizes the urgency of the social question, and expresses God as Love and Truth and Service. But the International has not yet issued its senior studies, and the adult courses in the other series are far from adequate or complete as yet.

It is here that the Missionary Education Movement comes into action, and plays its part in the work of reform. This great organization includes every Protestant denomination, and the mission boards of which it is a federation include in their educational activities every pupil in the Sunday-school. Mr. Ralph E. Diffendorfer, Sunday-school secretary of the Movement,

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is a charter member of the Graded Lesson Conference, and the strong missionary emphasis in the International course is undoubtedly due to his efforts. And "missionary," mind you, has been restored to its original meaning, and stands for work in the "home town" as well as labor in foreign fields.

At this time of halt, when the older pupils are marking time until the various graded series are ready to tell them what to do, the Missionary Education Movement has come forward with "Community Study by Groups." These studies are intended to constitute the senior and post-graduate work of the Sunday-school, and can not but be regarded as a cap-sheaf for the insurgent victory. They mean that every Sunday-school in the country may now become a social science center, and every pupil a first-hand investigator of modern social, industrial, economic, and political conditions.

The idea of the community survey from a religious standpoint came from the Presbyterians. In their Department of Church and Country Life, under the Reverend Warren H. Wilson, a great work has been done in the investigation of the problems of organized labor, Socialism, child labor, women in industry, class consciousness, social and economic problems, industrial education, housing, sanitation, unemployment, etc. But its work is done by trained investigators, and has been confined to typical localities.

On the other hand, "Community Study by Groups" will apply to every locality, and every young man and woman in the school will be an investigator. Lack of space precludes more than a condensed presentation of these amazing "studies."

Study I. The Locality and Population.

This subject is designed to cover the entire field dominated by the Sunday-school —the people, their employments, the industries, housing, nationalities, centers of informal meeting, etc.

Study II. Economic Problems.

This enters into the industries, hours of labor, average wage, number of women and children employed and at what wage, effect of the industries on public morals, number of unemployed and causes, etc. Question 12 is particularly interesting: Is wealth increasing in your community? With increasing equality or inequality?

Study III. Poverty.

1. Among the people within one mile of your church, how many heads of families own their own homes? How many heads of families have an income of $5,000 or more

A CLASS STUDYING THE STORY OF EASTER MORNING OVER A SAND-TABLE PICTURE, WHICH SHOWS A SECTION OF THE WALL OF JERUSALEM AND A MODEL OF AN ORIENTAL TOMB.

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per year? How many between $5,000 and $2,500? Between $2,500 and $1,000? How many less than fifteen dollars a week?

4. What is the chief cause of poverty in your community?

6. Is there overcrowding in the tenement or tenant districts in your field?

8. Is the poverty due to lack of ability or due to lack of opportunity? If the latter, what conditions need remedying?

9. Does poverty exist in such a degree as to make religious life impossible? Have the churches less members among the very poor than among the middle class?

13. Do you believe that the Church should undertake measures for increasing the prosperity of the community, or of any section of the population?

14. Is the modern Church doing her duty in teaching justice in the distribution of the wealth of the world?

15. What measure would you recommend for increasing the service of the Church to the poor?

Study IV. Class Distinctions.

A few questions will serve to show the fundamental character of the investigation:

5. How far are the social distinctions in your population due to mere numbers and the difficulty of knowing so many people intimately? How far are these distinctions due to economic and industrial causes?

10. Is your church made up of distinct social classes, or is it democratic in its make-up and ideals?

14. What changes should be made in the Church's methods of work in order to avoid "respect of persons"?

Study V. Labor Unions and Labor Problems.

The questions deal with the use of machinery in industry, effect of inventions upon trades, the formation of great corporations, the history of Unionism, its aims, purposes, and ideals, its effect upon wages, efficiency, service, hours of labor, etc.

Study VI. Recreation.

12. What is your church doing to promote recreation as a field of ethical training?

13. What proposals have you for the use of recreation in your community for the moral training of the young and of working people?

Study VII. The Saloon.

The inquiries go into the number of saloons in the field, their character and class of patrons, connection with gambling and immorality, their use as centers of informal meeting, and include these point-blank questions:

4. Are the saloons more a cause of poverty or an effect of poverty?

12. What do you regard as the remedy for the evil of drunkenness? Is it to be checked by the private conscience through self-control, or by the conscience of the community acting through law?

Study VIII. The Day of Rest.

The amount of Sunday labor in the field, its necessity, the need of recreation after work, and the proper proportions of Sunday and week-day services.

Study IX. Young People.

What proportion goes to school, what proportion is graduated from grade and high schools, what are their recreations and places of meeting; and these questions:

7. Are the homes in your community adequate for the social life of the young people?

14. What measures should your church take under its own control for developing the social, moral, and spiritual life of the young people in your population?

Study X. Immigration.

An exhaustive consideration of the various nationalities, their influence upon American life, the influences that are Americanizing the immigrant, etc.

Study XI. Christian Leadership in Public Life.

This enters into the question of what men are doing the best work in the community, what class is producing the leaders, the elements of character that make for proper leadership, and the reform movements and reform leaders of the day.

Study XII. The Community Church.

This study deals with the mission of the Church, and the manner in which it is being fulfilled. It asks what organizations are competing with the Church, and what is the possibility of the Church's cooperation with social welfare movements, public officials, and educational bodies? These are the concluding questions:

11. What measures could be taken by your church to serve the community as a whole without proselyting?

12. What could be done by a united church in your community that is impossible so long as the churches are divided?

Where is the reformer that could wish a

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more thorough composite of Christianity and Good Citizenship, or a more practical application of Christ's teachings? The young men and women will make their investigations by groups and report to the class as a whole. It does not matter whether they achieve any specific reform or not. *Every one of them will know and understand.*

This great insurgent movement does not content itself with interest in the Sunday-school alone. It is taking cognizance of the Cradle Roll and the Home Department, and means to establish these important adjuncts on a physical as well as a religious plane. The Cradle Roll will enter into the problems of motherhood and infancy, and the Home Department will interest itself in interior and exterior decoration, cooking, exercise, sanitation, recreation, hygiene, and everything else that contributes to a more wholesome, expansive environment.

The Sunday-school teacher, too, has been drawn into this whirlwind of progress. In the insurgent fight for graded schools the demand for trained teachers was an important point; and under the new régime the Sunday-school class has the same expert tutelage that the public schools afford.

Many schools are now employing professional instructors, and the volunteer teachers in harness are being formed into classes and taught to the end that they may take the examinations prescribed by the International, and receive a Teacher-Training certificate. The Episcopal Church has several good diocesan training schools, and a good staff of diocesan examiners and teacher-training representatives.

Teacher-training courses are being urged upon colleges and seminaries, and many of the great institutions—secular as well as theological—are establishing chairs of Religious Pedagogy and departments of Religious Education with a three years' course. The Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy, however, is as yet the only one of its kind in the country.

As a consequence of the insistence on trained teachers, a new and distinct profession has been developed. The director of religious education will be to the Sunday-school what the preacher is to the church, enjoying the same importance and the same salary. Some forty or fifty such directors are already in the field, and as the colleges and seminaries get down to work hundreds of others will be turned out. Where it is not possible for one church to hire a director, several churches will club together and secure his services for the organization and supervision of their Sunday-schools. Just as the day of slipshod, hit-or-miss lessons is past, so has the Sunday-school seen the last of the ignorant, untrained teacher.

As an impressive method of summing up the true importance of this reform movement in the Sunday-school, let us have recourse to figures:

The International Association's membership is: Pupils, 14,946,504; teachers, 1,670,846; Cradle Roll, 687,626; Home Department, 644,417; adult classes, 1,000,000.

Protestant Episcopal Church: Pupils, 457,237; teachers, 50,678.

A grand total of 19,457,308 souls! All in the grip of a great reform that is putting its emphasis on character-building, man-making, and social service as a means to soul-saving, Christianity, and happiness!

Twenty millions—the vital, growing, doing ones of the race—released from the bondage of dogma and the burden of tradition; and sent forth as "soldiers of the Common Good!"

It means the remaking of the Church, the reestablishment of Christ's religion; for how can it be doubted that those who are used to a *live* Sunday-school will refuse to stand for a *dead* Church?

"I've taken your mother through doily fever, portière inflammation, afternoon-tea distemper, art-nouveau prostration, and mission-furniture palsy." . . . "It's for cake the average man runs into debt. It's earning food for his vanity—or his wife's—that kills him."

See "The Squirrel Cage," our new serial, beginning in this number.

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O-MEÈ-O-MI

BY EMERSON HOUGH

AUTHOR OF "THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE," "54-40 OR FIGHT," "THE PURCHASE PRICE," ETC.

A Nature Study, with Hitherto Unpublished Illustrations from the Author's Field Sketches elaborated by

JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

OF LATE years the cause of popular education in this country has advanced with giant strides. The average of our national intelligence has risen until we are now 99.5 per cent. pure. In industrial inventions we have no competitor worth the name. In literature, art, and science we stand unique among the peoples of the world. Moreover—and what is far, far more important—in the field of a light and graceful imagination, in the achievements of a delicate fancy, we have all the other races of the world wiped off the board.

Sketch of O-Meè-O-mi's Tracks going North

Among all those great men who have aided us in the attainment of this national prominence, there is perhaps none who can compare with our undenatured naturalists. We have not been content slavishly to imitate Buffon, Cuvier, Audubon, Münchhausen, Æsop, or other celebrated students of wild life, but have struck out with new methods all our own. Nothing in the records of the ages equals our skill in discovering qualities in wild animals which their original Creator did not know existed? As to those most prominent in this reendowment of the creatures of the wilderness, we need not give names. They rise fresh to the lips of all, and are spoken with a reverence which proves that one may achieve fame and yet be loved. It is they, it is they who have found for us sermons in cats, books in the running hare, and cash in everything.

O-Meè-O-mi's Finger Prints—from field sketch on spot

And yet let us pause. Has any feature in the natural history game been overlooked? Has any wild animal been behind the door while attributes were being given out? There has. For the nonce, as we say in Chicago, one item seems to have escaped the piercing eye of our great school of Capital Letter Naturalists. All these years there has been abandoned in the cold world of the uncelebrate, a patient, uncomplaining, noble, dignified being, whose personality is one of the most interesting of all those known in the Wild.

Shall it be demanded of us that we give the name of this noble creature? Nay, we shall not so far offend the keen, analytical intellect of our readers. That name springs responsive to the lips of all, synchronous and concurrent with the inquiry: How could this injustice have been done to one so worthy? We shall give the name here only in that form recognized in the Wild—O-Meè-O-Mi.

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You do not know this creature by this foreign name? Tch! Tch! Too bad! Had you been fluent in the O-jib-way tongue, as all of us Naturalists are (when there are no O-jib-ways around), you would at once have identified both name and nominee.—Please note the hyphens in the word "O-jib-way." When you see a man using hyphens in his Indian words, you may risk a week's salary that he is plumb learned. Give me a hatful of hyphens, and a font of upper case, and I care not who else writes the Natural History of my country. Ah, you now begin to see that O-Meè-O-Mi can be none other than—Why, certainly.

In respect to any charge of irreverence in thus breaking into the corral long held sacred to the giant figures of our national Natural History, it can only humbly be submitted by this writer that his own early youth also was passed among dells, greenswards, rills, forests, glades, meadows, and copses, and his manhood in part sacrificed to the cause of Natural Science among rivers, brooks, lakes, streams, ponds, bayous, bogs, and other watercourses. Moreover, though claiming no special intelligence in penetrating either the fur or the phenomena of four-footed creatures, he can in the case of this particular animal demand a hearing on the ground of an intimate personal acquaintance. Therefore the following biography is advanced with a certain degree of confidence.

I.

When first born, O-Meè-O-Mi was not much larger than a chew of tobacco; and when he first opened his eyes upon the light of day, it was in a dark hole under a log, and both his eyes were shut, like those of a lit-tle kit-ten. In color, his eyes were a bright baby blue. His coat even then was nicely striped in black and white, and he had a long, flowing tail capable of graceful festooning along his spine, or of arching into the shape of an upright letter S. You ask why these stripes? Natural Science is ready with the answer. O-Meè-O-Mi got these stripes from his father and his mother, and they got them through Adjustment to their Environment. These stripes are built upon this species so that the young will be able to follow their parents by the sense of sight, in case all other senses fail them. The white stripes are for use after dark, and the dark ones for the daylight hours.

There were several other babies in the cradle with O-Meè-O-Mi; and as their mother gazed upon them, wondering if they would grow up to be nice little cats, a slow smile curved the corner of her flexible mouth, and she winked one soft, mild, yet gleaming, eye. A look of intense intelligence passed over her mobile features. "I wish I were young enough so that I could have all over again for my own the fun they are going to have," she said. Then, bending low over her sylvan cradle, she lulled them all to sleep with the wild, sweet music familiar only to the trained Naturalist.

O-Meè-O-Mi always turned one round little ear to hear what his father and mother had to say in the way of advice as to his future conduct. Thus he learned much regarding the courage, the natural cunning, the weapons of offense and defense given to his kind. He was bright and cheerful in disposition, and, because of his Fitness to Survive, was the only one of a litter of eight ever to get into print with capital letters. When his mama came home with a nice mouse, or some parsnips, or a chicken head, O-Meè-O-Mi usually beat his little brothers and sis-ters to it. In this way he rapidly increased in stature. In the course of his first summer, he achieved a load-water line of forty-three and two-thirds inches, and a girth of seven and three-eighths inches around his greatest common denominator.

It was in a Dingle that O-Meè-O-Mi began his first acquaintance with Life in the Wild, which sometimes has been called a perpetual tragedy for animals, but which, in the case of O-Meè-O-Mi, was for the most part a glad, sweet song. There is no tragedy in life when you have all the rest of the world buffaloed; and O-Meè-O-Mi was not one year old before he discovered that even his hated enemy, Man, side-tracked when he came down the right of way.

Thus he grew to his full striated stature, until he became almost as long as a three-foot stick and had the heft of a small dog. The young Naturalist could have told him by the stripes upon his back. At first, O-Meè-O-Mi might be confused with the ground squirrel, which also has stripes upon his back. The ground squirrel, however, has thirteen stripes, broken with dots, like a ticker tape, and he is rarely more than eighteen inches long; whereas O-Meè-O-Mi was much longer, and had fewer and con-

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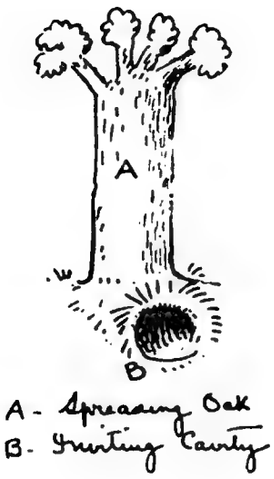


A - Spreading Oak
B - Hunting Cavity

tinuous stripes. There were yet other ways in which O-Meè-O-Mi could be distinguished from Squee-Week, the ground squirrel. Squee-Week had nothing on O-Meè-O-Mi except in the number of his stripes. Had you the two creatures before you in your hands, you could easily detect the difference between them. In which case you would earn several Marks or Credits, ranging from a Low Honor White to a High Honor Purple, according to the Keenness of your Faculties.

One bright, glad morning in early May, when the birds were singing, and the sun was shining over all the world except dear old Lunnon, O-Meè-O-Mi stepped lightly but firmly forth from that part of the Dingle which so long had been his home. Hitherto he had been a child, a dependent, but now he was grown to his full stature. A new and poignant feeling of joy, of exultation, of resolution, not unmingled with the Pathos, the Sadness, the Melancholy of the Wild, sat upon his classic features as he turned them sidewise to the morning sun.

"So long, folks," said he, over his shoulder. "I am breaking home ties."

It was thus that O-Meè-O-Mi started out into the world on his own. His character did not lack determination. As he advanced, his tail was curved stiffly along his back, and his whole attitude was that of one not lightly to be daunted.

"If I should meet even a Man," said he to himself, "I know what I would do. I would do what papa did!"

So saying, he settled down into the steady stride of one starting to seek his fortune.

After a considerable journey he found himself far from his accustomed haunts, but in a forest glade of surpassing loveliness. Under the roots of a giant Spreading Oak he saw a large, inviting Cavity or Hole. Carefully extending his whiskers to their full length, he tried the size of this hole by pushing his head back and forth into it a few times, and seeing whether his whiskers tickled. Finding that they did not tickle, he concluded that his head would go in the hole. Yet gentlemen like Mr. Burroughs will argue over the question whether or not animals can reason! There may be a few lower case animals which can not, but any real animal worth the upper case is simply bound to reason.

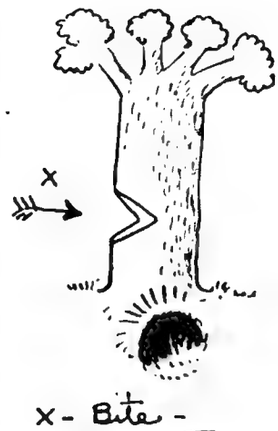
Having satisfied himself intellectually that he could go into this hole, O-Meè-O-Mi went into it, explored it, and then and there preempted it as his homestead. After this he came out, yawned, stretched, and, feeling intensely the Sadness and Mystery of Life, bit a large piece of bark from the Spreading Oak.

This showed that he had marked this residence as his own. After that, no other member of his tribe could take possession of it—unless he got to it first.

He now had a home of his own; and, for the sake of proving that animals have far better reasoning powers than human beings, it may be pointed out that he secured this home before he fell in love. The reverse is usually the case in our so-called higher civilization. No one who had seen O-Meè-O-Mi on this bright May morning, his shining stripes as distinct as though painted on by hand, his deep brown eye beaming alike with courage and good nature, his glossy whiskers worn jauntily *en croc*, his whole attitude one of conscious power and grace, could have failed to guess the issue of his wooing.

O-Meè-O-Mi walked from his new house a little distance across the adjoining Greensward, and seated himself at a spot where the long, drooping blue flowers of the wild sumac cast their passionate fragrance on the air. Planting his hind feet firmly on the Greensward, he emitted a long, piercing scream or cry.

It was the Love Call of the Wild. Have you never heard it? You should frequent the Dingle oftener with us Naturalists. Upon some later day it may be your fortune to hear the wild, sweet melody of O-Meè-O-Mi's cry, when all the world is silent and darkness rests about you. Those of us Naturalists who have heard it can scarcely liken it to any other sound in animate nature. I can not reproduce it without the ar-



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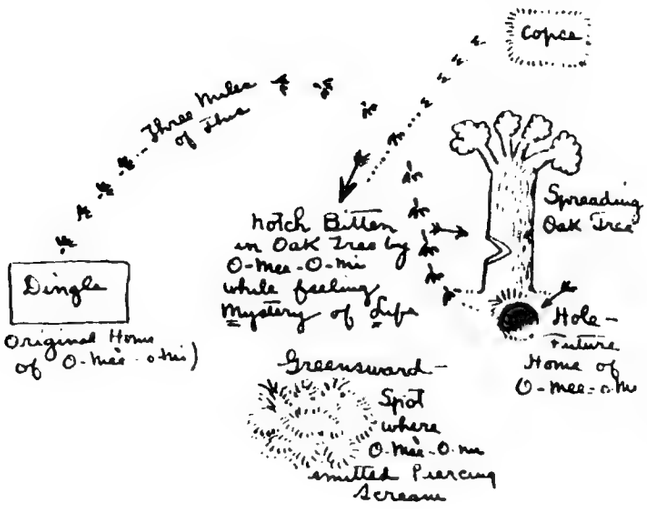

Copse
Three Miles of Time
Spreading Oak Tree
Notch Bitten on Oak Tree by O-Mee-O-Mi while feeling Mystery of Life
Dingle
Original Home of O-Mee-o-Mi
Hole — Future Home of O-Mee-o-Mi
Greensward — Spot where O-Mee-O-Mi emitted Piercing Scream

tificial adjunct of a lamp chimney, and ours is broke. I can only add that it had some sweet, compelling quality, although full of Melancholy, Poignancy, Freedom, Pathos, Tragedy, and other things. Since it is not given to all to hear the love-call of O-Meè-O-Mi, let us content ourselves by studying the little sketch above, which will show the story of O-Meè-O-Mi up to this point of his journeyings after sundering home ties.

This sketch is given in its brusque, impressionistic form, as made upon the spot, and without the use of any artificial and deceptive tricks of art. For the most part it is self-explanatory. It will be seen, however, that in the background, which is, to say, north of the Spreading Oak, there is a row of tracks approaching the Spreading Oak, and heading toward the spot where O-Meè-O-Mi emitted the piercing cry aforesaid. Need we explain the nature of these tracks? Certainly not. We all know the retiring disposition of the gentler sex, but also know the alluring quality of what lover's voice has a home already bought and paid for. Perhaps O-Meè-O-Mi announced this in his call. At any rate, when O-Là-La-La heard it, she casually strolled over in that direction from her home in the Copse. The row of tracks shows that the stroll was purely casual. Never again, however, was O-Là-La-La to return to the Copse wherein formerly she had had her residence.

II.

In due time the happy pair settled down to a peaceful existence in the delightful home beneath the Spreading Oak. Sometimes danger threatened, but the bold front of O-Meè-O-Mi brought all such matters to a like result. The offender against his privacy fled the spot. The foe that fought him once sought him out no more. Little by little he became a seasoned warrior. In all the Wild there was nothing that had anything on him.

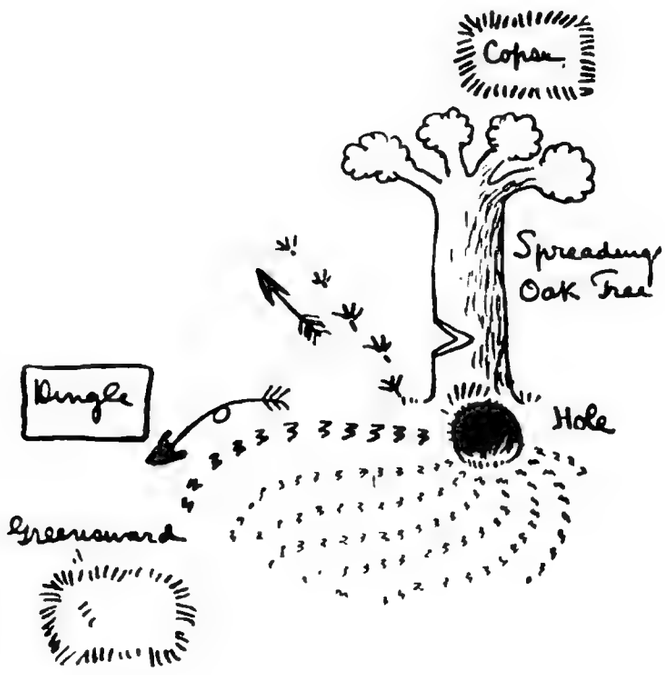
Did I say nothing? There should be a qualifying word. A close student of the demeanor of O-Meè-O-Mi must, before many months had passed, have discovered that some secret was gnawing at his soul. What had happened to him was this: Twice, nay, three times, within a week, he had seen a tall and fearless figure which had regarded him with the courageous aspect of a stern and unflinching nature. This figure, instead of flying when he appeared, turned boldly toward him, raised one hand to the level of its eyes, and hissed through tense lips a single word: "Hist!"

It was Archie, the Boy Scout.

III.

For a time remorseless fate withheld its hand. Now and again O-Meè-O-Mi heard a rustling in the cover, and turned only to see a glaring pair of eyes, and to hear the mocking laugh of Archie, the Boy Scout, as he disappeared. A sense of oppression sat upon the soul of O-Meè-O-Mi. He knew not when the worst might come.

Meantime, in the home beneath the Spreading Oak Tree, other events were happening, the nature of which may most readily be learned by a glance at the accompanying sketch.



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Yes, it is true. Late that summer several Little Strangers made their appearance when O-Là-La-La stepped out to take a stroll through the Wildwood—small, striated creatures like herself, which walked flat-footed like their papa, and had cute little tails that curled over their backs. They made a sweet and peaceful picture as they strolled along. If any saw them, none molested them—none intruded on their promenade.

It was an hour or so after the little party had passed, one day, that two figures might have been seen bending over the trail which was left recorded in the soft dust along the edge of a cornfield. Of these, one was Archie, the Boy Scout, sternly bound upon earning credit marks in competitive manhood—nay, with his eye indeed fastened upon a Carnegie Medal for heroism in later years.

Already, Archie had been credited with one hundred and fifty blue points for discovering the home of O-Meè-O-Mi. He now planned bolder deeds.

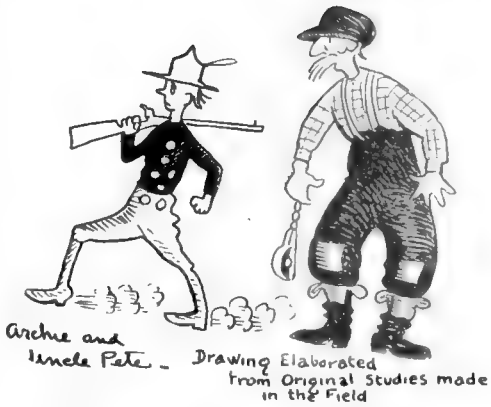
"Hist!" he whispered tensely, turning to the grizzled old man who was his companion.

The latter was Old Pete, the farmer, who trapped a little on the side. "That's what I say, son," remarked Pete. "Hist. When you see this little bunch of cats all comin' along together, the best thing you can do is to hist, and then run. Just the same, it looks like I'd hang up a nice little bunch of fur in this neck of woods before New Year's Day."

Little did these two know that, as they vented their inhuman remarks, O-Meè-O-Mi was hiding near by behind a clump of hazel brush and wild palm-trees.

From that time O-Meè-O-Mi was a changed creature. The anger and desperation in his soul grew into a sort of Berserker rage. He cast fear to the winds. He scoffed at dogs, courted all dangers, hunted for revenge. Two entire nights he spent under the porch of Old Pete's house, waiting for Pete to come out in order that he might paste him; and, though foiled in this attempt, his resolution was not in the least baffled.

Revenge! revenge! was to be from now on the animating impulse of his life.



And yet all this time O-Meè-O-Mi was beset by all the other natural dangers of life in the Wild. We have to put them in. One day, while walking along in the woods, he saw rapidly approaching him a row of footprints like those shown in the left-hand margin of this page.

At once he knew that a hungry Mink was on his trail. O-Meè-O-Mi sat down, winked his eye blithely, smiled a wide, sweet smile, and waited for the ravening Mink to approach him yet more closely. The conflict was short, sharp, and decisive . . .

And the Mink got his.

Again, upon a pleasant autumn day, while O-Meè-O-Mi was bringing up the rear of the family procession on one of their accustomed strolls, they heard wild leaps upon the dried leaves, something like those shown in the right margin.

A giant Lynx, with long, flowing tail and ears tufted like paint-brushes, came bounding and purring along on the trail, wild with the pangs of hunger, and crazed by the thought of these toothsome striped little creatures, which he purposed eating on the half shell, as it were.

Did O-Meè-O-Mi flee the spot?

Not worth mentioning! He simply rapped firmly on the ground a few times with

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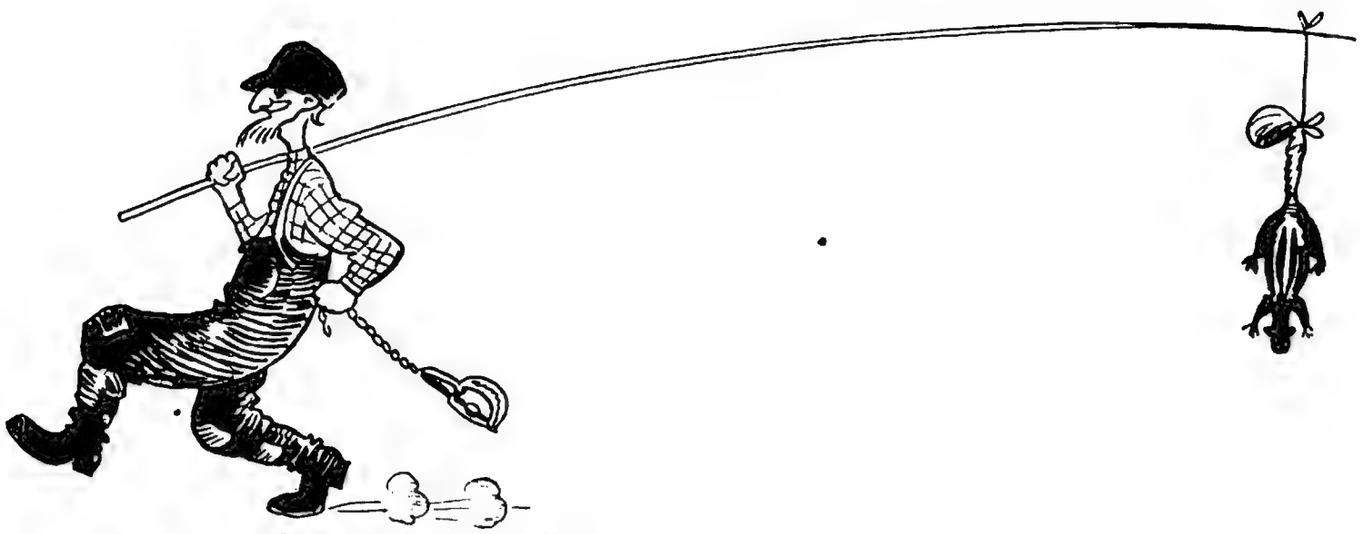

Uncle Pete and James Henry

his good hind legs until he had attracted the attention of the Lynx. . . .

The Lynx also got his.

Thus the ferocious Grizzly Bear, the giant Moose, the fearless Panther, the sturdy Badger—all of which happened to live immediately adjacent to Old Pete's farm—met in mortal combat this doughty warrior, and knew the sting of defeat. In spite of all, O-Meè-O-Mi felt no exultation in his many conquests. He knew the relentless nature of Archie, the Boy Scout, and at times he feared the worst.

Now among the Animals there is as much difference as among human beings. Some are more intelligent than others. In the case of O-Là-La-La, a rather sickly childhood had left her somewhat deficient in education, so that she was unable to count higher than the number of the toes on her right front foot. Not so O-Meè-O-Mi. Wherefore, when at the evening board one night there was a face missing, the latter demanded of his spouse, "Where is Lit-tle Su-sie?"

O-Là-La-La turned a frightened face. "Why, *Susie!*" said she. "Why, to be sure —where *is* she?"

Even while she spoke, O-Meè-O-Mi was lighting the family lantern with trembling hands. "Come," said he.

They stepped out into the night. Nor had they far to go before accumulating a hunch as to which way Susie lay. They hastened on through the gathering gloom, until at last they reached a spot where the cunning hand of Man had arranged two logs, originally almost parallel. After Little Su-sie had poked her head between these logs and pulled at a certain chicken head on a stick, the logs had assumed a position yet more parallel, and Su-sie, instead of being round and upright, became a flat, oblate, or slightly rhomboid object, with no further interest in her surroundings. O-Meè-O-Mi and O-Là-La-La stood gazing down at this scene.

"Now what do you know about that?" said O-Meè-O-Mi bitterly.

One would think that O-Là-La-La would have gained wisdom by this experience. Not so. The third night thereafter, another face was missing at the evening meal. "W o m a n , ' ' demanded O-Meè-O-Mi, "where is Lit-tle Wil-lie?"

Again the anxious parents wandered out in search of the absent one. It was a sad, sad sight which at last met their gaze. While endeavoring to extricate a mouse from between the jaws of a steel trap, Willie had got his whole neck into the contrivance, to the effect that he never knew how it happened.

Two nights later, Reginald, the pride of the family, came home limping, minus three fingers off his front foot. Nor had five days additional passed before yet another of the flock met disaster. James Henry, much beloved of both his parents, managed to wander into still one more of the coils arranged in this neighborhood by Old Pete and his relentless young companion. The trap which held James Henry was fastened to a spring pole, so that he was pulled up into the air and held there suspended by the tail. He fully intended to avenge himself on Old Pete when the latter came around to find him; but Old Pete calmly pulled up the spring pole, and, marching to the creek, poked James Henry under the

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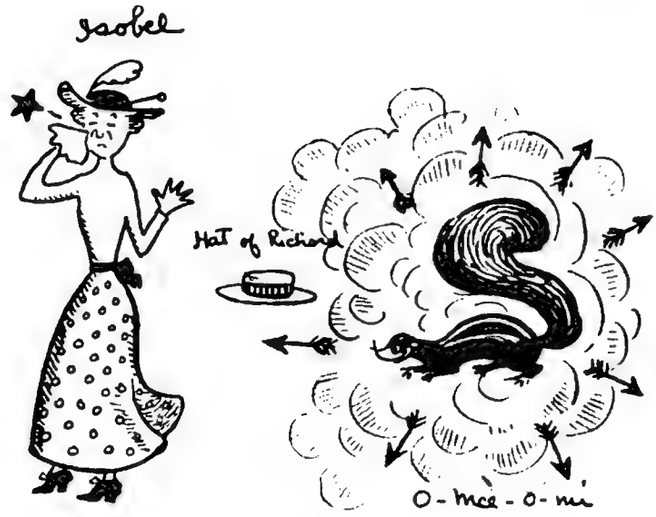
water until he quite forgot about getting even. In this way, one after another, the little family of O-Meè-O-Mi and O-Là-La-La decreased, and in time were turned into Alaska Sables.

Greater and greater became the bitterness of O-Meè-O-Mi.

Yet life was not without its recompenses. The region was one of great natural richness. Mussels abounded in the streams; persimmons, figs, and wild dates grew in the woods; a heavily-laden orchard lay just beyond the corn-field; and beyond the orchard was a well-stored chicken-house, not to mention a fine patch of bananas. O-Meè-O-Mi from time to time dug tender and succulent roots in the forest, climbed to dizzy heights for acorns, or fed upon native berries or fruits of this or that description. Most of all, however, he loved the orchard of Old Pete, and in the tall grass he wore a deep path which he followed in his visits thither. From a little eminence in the orchard he was accustomed to look down upon his enemies and formulate plans for his next raid upon the chicken-coop.

It was thus that a little incident happened which gave him much amusement.

There were stopping at the farmhouse two young persons from the city, who addressed each other as Richard and Isobel. These, upon one bright autumn day, chanced to stroll out in the orchard, and thus happened almost to step upon the form of O-Meè-O-Mi, who did not trouble to stir from the spot. The young lady looked down upon him as he stood there in all his striped



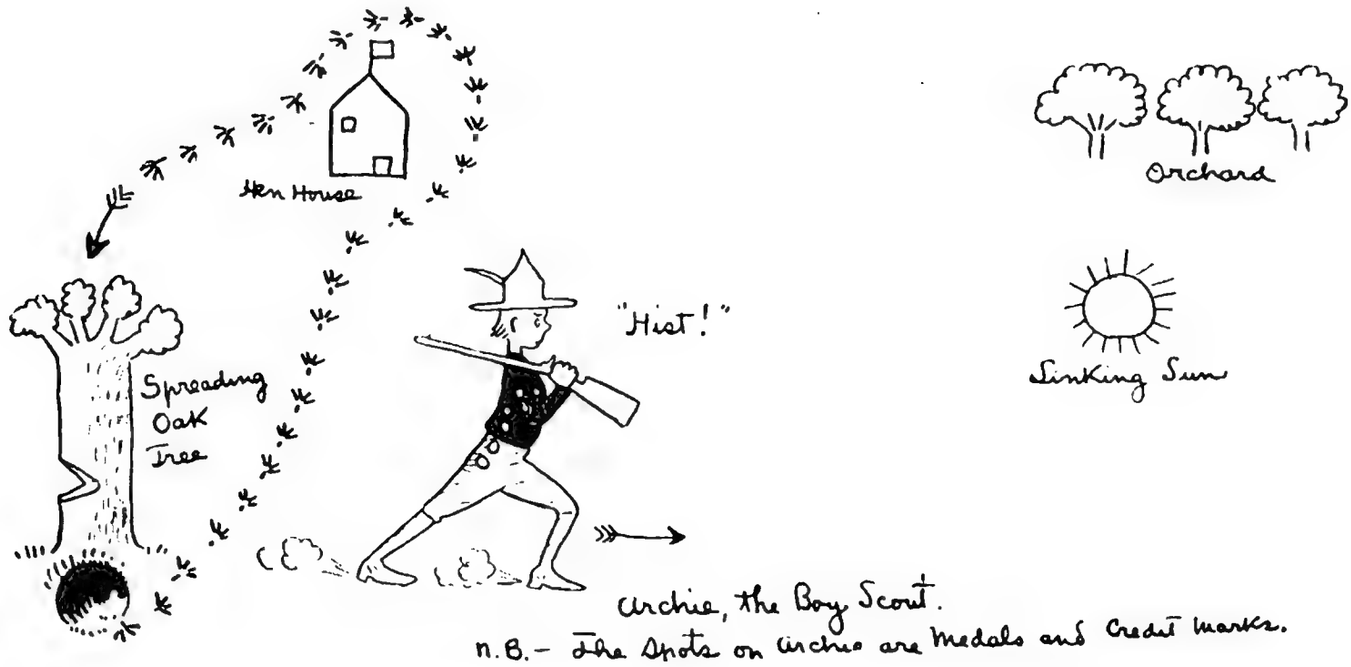
★ Star shows point d'application du mouchoir de Isobel —
From hasty field note by author

and shiny glory, and she exclaimed to her companion:

"Why, it's perfectly tame! Just look at that! What is it, Richard? Can't you catch me that?"

"It's a woodchuck, I think," said Richard. "It acts doped." Then, as O-Meè-O-Mi remained quite motionless and apparently innocent, he continued: "I'll see what I can do."

All three of the interested parties saw what they could do when Richard, with his hat in both hands, undertook to cover all or part of O-Meè-O-Mi's anatomy in order to make him prisoner. (See sketch above—showing the scene in question, *and* Mr. McCutcheon's famed Human Interest.)



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While speaking of the incident later at home, O-Meè-O-Mi was fairly convulsed with laughter.

One by one the chickens disappeared from the hen-house of Old Pete. Morning after morning that gentleman found his steel traps sprung and pushed to one side. Sometimes he found the indisputable evidence of a decapitated and deflated hen. All around the hen-house, the barn, the residence itself, O-Meè-O-Mi laid his trail of bold and unmistakable foot-prints. It booted not that Archie, the Boy Scout, gazed here and there under the palm of his hand, searching the orchard, the corn-field, the wood lot, for the author of all this mischief. Bootless the Hist! of Archie; the ——! of Old Pete. And their cunningest traps availed them nothing.

"Why don't you shoot him, Uncle Pete?" asked Archie, the Boy Scout.

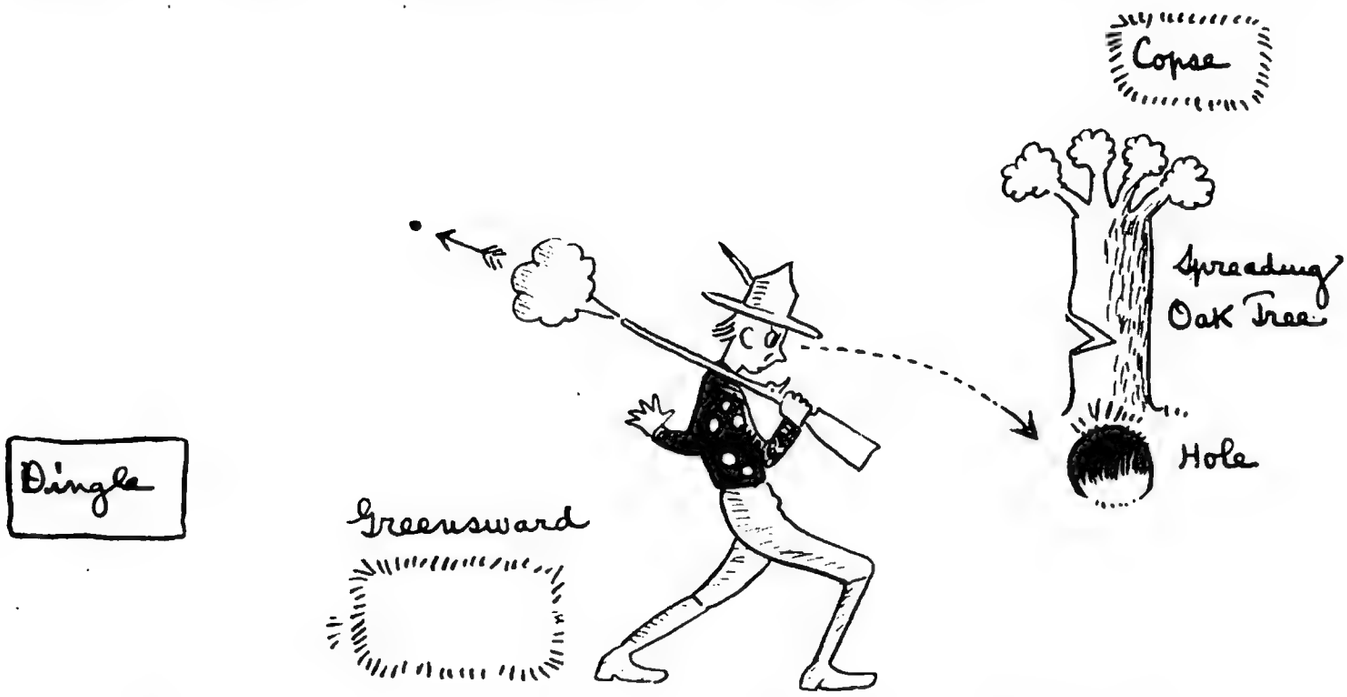
Uncle Pete looked at him pityingly. "There are several reasons why I don't shoot him, son," said he. "One is, that I cain't see him to shoot him; and another is, I wouldn't shoot him if I could."

Thus baffled, all that Archie, the Boy Scout, could do was to gaze steadily at the sinking sun. (Kindly notice the sketch on the preceding page. Aided by the author, Mr. McCutcheon has drawn a fine sun.)

"I'll have his hide, darn his picture!" growled Old Pete to himself. "With eggs forty cents a dozen, and Alaska Sable fur six dollars a pelt, this here industrial situation is something that ain't goin' to last any longer than I can help."

Thus from day to day, little offering to increase his already wide range of experiences, indeed with occasional twinges of *Weltschmerz* affecting his soul, a feeling of *ennui*, as we say in Chicago, tinging his ever active mind, O-Meè-O-Mi went about his customary occupations. He was already well grounded in the simple rudiments of his defense against any foe, and added years brought him but increased skill.

It was not long until, like many great human figures who strike oil, or rob a bank, or marry a rich girl, O-Meè-O-Mi began to accord himself a place different from that occupied by other animals.



Usually, when a character assumes this superior attitude toward his fellow animals, things are getting ready for slow music and the tremolo stop for him. But as for O-Meè-O-Mi, truth, candor, and accuracy in Natural History all oblige us to state that he not only assumed this attitude but got away with it, as some senators do.

But the stern soul of Archie, the Boy Scout, also knew no wavering. Relentlessly he tracked O-Meè-O-Mi. Often he stood before the hole under the Spreading Oak, where O-Meè-O-Mi and such of his family as now remained were in the habit of tarrying when not busy in the orchard or the hen-roost. Here Archie, the Boy Scout, would pause, and, standing motionless, bend his gaze upon the hole underneath the Spreading Oak. (Please note the impromptu sketch on the spot.) Then he would

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remark "Hist!" between his set lips, and silently speed away in search of Old Pete, the Trapper.

Little, however, came of it. Pete caught most of the little cats in time, and on one morning caused great excitement to prevail by the capturing of O-Là-La-La herself, who for a short time was thought to be the doughty hero of this tale, O-Meè-O-Mi himself.

Not so! That stern and rugged warrior, gifted with an almost super-feline

O-MEÈ-O-MI

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courage and cunning, escaped as yet unhurt, and continued his career of dauntless, defiant valor.

IV.

The reader will now suppose two years to have elapsed, or even more, if necessary. O-Meè-O-Mi has grown yet more gray and stern. His giant stature has become yet more augmented. The terror of his name is yet more widely known in all the Wild. He has become a well-known feature of the landscape. No hired man goes after the cows thereabouts without a tense feeling of terror clutching at his soul, knowing that at any moment he may perhaps encounter O-Meè-O-Mi, the terrible King of the Wild.

But all this time the determination of Archie, the Boy Scout, also has increased. He has by now achieved a line of credits at the Tribal Councils which have become the envy of his less heroic young friends. And never, never has Archie, the Boy Scout, relented in his original purpose. He knows that if it is given to him to annex the scalp of O-Meè-O-Mi he will be marked up five hundred points on his coup stick and so become practically *hors de concours*.

It was in vain, however, although he consorted always with Old Pete, the trapper, that Archie, the Boy Scout, sought to accomplish the undoing of O-Meè-O-Mi. The latter, grim and alone, still stalked the Wild, unmoved by the continual threat of danger. The same grim smile curled ever upon his set mouth, as he saw here and there the tracks of Archie, the Boy Scout, and of Old Pete, and heard from time to time the stern "Hist!" of his youngest but most relentless enemy. Well he knew that these two would try their arts, especially seeking, by means of a steel trap inserted at the mouth of his home under the Spreading Oak, to entangle him of a morning when he came out to see what the Weather Bureau was going to do to the weather for one more day. Day after day, O-Meè-O-Mi abandoned his own home and took up his abode in a hollow log not far away, from which vantage-ground he smiled in his flowing tail at the perturbation of his foes.

"It is too much!" exclaimed Archie, the Boy Scout, at last. "Take up yon trap. Let us return to our quarters. I am resolved. To-morrow I shall take the scalp of yonder foe or lose all in the encounter. 'Tis days since a notch has been cut in my coup stick. Ere long the maidens will deride me at the camp-fire. The time has come! I shall risk all in one last field of manly endeavor."

"All right, son," said Old Pete. "Fly to it. I done my possible to catch this old he; now you get busy and crack your little whip."

It was enough. On that very following morning, Archie, the Boy Scout, started out to crack his whip. He wended his way to the Spreading Oak, which he knew so well. "Hist!" he exclaimed, bending over the well-trodden and dusty entrance. "Ha! On my word, he has gone within!"

Stooping over, the dauntless youth applied his features closely to the aperture under the Spreading Oak. His keen, well-trained senses convinced him of the accuracy of his original observation. "'Tis he!" he exclaimed. "All is well. At last! I have him now!"

Hastily passing apart a few paces, Archie, the Boy Scout, cut for himself a flexible bough from an adjacent Hickory Tree. In the smaller end of this long bough he made a split or crack, perhaps three or four inches in longitudinal dimension. Then, his features set in stern resolve, he advanced rapidly and inserted the long bough into the hole under the Spreading Oak. . . ."

"Ha!" said he. "Hist!" He was pale, but firm. With courage and dexterity he began to twist the stick around and around from left to right, feeling it meantime grip the tighter into some soft, furry substance! . . . .

Thus, at last, did it seem that O-Meè-O-Mi must meet his fate, overcome by the greater skill and inventiveness of his arch-enemy, Man. One more tragedy of the Wild impended. Little by little, and heeding not the thumpings, poundings, and scratchings he heard within, Archie, the Boy Scout, threw his weight sternly back upon the hickory bough, and continued to haul upward and outward, until at length . . .

One glance was sufficient. Even as he suddenly sat down upon the leafy mold when suddenly the hickory stick and its contents fully emerged from the hole beneath the Spreading Oak, Archie, the Boy Scout, saw that his keen intellect had not been deceived. 'Twas he, the King of the Wild, O-Meè-O-Mi!

But alas! and again, alas! A sense of

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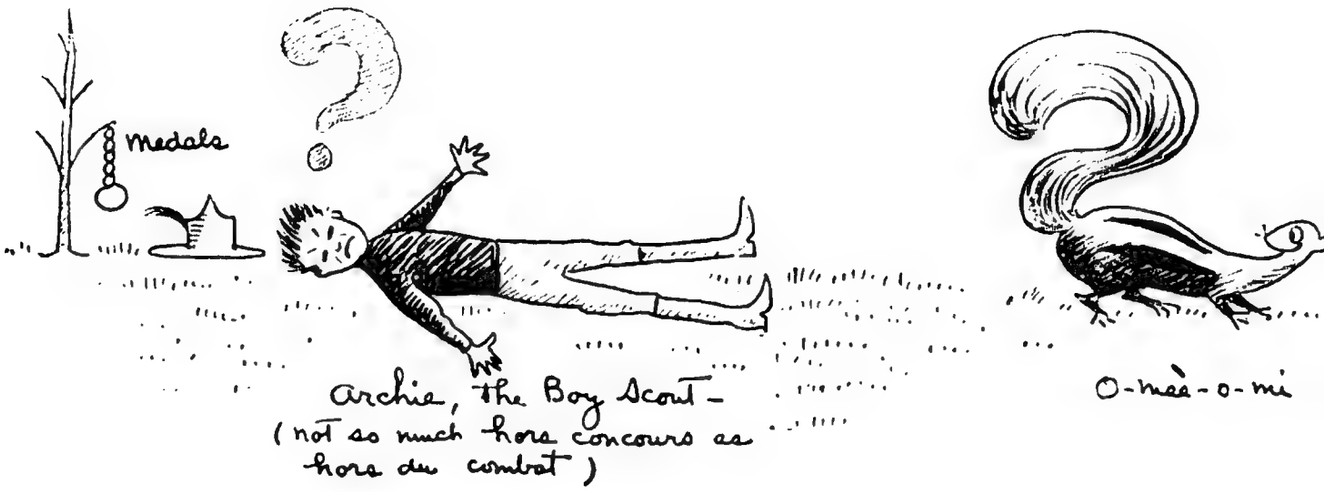

fairness tempts us to give one alas each to Archie and O-Meè-O-Mi. But truth, candor, and a regard for the verities of Natural History compel us to say that we must hang both of the alases on Archie, the Boy Scout.

As for O-Meè-O-Mi, his striped tail was somewhat bent and disheveled when, a few moments later, he stalked off toward the fastnesses of a remote region known only to himself, never again to be seen in these, his accustomed haunts; yet he looked back over his shoulder grimly, with the air of one who may have to move, but will not pay the rent. (Kindly note the sketch, hastily made upon the spot, and with no tricks of the artist's trade.)

When Archie, the Boy Scout, at length recovered his senses, he saw bending above him the stern yet kindly whiskers of Old Pete, the Trapper. Faintly the bold youth stirred, winked, wiggled his fingers, rubbed his eyes, and sought to pull himself together; being yet of the impression, not unknown to those who fight, that he was all apart.

"Has Curfew rang to-night?" he asked drowsily, his faculties still wandering.

"I reckon she has, son," said Pete. The latter was less moved than Archie, the Boy Scout, because he had long been seasoned in such scenes, during the course of his adventures in hunting the Alaska Sable.

"Then where, where," demanded Archie, the Boy Scout, "is the kuh-oward who ha did me thus?"

"I dunno, son," said Pete. "I reckon h strolled over that-a-way somewhere."

"Did I slay him?" demanded Archie, th Boy Scout. "Has he fell?"

"Not yet," said Pete.

"But my credits—my marks!" cried Ar chie, the Boy Scout. Have I got an marks from this?—That is what most trou bles me."

"You have, you have!" quoth Old Pet eagerly. "Speakin' off-hand, I sh'd say from what I can see and hear, that you he accumulated a mark er so, which, if no permanent, will last anyway until some tim after you git home. Don't worry, son— there won't be no argument about it—no none!"

But even in his hour of triumph a feelin of remorse came upon Archie, the Boy Scout, mingled with the bitter disappoint ment which forbade his carrying hom the yet fuller trophy of his prowess. "An yet—" said he.

Sinking to the earth, he buried his fea tures in his hands. Old Pete buried his in plug of tobacco . . . . .

And afar, echoing in shrill, demoniaca glee through the Dingle, there came bac the defiance and the farewell of O-Meè-O Mi, the Chief Noise of the Wild, bold still unconquered, undaunted—indeed un dented—making his last getaway.

"Bread and butter with Father is better than bread and butter with sugar." Is this the motto at your house? If it is, you will want to read our new serial, which begins in this number; if not, you ought to read it.

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MONSIEUR DONAQUE

BY ARTHUR TRAIN

Author of "McALLISTER AND HIS DOUBLE," "MORTMAIN," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

MONSIEUR RENÉ DONAQUE was a slender little man with small hands and feet and a patent-leather face that never cracked. Few of the inhabitants of Paris ever saw him—but then, to be sure, he was rarely there. Nobody knew him. Officially he was designated as A124, and as such figured in the confidential reports of the French Secret Service. He may have had wife and children and a comfortable bourgeois little *foyer* somewhere in the suburbs—say at St. Cloud—but if he did, he kept it to himself. For silence to Monsieur Donaque was indeed golden, and silence was what made him the most valuable and at the same time the most expensive man in the service.

Whenever any particularly unusual situation arose which required governmental observation or action, the inspector would summon one of his *sous*-lieutenants and inquire, "Where is A124?" And the subordinate would reply, "Do you not recall, Monsieur le Directeur, he is at Vladivostok?" —or Nairobi or Quebec, as the case might be. And M. le Directeur would twirl his official mustache and remark, "*Mais oui*, whom the devil then shall I send?" To which the subordinate would inevitably reply that he had no idea, and the whole matter would end either in sending nobody at all or in flashing a code message summoning M. Donaque to return.

Flippancy aside, Donaque was one of those extraordinary men who exert a pronounced influence upon the life of their time without ever acquiring a personality. The nearest Donaque ever came to being described in the public press was when he was referred to occasionally in some prominent case as "an agent of the Secret Service."

Even the officials themselves knew him only as A124, and the secret records of the Bureau alone held the roster of his achievements. No living man other than Donaque himself could have told what mysteries he had solved, what murderers he had run to earth, what assassinations he had prevented, save that most of the successes of the department were his own. The natural result of this was that, when once Donaque had taken up a case, the entire resources of the government were at his command and remained so until he was through with them.

His ability, as in most similar instances, lay chiefly in his powers of observation. His father had been a clown in the Hippodrome and his mother a lady's maid, and they had compromised between a career for him on the sawdust and one below stairs by apprenticing him at the age of eight to a celebrated professor of legerdemain, who, in the fashion of Hermann the Elder, trained René's memory by conducting him through the rue de Rivoli and insisting upon his recollecting all that he saw in the shop windows. As time went on he did, in fact, remember everything. At twelve he was a proficient assistant of his master. At fifteen he began to give exhibitions of his own. And at seventeen he disappeared.

The cause of this disappearance was simply that, by virtue of his appointment by an astute Chief of Bureau, he passed out of private and into public life—or, to speak more accurately, he surrendered the publicity which he had theretofore enjoyed as a private individual for the exceedingly private career offered him by a public position. At any rate, he ceased to exist. All that

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remained was an "intelligent force"—at the most, a shadowy form flickering in the middle distance like the ghostly hand at one of Palladino's séances. As a physical entity he had steel-gray eyes, muscles like whalebone, a good-natured, rather flattish nose, a broad, spraying mustache, and weighed about one hundred and fifteen pounds. Incidentally, he had red hair. A smart piano tuner or an aristocratic winder of clocks might have called him brother. In point of truth, he was one of the great men of France.

Donaque lived in a house without a number, in a street without a name, for his apartments were on the top story of an interior building which he reached through a secret entrance at the back of an apothecary's in the rue Montesquieu. The apothecary was, in fact, one of his agents and acted as an unofficial concierge. The lower floors of the interior building were given over to various industries directed by Donaque himself. In one of them was an expert photographer who devoted himself to experimenting with telescopic apparatus, huge enlargements of microscopic impressions, and the radioactive effect of various elements through opaque solids upon the photographic plate. Just now he was devoting his attention chiefly to polonium, under the personal observation of Donaque, who (under the name of Blatt) was a student of the Curies, and who corresponded with them *via* Berlin under the pseudonym of Professor Adolph Lydenburg.

For when Donaque was not working, he was studying. No one, least of all his associates, suspected that the red-headed young man in student's garb, who spoke French with such a Low German accent and who carried his books in a water-proof satchel and his lunch in a paper bag, was the most dreaded detective in France. Yet it was so. Chemistry, pathology, bacteriology, and the higher mathematics were his tools, and he kept them sharp and free from rust. It was Donaque who had detected the bacillus of cerebro-spinal meningitis in the remains of the breakfast of which the novelist Poulettiaire had partaken before his death in the apartment of Mlle. Hutchins, the American music-hall singer. And it was Donaque who had hypnotized her into confessing the connection of youthful Professor Otho Harrington with the crime. He had his own laboratories in the rue Montesquieu, and through his special services to the government of Austria he had been able to secure a full grain of radium from the Joachimsthal Mine.

In the twenty years during which he had been in the governmental employ, Donaque had become rich—not in the pursuit of his profession, which yielded him but a paltry forty thousand francs per annum, but by means of the by-products of secret and novel information which his activities had disclosed to him. Thus he had made a modest fortune by accidentally discovering that he could artificially age wine by suspending in the cask a glass tube containing a small amount of radium chlorid. And this industry he secretly carried on in a large establishment just inside the walls of Paris under the name of "Clement et Cie." Most of the money he expended in individual scientific research.

"In the old days," he had said to Dupré, his assistant, on one of those rare occasions when he said anything, "men killed each other with battle-axes or by tiles thrown from the roofs of houses—you recall the death of Pyrrhus, I observe. To-day the only dangerous criminals are those who avail themselves of the weapons afforded by the recent discoveries of science. What France, what any nation has most to fear, is the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth in noonday, either of natural origin or artificially stimulated. The individual, save for the knife of the Apache, has more to fear from electricity than from any form of open violence. The only crimes that are not puerile are those which utilize the unknown for their accomplishment."

The rooms given over to Donaque's private use indicated nothing as to his personal tastes or character. His bedroom contained only an iron cot, his dressing-room but a mammoth chest of drawers marked with various letters, and his library naught but a long table set between two windows which overlooked the city, and on which stood four telephones: the first connected directly with the Ministry of War, the second with the Prefecture of Police, the third with the various floors and offices of his own establishment, and the last with the general telephonic system of Paris. At the farther end of the room stood a wireless apparatus connected with a pole upon the roof. A map of the world, showing all railroad and steamship lines, a shelf of automatic fire-

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arms, and a case containing row upon row of tiny vials completed the furnishing of the apartment. A bright red rug covered the floor.

In this most extraordinary establishment the casings of the doors and windows were of steel, rows of electric buttons lined the panels, and a silence reigned comparable only to that of a country cemetery. Not a single note of luxury was to be seen; no photograph of friend, no trophy of the chase, no souvenir of travel adorned the walls. It was the office of a man always on duty.

On the evening of which we write, Donaque, at about ten o'clock, entered the apothecary's and passed without stopping through a small door in the extreme rear into a tiny electric elevator. This started of its own accord and automatically came to a gentle stop when it had reached the level of his apartments, the door of which was opened by some process inexplicable to the ordinary observer, and Donaque was in his home, fortress, office—what you will. A cornice-light filled the room with a gentle glow, while a green-shaded lamp on the table served for reading purposes.

Dupré came from an adjoining room and relieved his master of his hat and Inverness coat.

"The Prefect of Police desires you to speak to him at once," said the assistant. "These papers came five minutes ago by the pneumatic tube from the Bureau."

He laid a heavily sealed blue packet upon the table beneath the lamp. Donaque lit a cigarette and tore it open unceremoniously.

"By courtesy of the Ministry of the Interior you have been assigned to investigate the recent death of M. Faubert at the château of the so-called Baroness Berlitz at Neuilly-le-Real," it began. He ran his eyes hurriedly, but carefully, over the remainder of the note. It was signed by the Chief of the Bureau of Secret Service.

"Dupré," he said, without further inspection of the papers.

"Yes, Monsieur," returned the assistant, instantly on his toes.

"Bring me the clippings from my files relating to the death of M. Faubert—also the papers concerning the history of one Louise Berlitz, otherwise known as Fräulein Schmidt, of Vienna and Berlin. I leave for Neuilly-le-Real on the first morning train. Valise No. 5 will do—no, No. 7. Give me pocket case No. 2 containing the ethodes. Yes, you will accompany me. Kindly notify the Prefect of Police and apologize for my failing to speak to him myself."

Without further ado Donaque threw off his clothes, glanced at his weight upon a self-registering pair of scales made in Indianapolis, U. S. A., and, taking up a book, threw himself upon his cot and read himself to sleep.

The early morning train from the Gare du Nord carried with it in a second-class compartment a red-haired man of between thirty-five and forty years of age, who was engaged in devouring a huge package of clippings. Beside him sat a gentleman of far more distinguished appearance, who was none other than Dupré, his assistant. As neither was known, neither was in the slightest degree disguised. Donaque might easily have passed for an Irish, English, or German newspaper correspondent, while his associate resembled, as much as anybody, M. Renaud of the Chicago Opera Company. On the shelf above them rested a valise (No. 7), bearing the name J. Katz, Leipsic. Donaque, riding backward, perused his clippings for upward of eighty kilometres before raising his eyes. Dupré slept peacefully. Across the aisle a little German professor in horn spectacles gazed out of the window and fidgeted. He had been up since three o'clock so as to be sure not to miss the train. He caught Donaque's eye and brightened.

"You are from Leipsic, I see," began the professor.

"Yes," answered Donaque.

The professor felt encouraged. Dupré opened his eyes and immediately closed them again. After a pause the professor made another start.

"Permit me to introduce myself," he remarked, fumbling in a large green wallet. "Herr Professor Karl Schwintz of Heidelberg." He produced a stained *carte de visite*, which he tendered to Donaque, who took it without comment.

"I am honored, Herr Professor," replied the detective in flawless German. "I carry my own name on my pack." He lifted his eyes.

"A very flat country!" continued the professor after a pause.

Donaque vouchsafed no reply.

"There is much that is creditable in its scholarship, however," the professor added authoritatively.

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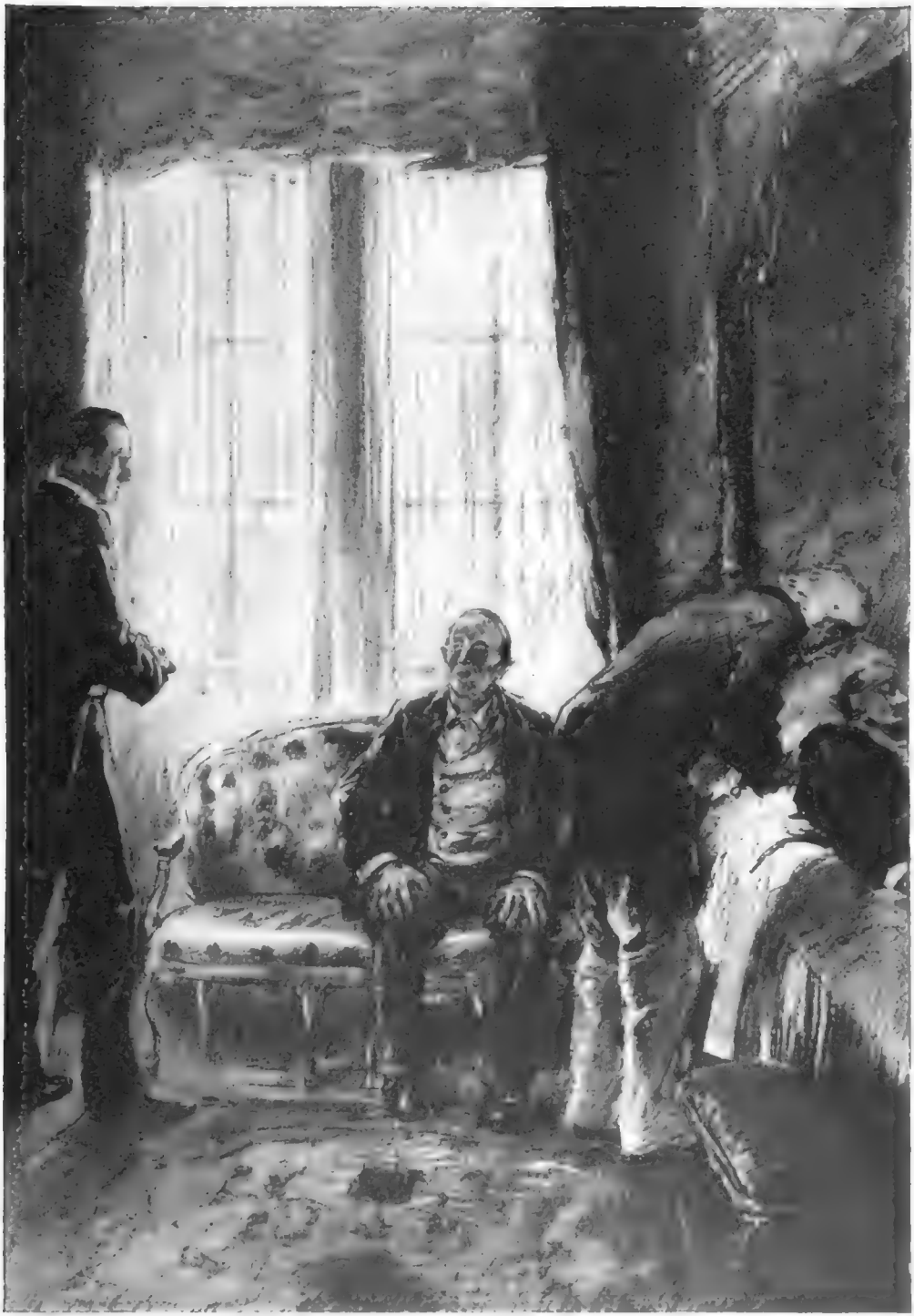

IN A MAGNIFICENT *CHAMBRE DE LUXE* LAY M. FAUBERT, THE DISTINGUISHED STATESMAN.

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"Yes?" returned Donaque quietly.

"The discoveries of Mme. Curie, for instance, will ever be a glory to France. It is not likely that the Fatherland will—but who can say? Yet the discovery of radium has revolutionized the fundamental conceptions of science."

Donaque looked interested, and the professor, glorying in a listener, proceeded to deliver one of his lectures. Radium, he was rejoiced to inform Herr Katz, was one of the epoch-making discoveries of the world. Its energy was inexhaustible. A single ounce of it—could it be obtained—would drive a battleship at forty miles an hour—forever. In it had been discovered the secret of perpetual motion. Its rays were so powerful that an appreciable quantity could not be held in the hand without inflicting painful burns. You could cure cancer with it!

"Marvelous!" said Donaque.

Yes, it was even so! returned the enthusiast. There was only about an ounce and a half of the element actually reduced to possession in the entire world. Most of it was owned in Austria, where the government had ruthlessly preempted the pitchblende deposits. They would not even sell it to the scientists. What a pity! The professor had been trying to buy some in Paris. He had saved twenty-five hundred marks and wished to purchase for experimental purposes a tiny pinch of it, but no, Mme. Curie would not sell a particle of the strength he desired for less than five thousand francs! So he was returning disappointed. The tears almost came into the old gentleman's watery eyes. Did Herr Katz have any conception of the extraordinary speed at which the rays traveled—ten thousand miles a second?

"You are thinking of the cathode ray," quietly interrupted Donaque. "The velocity of the Beta particle of radium is one hundred and seventy thousand miles per second. However, your enthusiasm deserves some encouragement. When you return to Heidelberg drop a line to this gentleman"—he scribbled a name on the back of the professor's card—"and perhaps he can do something for you. I am getting out here. Good day!"

The matter that Donaque had been delegated to investigate was one which had aroused the curiosity of all France. Fräulein Schmidt had appeared in Paris a few years before and dazzled society no less by her brilliant wit than by her beauty. Rumors of a somewhat highly colored past had before long, however, led the more decorous to close their doors to her; but she had continued to have a salon of her own, which was thronged by the cleverest and most distinguished men of the day. Presently she had married Valentin, a very rich banker. The union seemed happy, but suddenly her husband had fallen a victim to a mysterious disease and had died.

After a period suitable for mourning, Madame Valentin returned to the world and again gathered around her a brilliant circle. Her entertainments were the talk of society, her dinners astonished even the gourmets of Paris, and her lavishness of expenditure created a furore of excitement. She became the most celebrated woman of the period—a de Staël and a Recamier in one. Wines were named after her. Racing stables wore her colors. Even the President of the Republic was whispered to be among her admirers.

And then quite unexpectedly she married again—this time a Baron Berlitz, a Jewish gentleman who had made a fortune in American copper stocks, annexed a title, and started on his way to renown, *via* Maxim's and Longchamps. He had purchased for his bride a wonderful old château, refurnished it entire, executed a will in her favor, and had then, like his unfortunate predecessor in the lady's affections, most considerately died—of paralysis, it was said. The coincidence did not pass without considerable comment.

On the return to Paris of the Baroness Berlitz, the attitude of society toward her changed. She was as brilliantly charming as ever, her banquets were as exquisite, her face and figure in half mourning even more alluring, her *ménage* as distinguished, but something was altered. An unseen filament of cloud shadowed her sun. There were those who said that it presaged her social eclipse. These, however, were wrong. Though she shone with a difference, she shone in much the same orbit. Men no longer spoke of her as a possible *parti*, but perhaps as a mistress. And as if she desired to compensate herself for the undeniable loss of her previous popularity, she plunged into a riot of extravagance that made Paris gasp, used as it was to American multi-

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millionaires. It seemed incredible that even the fortune of a Berlitz could stand the drain—and just about this time the Minister of Finance entered the running.

M. Faubert was an immensely popular man. Risen from the people, he had won his spurs as an orator for the extreme Left, and had then with great foresight organized a party of his own which could not be said to be Left, Right, or in the Middle. It was exactly what was needed at the moment, and M. Faubert became, in due course, although by training a wine merchant, the head of the national resources. He had been a jovial, brusque, loud-voiced man of hearty middle age, who brooked no interference with his policies, and prided himself upon his indifference to convention. In a month after her recrudescence, his attentions to the widow Berlitz had become the subject of widespread gossip. They were inseparable—driving, attending the opera, dining at the restaurants, always together. It was not exactly a scandal; it was simply a matter of public interest. They had been seen at the races on Monday last, dined at the Hotel Continental on Tuesday—and on Friday morning Paris awoke to learn that M. Faubert had died quietly, if unexpectedly, at the château of Madame the Baroness Berlitz at Neuilly-le-Real on the preceding evening, of paralysis.

On Friday morning Donaque had been called back from London. It was now Saturday noon.

Among the papers contained in the blue envelope which Dupré had handed to him the evening before was a document entitled "Preliminary Report of Secret Inquest upon the death of M. Faubert." It was typewritten upon thin sheets just as it had been taken hot from the wire an hour or two before. This formed the basis of the information upon which Donaque was ordered to act. But its details were meager enough. A bare half-dozen witnesses summoned by the mayor of Neuilly-le-Real had testified in substance that M. Faubert, who had been visiting at the Château Berlitz (a fact unknown either to his official confrères or his family) had been found dead in his bed on Thursday morning by the valet who had gone to wake him. He was fully dressed, as if he had lain down for a moment before preparing to retire, and there was nothing to indicate whereof he had died. He had dined with the Baroness the evening before and had seemed in excellent health and spirits.

The valet's name was Bertrand, and he had been the chief witness. The others consisted of Pierre Fragonard, the butler; Jules Tonnetti, a constable who had taken charge of the body prior to the inquest; Marie Reddon, a *femme de chambre;* and Edmond Pepin, the local doctor, who deposed that there was no mark of violence upon the body and that death had occurred from natural causes, to wit, instantaneously, from paralysis.

Arriving at Neuilly-le-Real, Donaque went at once to the rooms at the inn which Dupré had engaged for him by wire the preceding evening. Having freshened his appearance, he ordered a light lunch, sent for the head of the local constabulary, and from him learned what he already knew relative to the inquest. The only additional fact which he acquired was that the body of M. Faubert had been sent to Paris for burial.

Donaque transferred a few small articles from the valise to his pockets, instructed his valet to be at the inn door with a trap at half-past six, and, after ascertaining the whereabouts of the château, lit a cigarette and started for a walk. Three miles below the village he came upon the wall that bounded the estate and ran parallel to the road. A little farther on, he saw towers rising through the oaks on a slight elevation above the river. Soon he came to an iron gateway and a porter's lodge. He kept on up the hill that corresponded with the plateau upon which stood the château.

Presently he came to an open field from which a flock of crows, cawing disgustedly, arose at his approach. This he crossed, and gained the crest of the hill, where a huge oak topped the others. He swung himself up through the branches until he could look over the intervening trees. Below him, not more than a quarter of a mile away, lay the château, in the center of a level lawn that reached at least a hundred yards in each direction. A speck of white fluttered under one of the trees. From his pocket Donaque drew a minute pair of field-glasses, which he focused carefully. Through them he could see plainly a woman, dressed in flimsy summer garments, who wandered in and out among the tree-trunks. Presently a man appeared on the lawn and beckoned to her. Both then entered the house.

Donaque telescoped his glasses and descended from his perch. He had seen enough for the time being. The prefect had

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said that there were no guests at the château at the time of the Minister's demise, yet obviously there was one there now. He strolled leisurely back to the village.

One feature of the case still called for some attention. Two witnesses had not been summoned to testify at the inquest—Madame the Baroness Berlitz herself, and the undertaker. The first he would interview in due course, during his investigation proper. The other he would see now. Perhaps he would add nothing; perhaps—you never could tell! It took only a moment's inquiry to ascertain that the undertaker and the sexton of the village church were one and the same functionary—an aged gentleman with silvery hair and a voluble if not silver tongue. Donaque found him sitting upon a bench, smoking his afternoon pipe.

"Have I the honor to be addressing His Excellency the Mayor?" inquired Donaque, approaching him by a flank movement.

The old sexton bridled with pleasure. No, he protested he was *not* the mayor (thanking the gentleman all the same)—he had no such luck! He was simply a humble servant of the church and its children—a sexton.

Donaque accepted the proffered seat at the old man's side and gently drew him on. Presently, quite by chance, they were discussing the sudden death of M. Faubert. The sexton with pride told how he had visited the château and had personally prepared the body for deportation to Paris. He had had a guard, too—a gendarme, all the time. It was no small affair, that!

"What was the name of the gendarme?" inquired Donaque.

"Tonnetti," answered the sexton. "There he is now, the lazy lout, on that corner, over there. You see the way it was, was this: I had just had my coffee when Mathilde, my wife, cries out that some one is coming. So I rush to the door and who is there but M. Bertrand, the valet. 'M. Faubert is dead,' says he, 'and you must come to lay him out.' 'Alack!' I answered, 'and what did he die of?'—for, to tell you the truth, I had no idea that the gentleman in question was the great Minister of Finance. 'Some sudden shock,' he replied. 'It is inexpressibly sad.' So I put on my hat and jumped into the trap with him. On the way we stopped at the mayor's house and told him, and he sent Jules to wait there, until some of the proper officials might arrive—such as the coroner and his physician.

"Well, you may be sure that by that time I was highly excited; but I kept my wits together and presently we were driving up the great avenue to the château. But you should see those oaks, my friend! They are wonderful! A servant in livery opened the door and conducted us up the marble stairs to a magnificent *chambre de luxe*, where lay M. Faubert, the distinguished statesman. He reclined upon the bed, his head slightly to the left. M. Bertrand raised the shutters, which had been closed out of respect for the deceased, and asked to be excused. Jules, there, sat like a great ox on the couch and constantly repeated the words '*Magnifique! Extraordinaire!*' as if he might never be in such a place again.

"So I busied myself at my work, and, do not laugh, M'sieu—but observe how close, after all, are the great and lowly—'on the turf and under the turf' all men are equal. Well, as I was saying, M. Faubert was fully dressed in elegant clothes—clothes for evening such as are worn in the great cities—with a fine white waistcoat; but there was one little thing he had not—what do you suppose, eh? Will you believe me, M'sieu, when I tell you (but it is a fact) that the great M. Faubert had no button on the back of his collar! I glanced about on the floor and upon the cabinets, but there was none. So in a moment of inspiration I removed my own—a modest one of bone such as you may buy for a sou—and put it on him! And now the great statesman is to be buried in the old sexton's bone collar-button! Which all goes to prove, does it not, that all men are created equal?"

The long shadows of the oaks reached across the lawn, and the weather-vanes upon the towers swam in the last glimmering shafts of the setting sun when Donaque drove up the graveled drive to the massive carved door of the château.

"Madame denies herself to everybody," declared the liveried lackey who responded to Donaque's summons in a manner ill concealing a congenital insolence. It did not escape Donaque, who had instantly taken the fellow's measure. He scribbled something upon a card and half threw it at the lackey.

"Take that to your mistress and be quick about it!" said he. A few minutes later the servant reappeared.

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FOR THE FIRST TIME REALIZING THAT HIS ESCAPE WAS BARRED, HE GAVE VENT TO A SNARL OF RAGE AND FACED DONAQUE.

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"Madame la Baronne will see Monsieur," he announced, opening wide the door and hurrying to remove Donaque's valise from the trap.

The latter followed the man up a flight of winding marble steps, above which floated the tattered banners of ancient France. Through mullioned windows the parti-colored lights of sunset illuminated their stained but vividly glowing reds and purples. At the head of the staircase they came to the door of a huge salon with polished floor and exquisite furniture of the period of the last Louis. The candles were already lighted in the sconces, and in the conflicting light Donaque could see a woman with masses of yellow hair reclining in a *chaise longue* upon a rug made of the skin of a polar bear.

Donaque entered unannounced.

The woman raised a pair of dark gray eyes and shot a penetrating look across the room—the look of a woman harassed by nervousness or fear, yet mistress of herself and of the situation.

"Enter, Monsieur. To what, may I ask, am I indebted for the honor of this visit?" she asked coldly.

Donaque approached to within a dozen paces and bowed courteously.

"The Republic, Madame, is deeply afflicted at the loss of so useful a public servant as M. Faubert."

The Baroness made a gesture of impatience.

"And am I to suffer intrusion and annoyance, in consequence, for the next six months?" she demanded.

Donaque shrugged his shoulders. It might have been out of sympathy—the gesture might have carried other implications.

"The Republic, Madame, is deeply interested in the manner of his death."

The woman started in spite of herself.

"Does the Minister of War suspect that violence was committed? How ridiculous! The inquest has disposed of all such foolish suspicions. There is no one here——"

She stopped abruptly, and her eyes searched his face.

"Yes, Madame, you have seen me before. Perhaps Madame can recollect."

For a moment the Baroness hesitated. "You are mistaken," she answered deliberately. "I have not the honor of Monsieur's acquaintance."

"A thousand pardons, Madame!" replied Donaque, as if pained at the necessary contradiction. "At the Hotel d'Espagne, in the year 1898, I had the pleasure of attending for a day Fräulein Lena Schmidt, or Henchel, as I believe you then were."

Her face paled almost imperceptibly under the candle-light. "May I ask your business?" she inquired carelessly.

"An agent of the Secret Service of France," he answered. "I am known by various names. Herr Vogel, I believe I called myself at Vienna when we last met. That will do as well as any."

"Vogel?" she repeated, as if endeavoring to evoke some shape out of the gray mists of the past. "Vogel?"

"Yes, Madame."

"What do you want with me?" she cried.

"I must know how M. Faubert met his death."

Her lids drooped over her gray eyes. "Yes? And how will you proceed?"

"By the ordinary methods of investigation."

Her jeweled fingers played lightly on the inlay of the table beside her. "I am at your service, Monsieur."

Donaque bowed. "It will be necessary, and I trust not embarrassing, that I pay Madame the Baroness a short visit."

"What!" she demanded incredulously. "Here? Absurd!"

"It must be so, Madame," he returned. "Otherwise—" He paused meaningly.

"It will save Madame much inconvenience," he concluded gently.

The Baroness laughed. "Monsieur, you—the Republic of France does me too much honor!"

"I beg of Madame not to be displeased," petitioned Donaque.

"And if I refuse?"

"Paris."

The Baroness paused for a full half-minute. "I prefer Neuilly," she smiled through her pallor. "What are Monsieur's wishes?"

"*To pass the next few hours precisely as did M. Faubert before he died!*" announced Donaque sharply.

The Baroness gave an enigmatical smile. "As Monsieur wishes!"

She touched a china bell upon the tripod at her elbow, and the lackey entered. "Monsieur will remain here for the night. Send for Bertrand."

For the space of three minutes Donaque and the woman eyed each other narrowly.

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At the end of that time a handsome, bronzed, broad-shouldered man in the dress of a valet entered.

"Show Monsieur to the chamber occupied by M. Faubert last Wednesday night," said the Baroness in a peculiar voice, the timbre of which aroused long-forgotten memories in Donaque. "M'sieu will dress for dinner? Yes.—Bertrand, see that Monsieur is properly taken care of."

Donaque gave her a low bow. "Madame is too kind!" he smiled. "May I ask if you have other guests staying with you?"

The Baroness shook her head. "I am alone, Monsieur."

Bertrand conducted Donaque up another flight of stairs and down a hall to the huge bedchamber described by the old sexton. The sun had sunk behind the trees, and in the recesses of the room a silvery dusk had already gathered; but the valet touched a button near the door and flooded them with the light of a multitude of electric lamps. The chief object of furniture was a magnificent Louis XIV. canopied bed.

"The bath is here, Monsieur," said the valet, with a slightly Teutonic accent, opening a door near the head of the bed.

Donaque nodded. He was less interested in the toilet arrangements than in the man himself, for to the detective's observant eye he was no more a valet than an ass masquerading in a lion's skin. If this man were, in fact, a servant, he was one accustomed to the unusual occupations of tennis, hunting, and other forms of outdoor sport. He could never have acquired such a tan below-stairs.

"You are a Frenchman?" suddenly inquired Donaque.

"Yes," replied the man uneasily—"Alsace."

His bearing and demeanor were not unlike those of a man accustomed to be waited on himself, and his lowering brows and coal-black eyes indicated a temper less usual in a servant than a master.

"What time is dinner?" asked Donaque, throwing himself into a big chair and taking a cigarette from his pocket with a deliberation of which the ostensible valet took no advantage to offer him a light.

"In three-quarters of an hour, M'sieu."

"I will rest here," said Donaque. "You need not remain."

"I will then fetch Monsieur's valise," answered Bertrand. He bowed slightly and left the room, leaving the door open.

Donaque watched his shadow vanish down the hallway. Then he sprang from his chair and minutely examined the great bed in which M. Faubert had breathed his last. Next he ran his fingers over the panels of the walls, peered into the vases, of which there were several, shook the folds of the hangings, and took a rapid survey of the bathroom. His entire inspection did not occupy more than three minutes, and he had regained his chair and remained there motionless for a full quarter of an hour more before the valet's footfalls echoed on the stairs.

In his right hand he carried Donaque's valise, but its weight was hardly enough to account for the tiny drops gathered upon his brow or the nervousness of his steps. Fear and animal hate struggled for supremacy in his eyes. Something had occurred during his absence to unsteady his nerves. Donaque had expected that it would occur. Yet he had not expected that the signs of it would be so obvious. That the Baroness should seize her opportunity was only natural, however, and only by giving her the opportunity in question could he hope to learn her secret. He was deliberately staking his life in order that he might discover how she would attempt to take it.

But to Donaque this was part of the game. Therein lay the humor of his request "to pass the next few hours precisely as did M. Faubert before he died," and her direction to Bertrand to "see that Monsieur is properly taken care of." Donaque, lazily smoking his cigarette, with an open novel in his lap, was waiting with lynx-like intensity to see in just what manner he was going to be "cared for."

Bertrand laid the valise upon the bed and, opening it, commenced to lay out in an orderly manner Donaque's evening clothes. The detective appeared to resume the reading which he had momentarily interrupted to toss the valet the key of the valise.

"Monsieur will bathe?" inquired the latter.

"Yes," answered Donaque, without raising his eyes.

Bertrand moved to the adjoining bathroom and turned on the water. Behind, upon the bed, lay, neatly arranged, Donaque's underclothes, socks, trousers, waistcoat, collar, tie, and shirt. Bertrand returned and fumbled with the shirt. His fingers seemed to be all thumbs, but finally he in-

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serted the collar-button in the back and fastened thereto the collar. Donaque arose slowly from where he was sitting and closed the door of the chamber, as if to insure the privacy necessary for dressing; but before his hand left the knob his fingers deftly turned the key in the lock and removed it. Then he sauntered toward the bed.

"I observe," he remarked carelessly, nursing his mustache with one hand, "that you have presented me with a collar-button."

Bertrand gave an involuntary start and tried ineffectually to speak.

"I—" he stammered at last, avoiding the eyes of Donaque—"Monsieur had no button in his collar, and I took the liberty of offering him one of my own."

"Very kind of you," replied Donaque, taking up the shirt and examining the humble implement in question.

It was a sufficiently ordinary-looking affair and differed from those which one purchases in the shops only in that it seemed to be made of silver instead of brass plated with gold.

"Very kind of you, indeed," repeated the detective. "But I am unaccustomed to collar-buttons of silver—in fact, I am rather eccentric in my manner of dress, and have a pronounced penchant for buttons of brass. No doubt you have another, eh? Would it be asking too much to request you, for instance, to remove the one you have on and exchange it for this?"

Bertrand turned pale under the tan. He seemed to be stifling.

"Certainly, if Monsieur will be so kind as to permit me to remove the one now in the shirt, I will fetch him another button from my room."

Donaque smiled.

"You would not care to wear this one yourself?" he asked mockingly. "Does it by any chance resemble the one worn by M. Faubert on the night of his death?"

He detached it from the neckband of the shirt and held it before the eyes of the valet, who with an oath leaped to one side and struck the object from Donaque's fingers.

"Pig of a Frenchman!" he gasped and, springing to the door, tried to open it. Then, for the first time realizing that his escape was barred, he gave vent to a snarl of rage and faced Donaque defiantly, his face transformed into that of a handsome beast.

"Come, my friend," said Donaque soothingly. "Do not resort to violence. The only question between us is whether or not you will go with me quietly."

For answer Bertrand suddenly extinguished the lights. For a moment the two held their breath in silence. The curtains had been drawn, and the darkness of night was in the room—a darkness heavy, thick, oppressive as that of a jungle. Yet in the darkness one solitary gleam of light was visible—a pale, bluish glow like a bead of phosphorus in the wake of a boat's stern—from beneath a table in a distant corner of the great room. Donaque knew that the man's first thought would be to regain possession of the fantastic instrument of death to which the ingenuity of his mistress had resorted, a means undemonstrable without the implement itself—the collar-button of M. Faubert! For a moment the silence was unbroken save for the heavy breathing of the valet; then Donaque heard the nap of the carpet softly stir under stealthy, cat-like footsteps. Bertrand was moving toward the bead of light. Donaque silently crept in the same direction, keeping pace with the almost noiseless noise of the other's feet.

They had now covered the length of the room, and the shape of the button as it lay upon its side under the table was distinctly visible. Donaque, by some exteriorized power of sense, felt the valet stoop and stretch his arm toward the spot of light. This was the moment for him to act. Silently Donaque sprang, his fingers clutching for Bertrand's throat. At the same moment his head came in contact with an intervening object which fell with a crash, carrying him with it. For an instant he lay half stunned. The sound of heavy breathing and of scrambling feet told him that Bertrand had secured the prize. The next move of the valet would be to make good his escape—through the window, probably.

In an instant Donaque was on his feet again, creeping toward the windows. He could no longer hear or see anything. He stopped and peered through the darkness. At the same instant, not three feet from him and at about the same distance from the floor, suddenly reappeared a bluish blur of light. Slowly it moved in a horizontal direction across the room. Donaque's pulse quickened as he realized that the valet, in his excitement, had forgotten the penetrating quality of the rays of radium. Two feet above the glow Donaque knew were Ber-

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"BERTRAND!" IT WAS A LOW CRY FOR HELP. "HE WILL NOT COME, MADAME!" SAID DONAQUE, GRAVELY. "BUT PERHAPS YOU WILL GO TO *HIM*."

trand's shoulders; above them was Bertrand's head—the man was at his mercy.

Measuring his distance, Donaque darted behind the valet and, getting a stranglehold upon his neck, pressed a tiny sphere of glass to the man's nose and mouth, cracking it to flinders, as he did so, between his fingers. A sharp, pungent odor pierced the air as with a knife, and Bertrand collapsed without a struggle.

A moment later, in the white light of the electric lamps Donaque examined his victim curiously as he snapped a pair of slender chains upon the man's wrists and ankles and thrust a gag made of a bath-towel into his mouth. The little ethode had done its work well and quickly—more accurately and usefully than any firearm. He had taken his man alive—so much more businesslike than putting the final quietus upon him and by an enforced silence destroying his usefulness forever.

"As I expected!" muttered Donaque, as his fingers came in contact in another of the valet's pockets with a tiny case of lead, the interior of which bore the imprint of a collar-button. The detective placed the button inside it and, rising, the case, concealed it

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carefully in an inside pocket of his coat. No rays, however powerful, could penetrate that magic wall of lead. The giant was chained and helpless until Donaque should see fit to release him. The genie was in his bottle. And that genie was worth, in the specie of France, exactly sixty thousand francs!

He dragged Bertrand to the foot of the bed and tied him there, helpless, with its linen sheets. The little clock of Dresden on the mantel struck the quarter. Donaque was beginning to feel hungry. The water was still running in the bathroom. The valet remained unconscious. Glancing first at the door, the detective unconcernedly removed his clothes and took a bath, after which he dried himself luxuriously upon the remaining bath-towel, and donned his evening clothes. Then he repacked his valise, placed it outside, and, locking the door of the chamber, thrust the key into his pocket.

"I trust Bertrand has made you quite comfortable?" asked the Baroness, as she indicated the seat opposite her own at the great table in the dining-room a few moments later.

The detective raised his glass to his lips. "He was more than attentive," he replied.

Donaque ate with a good appetite, enjoying the deftness and rapidity of the service, and the daintiness of the china and table linen. Such things outside his own business appealed to him. Likewise he gave his unstinted admiration to the subtle beauty of the woman before him, the perfect outline of whose features was just beginning to show the fulness of maturity. Her self-control was superb; yet now and then she betrayed a nervousness which he fully appreciated. She was wondering, watching, waiting for him to show some sign of the deadly effect of the genie in the bottle. Fish followed soup, and an entrée the fish. The best of French and German wines filled the glasses at his elbow, and no restaurant of Paris could have surpassed this strange meal in culinary perfection. The Baroness talked lightly of the country round, the history of the château—even of M. Faubert, praising his great qualities of mind and spirit. The dessert was removed, and a serving man passed coffee and liqueurs, with slender Persian cigarettes. His hostess placed one between her lips, lighted it, and with elbows on the table sent a challenging glance through the smoke to the man sitting so calmly opposite her.

"And, so far, are you satisfied with the manner in which M. Faubert spent his last evening upon earth?" she asked.

"Truly, after such a banquet, with so charming and beautiful a hostess, one would choose either to live on forever in her company or—to die leaving the memory of it undisturbed," answered Donaque.

The Baroness laughed, flattered at a compliment even from a police official. Moreover, the grotesque and bitter humor of the situation—for Donaque—appealed to her. Before midnight he would be no longer to be feared.

"It is always thus, my friend, is it not?" said she. "Eat, drink, and enjoy yourself, for to-morrow you die."

Donaque read her thoughts. Inside his mask he, too, was laughing.

"So soon?" he smiled.

"Perhaps," she answered, with half-closed eyes. "If not," she added, "we might be friends."

For a moment the detective made no reply. Then he laid down his cigarette and leaned forward. "Madame," said he abruptly, "have you continued your investigations into the mysteries of radium?"

"I?" she cried. "Radium?"

"Yes, Madame," returned Donaque. "I had always supposed that you had the great fortune to possess a considerable quantity of that invaluable element. Am I not correct?"

The eyes of the Baroness narrowed to mere slits, and involuntarily she placed her left hand upon her breast. "Why do you ask me that?" she demanded.

"Because," returned Donaque, "I have found it important in my profession to acquaint myself with some accuracy as to the whereabouts of such amounts of the element as may be available. For instance, I note that as Lena Schmidt you twice purchased during the year 1899 as much as a quarter grain through Dublatz of Leipsic. That is no inconsiderable quantity. A few years later my records show that half a grain came into your possession through your acquaintance with Dr. Giesel. Within eighteen months I am informed you secured an entire grain from the Austrian government by means of the intermediation of the Bureau of Foreign Affairs and the influence of no less a person than M. Faubert himself."

The cigarette dropped from the delicate

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fingers of the Baroness Berlitz, and a dusky pallor spread across her face. The gleam in her eyes changed from that of the tigress to that of a frightened fox. But Donaque appeared to be deep in his own thoughts.

"You and I know the wonderful qualities of this mysterious element; yet it is strange how little the world at large is acquainted with its almost supernatural powers—its terrible effect upon the human body, for example, when placed in juxtaposition with a vital part. I have often wondered at the infrequency with which it has been used as a means to take human life, for it leaves no trace behind it. Only one case I know—that of a dentist who filled his victim's tooth with a composition containing radium bromide. The man died in horrible agony within a few days—yet no doctor suspected the cause of the frightful abscess which formed upon his jaw."

Donaque stopped and shot a glance across the table at the Baroness, who sat rigid, her teeth fastened in her lower lip, her bosom heaving rapidly.

"How easy it would be," continued Donaque relentlessly, "to cause death by inducing a person to wear near his spinal cord some little object containing a couple of grains of radium—say a collar button?"

The Baroness uttered a gasping cry and pressed her hands to her temples.

"Like this," he added, taking from his pocket the leaden case and laying it open upon the table. "Like this."

The woman sprang to her feet, overturning several of the glasses and gazing wildly at Donaque.

"Bertrand!"

It was a low cry for help.

"Bertrand!" she repeated, her face ashen.

"He will not come, Madame!" said Donaque gravely. "But perhaps you will go to *him?* Is it asking too much?"

She stared at him helplessly.

"This evening I have been your guest. I must beg the privilege of returning your hospitality. I must request you to become for a little time the guest of the Republic of France. To-morrow morning the newspapers will print the news that there is a shortage in the accounts of the Ministry of Finance amounting to five million francs. Are you ready to go, Madame?"

A look of despair crossed her face, and her lips framed the noiseless word, "Where?"

"To Paris, Madame," answered Donaque.

The VACANT HOUSE

by

SARAH WARDER MacCONNELL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT EDWARDS

SPRING is purely an affair of the emotions, and no other season is so dependent upon the collaboration of the human heart. Beneath the gaiety of April sunshine Felicity Brent walked listless and miserable; it beat down upon her cruelly. She was on her way to Angela Mount's studio; but she did not know why, except that Angela was at home on Friday and this was Friday. And if she did not go to Angela Mount's there was no reason in the world why she should go anywhere.

It was this lack of reason why she should go anywhere that weighted her feet and made the mortal rest of her feel like an extremely poor sort of putty; it was the same reason that had washed the color out of the spring sky and out of the streets beneath; that made the air difficult to breathe and turned all humankind into pasteboard puppets who made too many gestures.

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Midway in the block through which she trailed, she came upon a church set in a little garden; and a church was the one place in these days which she found it impossible to pass. She went in, meaning, as she always did, to say a few prayers for the good of her soul; but, as usually happened, she sank on her knees with a little gasp and said:

"O God, I can't go on without him. *I can not.* Yes, after everything. . . . . To-day I saw a man in gray with a swing of shoulders that made my heart stop . . . and it's all to do over again—all. That woman . . . yes, you know I've prayed and prayed, and she's 'that woman' still. And if he came back to me to-morrow, and I knew it would be the same thing over . . . why, I'd take him back, I suppose. But he won't come back . . . and what am I to do, *what am I to do?*" Then she put her head down between her hands with a sob and was still.

But the church was not still. In the side chapel behind her the verger was talking to some people in loud tones. He was giving estimates, and they were making plans, cheerfully matter-of-fact. A girl's voice said: "I stand here, then, and you there, and, dad, you come up, so, to give me away." And a man's pleasant bass joined hers, asking how many the chapel would hold—would it run to fifty?

Felicity could not endure it; she got to her feet precipitately and fled into the turmoil of the streets again. A wedding! And these people were laying off the paces as calmly as if it were some matter of the baker!

Her head throbbed, and she was so blind by the time she reached Angela Mount's number that she might have missed it even if it had been plain—which it was not. No. 157 was an automobile school as well as a studio and a little artist's lunch place; and when finally, by the help of a man and a barking neighborhood dog that came too, she had rung a bell between two doors and waited and rung again, still without response, she became languidly sure that you didn't wait—you went up. One of the doors that belonged with the bell, or appeared to, gave at her touch, and she went into a narrow hall that was full of a cobwebby dusk.

A spindling mahogany rail showed a crabbed way up-stairs—there seemed to be no practical down-stairs at all—and upon the square landing above she stopped again. Angela Mount said she lived in a queer place, but it would not be so queer as this. Still—one might as well try; and Felicity began to knock at one of the four doors that gave upon the landing. The door creaked and fell back slowly beneath her touch, and then she noticed that another already stood half open, a wary sort of half that left you nothing to see of the room beyond. There began to be, indeed, an air of stealth about the place, a sense of being watched or spied upon, which, at times, when life held something for her, would have sent Felicity in panic down the stairs again. Now, nothing mattered; she knocked impatiently once more, and when she found the door opening still wider she looked in. The room was empty, full of dust, and to the eye quite tenantless.

And yet when she dejectedly determined to pursue the matter up a second pair of stairs, she had a sudden feeling that something or some one was behind her. She paused upon the third stair, looking down; but nothing stirred, and she went on.

The second story proved no more fruitful than the first. There was no one here, and except that one room—she was growing bolder—proved the storage place of old furniture and household gear, the house was plainly uninhabited.

And still she lingered. The door left ajar on the lower landing as she turned down the stairs showed a room that had been lived in, fully, richly, humanly. She took a step or two forward and looked about her. The room's proportions were delightful; with gracious space, it had a mellow disposition, and a sense of humor too, working out in a sort of L quite unexpectedly—she would see how that happened in the hall in a moment; and the windows, small-paned, deep-silled, were neither grudging of their light nor flaring with it. The mantelpiece, the fireplace—it set her dreaming; and with a light in her eyes, a new carriage of her head, Felicity began to furnish.

Here the mahogany table could stand. She saw how the firelight would be reflected on it and how it would flicker on the silver. Around the room would run framed samplers and her prints, and on the hob they could set the toast. Going gaily into the next room, she pretended to hang the mirror above the mantelpiece—own brother to the first, but, if possible, more lovable still

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"HOME! IT IS THE FARTHEST CASTLE IN SPAIN."

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—where it would reflect the mandolin clock on the opposite wall; she put back the candlesticks until they stood just in the right line; and struck the coals a quick blow to make the fire burn brighter. Then for the windows. Why, already—oh, *how* one could live here!—already they had deep window-seats. She would give them curtains of blue-green; or perhaps, since there was so much light, the green that is stepbrother to gray.

She turned to measure for them, humming a little air happily and remembering with a smile that day in February when she had walked home with Philip at dusk, and the fog had shut them in together like the dear comfort of a room, and the mauve and rose of the arc lights, coming at intervals, had set them to quarreling over the color scheme of their house that was to be. Philip was a joy to quarrel with—he had so many cajoleries that took advantage of you and yielded to you at the same moment. But gray and rose and mauve!—She shook her head impatiently—she would show Philip.

Philip! A ragged break cut short the little song she had been humming, and she dropped down upon the window-seat shaken by a storm of sobs. Philip—always Philip! Would she never be freed? Here she had been happy for a moment and forgotten . . . and her house, when she had finished it, from fire-irons to curtains, would all have been furnished in Philip——

Something fell—a startling thing in the vacant place; and it was more startling to see, as she raised her eyes, that the room was not empty. In the built-in seat in the L, which she had not yet reached, a man sat and confronted her.

He was dark, with a pointed beard and a long, lean head, drawn with one free, dextrous sweep from brow to chin. His eyes—a sort of stormy blue—held hers steadily, with a power that forbade flight or fear. Next moment he spoke.

"Permit me—as one furnisher of a vacant house to another—to tell you that the price you pay is quite too high."

Felicity had dropped her hands from her face; her straining heart plowed ahead with a leap as she stared across at him. "What?" she asked inadequately, round-eyed beneath her tears—"what?"

He shook his head at her while he sat prodding the floor with his cane, as much at home, apparently, as if he had been some fireside familiar. "I said it was too much to pay for any curtains. There aren't any that are worth that price; and, believe me, I know something of—furnishings."

"Oh!" she said, and put her handkerchief swiftly to use in making some repairs. Then, indignantly: "I don't know what you mean," she said.

"People usually don't," he admitted. "I thought you might be more intelligent, as we have tastes in common. Though I may as well tell you that you are quite wrong in putting a mirror, Colonial or not, above that mantelpiece. A landscape—a flat, decorative panel—must go there; but, mind, no mirror."

Felicity had wholly got the better of her tears. She was angry now that he had seen them, and angry with him for finding her in a place where she certainly did not belong. She rose; the man rose too, and she saw, as he shifted his stick, that he was lame. He watched the change in her face as she noted this, and a flicker went over his own before he spoke:

"I've no doubt you've made equally crude mistakes all over the house. I'll go with you and correct them, if you like."

Felicity laughed. It was the first time she had laughed in weeks, and the sound was uncertain at first, and then it came fresh and sweet and full. It seemed to put them upon different terms. "Do you come in here to furnish often?" she asked, and he noticed that her voice had a vibrant, poignant note in it, so that the common words she spoke seemed precious.

"That," he answered her, "is a question which calls for some reprisals. How do you know that I don't belong here, and that it was not my rooms into which you penetrated in your investigations above?"

Felicity colored. "If you were here before me—all this time—I think you might have spoken when I first came in."

"When you first came in you might perfectly well have gone out again without discovering me. It was impossible to know you for a house furnisher, like myself, and I might only have frightened you as I saw you going up the stairs, upon what errand I could not tell."

Felicity turned away, and he watched her. She carried herself with a slender droop, and as if her red-crowned head were heavy for her. Her hands, as he had noticed

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"THEN THERE *IS* A FORBIDDEN TREE? I SEE NO FRUIT."

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instantly, were very wonderful—long, slender, consoling, mothering hands that seemed to soothe and cradle and set things straight with every touch they gave. He watched her as she raised them to put back her floating veil. "I came up here to find Angela Mount," she offered absently at last.

"Angela Mount?" he stared. "You'd have to look for her up a different pair of stairs. Angela Mount is the other side of the bell."

She drew herself together with a premonitory motion of departure. "Then I'll go in now," she said, still absently, her eyes lingering about the room.

He stared at her once more. "I wouldn't," he said; "no, not to-day."

She woke to this with a little puzzled frown. "But . . . . why not?"

"There," he said impatiently, "be a good girl; be reasonable, as you were about that absurd mistake of yours with the mirror."

Felicity laughed again, and wondered as she did it. The man looked at her with open approval and relief. "It sounds like your name," he said—"that laugh of yours."

"My name?" Her tender mouth grew hard once more, as it had grown these three months in the effort for endurance. "My name—Felicity!" Then, with a sudden sharpness: "How did you know? Do you know who I am?"

"I heard a man speak your name once in a crowd before some pictures, and I remembered because at that moment you looked it."

"Philip," she breathed; and her look smote him.

"Will you forgive a man's clumsiness?" he asked, and something in his eyes, something instructed and wise with life's understanding, was like an arm held out to steady her.

She stood and faced him, fixing on him the tear-dimmed beauty of her eyes. So he, too, knew! It was not the least of her ordeal that this matter of her heart could be a public thing and known to people she had never met. So many people knew Philip Prothero in his dual office as critic of plays and of pictures, and so constantly had they been together at every first night and at every private view, that it seemed to her all the little world of the two arts had come to know her like a printed catalogue. And the break of their engagement had been as flagrantly in evidence, since, without an interval, Philip had been as frequently seen with the woman who came between them.

The man met Felicity's look with one as grave. "Promise me you won't go to Angela Mount's to-day."

"But why?" she wondered, and then brushed it aside with a sharp question: "Do you know Philip Prothero?"

"I know Prothero, yes. . . . And I know Angela Mount, and Mrs. Stepney, who is Angela Mount's cousin."

She flinched and paled at the name of "that woman." "Cousin—then Philip is in there?"

He wheeled upon his stick and did not answer her directly. "Do you know what Prothero means to women like that? Would you like to see him burning incense to their insatiable cheap pride? Do you want to watch him dangling?"

"Then *he* is there?"

Something spoke in the sudden lift of her head, and he answered it. "There are some things it is brave to face, and others it is foolhardy to put yourself in the way of meeting. Promise me you won't go!"

Her head drooped again, and she looked about her wearily. "Oh—I promise—good-by." She turned slowly toward the stairs.

The white look of her struck back upon him like a blow. He wanted to walk after her, but he forbade himself. He spoke, and it was like an order, though it took the form of a question: "You'll go home?"

"Home?" She paused upon the threshold, and her long veil floated back as she turned. "Home! It is the farthest castle in Spain."

It was some days later that he saw her next, as she went into the little church set in a garden midway between two avenues. She did not see him. She went through the lych-gate, past the flower-beds and the fountain playing softly in the sun, and on into the church.

Vibert stopped his hansom and presently limped out and followed her. He sat down where he could not see her, but would know when she came out. Some man was at the organ, talking to himself upon it, or perhaps to God. Into the dim, mellow peace of the interior the notes fluted out softly, richly. First the sound came whispering, whispering, then pouring in a flood—loneliness and

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defeat, resolve, regret, blind aspiration, and bewildered hope and courage, all mingled together and poured out as they are mingled in the heart of man. And then, with a final sudden note of jubilation, there was silence.

Felicity came again into the garden in her hat and gown that matched the wistful half-colors of the spring, looking, he thought, like a drenched flower. He greeted her with a silent lift of the hat and stood beside the hansom waiting for her to enter. Then, as she looked around at him in bewilderment: "Get in, child, get in," he ordered. "Don't be prim; it's a great waste of time." And as he followed her into the cab, he said: "You women would have conventions for the Day of Judgment. . . . You'd say you didn't care what happened to you and yet stop next minute to measure out your paces and hesitate to take a cab with me because you've forgotten my name."

"Forgotten?" There was a flush on her pale cheeks now beneath his hectoring, and he went on with his prescription.

"Forgotten. There was an afternoon last fall when you poured tea at the New Galleries at a 'one man' exhibition. I'm the one man."

"Wayne Vibert? You're really Wayne Vibert?" She turned to look at him afresh. It would have been difficult to forget those painted gardens, gay as good dreams. She remembered how she and Philip had strayed about among them, choosing a place of their own; they had a wonderful quality, fragrant with memories, rimmed with shimmering days, and gay with a half-pensive youth; hollyhocks grew in them, and so did joy. "And how," she said, "how could I forget you?"

"You were too happy that day to remember," he said, and then would gladly have bought back his words at cable rates. But the effect on Felicity was unexpected. She sat up passionately straight. "Happy! I was never happy, not once in the whole year. I was excited, absorbed, eager for things for us both, things that we never touched with our finger-tips. But oh, *never* happy!"

Vibert struck his stick upon the trap of the cab and sharply ordered the man to go down a side street to the river. Felicity made another effort and spoke:

"Is it another house?"

"No, we're going to one of my gardens. You'll like it."

"How do you know?"

"I should not be able to associate with you further if you did not. It's a test garden."

"With a forbidden tree?"

"With no serpents or any other forbidden things; you needn't look for them. But none the less a test garden."

The hansom skirted the river, made a short turn to the left, and stopped before a gate in the middle of a high hedge. Vibert opened the gate for her.

Felicity walked a dozen paces and stopped with indrawn breath. Trees and lilac-bushes just hesitating faintly into bloom, and little friendly winding paths, and a great copper beech, and even a dove-cote on a high pole. Green shut them in on every side except for the arch of blue above; the dulled roar of the town without seemed an utter incongruity, and it looked as if the slumbrous leisure of the garden might go on forever.

Vibert sat down upon a bench beside her, with his stick against a tree, and there was silence.

The girl's face was full of peace. Vibert took out a cigar and smoked contentedly. "You're a satisfactory young person to bring to a garden. You may come again."

She turned upon him the velvet depths of her great eyes. "I went back to the house where we were the other day, and I could not get in."

Vibert laughed. "Did you think the doors of untenanted houses were always on the latch? Preposterous child! Here"—he put his hand in his pocket—"if you like, take the key."

She looked on in blank amazement as he detached it from the ring; and he laughed again. "You select such astonishing things for surprise. How should I have been there that day if I had not had the means of getting in?"

"But I got in."

"Because I carelessly left the lower door unlocked, expecting no Columbus of empty houses to follow. And I—if you must have more *i's* dotted and all the *t's* crossed—I know the man who owns the house. Some day I'll tell you about him."

But she was hardly listening. It had suddenly struck her that color and life had come back to the world; the garden was

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green, and she loved the pussy-willow in the corner. It had been one of the hardest things of Philip's going that he had taken away with him the evening star and the shops on Broadway, sunset and music and apple blossoms and hand-organs, and even the giraffe that lived in Bronx Park. He had robbed life of its potent necessities; there had been nothing left. And now here was a green garden, a blue sky, and a willow-tree—if this was due to the man at her side, it was magic. She wasn't sure that she was ready to face the fact. She got up restlessly. "I want to see the rest of the garden. What is beyond?"

"Sit still," he admonished. "Be content with the foreground." Then, as her eyes still strove to penetrate the impenetrable screen of green, "Wait, I'll draw it for you," he conceded.

She was perverse like a child. "Oh, but I want it *real!* Is there a house? I'm going to explore."

He watched her while she walked about in a small circle, then, as she started down the path, "No farther than the copper beech," he warned.

The natural coquetry which was a part of her in happiness leaped in her backward glance. "Then there *is* a forbidden tree? I see no fruit."

"Mind!" he reiterated sternly as she started on. "Not an inch farther."

She reached the copper beech and stood with her head turned provocatively over her shoulder.

"I mean it," he called.

"So do I." She dipped beneath the pendent branches, and they met again behind her. Upon the other side she faced a heap of stones and wood, the dismembered fragments of a house. The digging of a trench had been begun, and the raw wound of the earth met and matched the raw desolation of tumbled bricks and lumber. Not even the wine-red light from a setting sun could put a glamour on it.

She trailed back, dipping beneath the branches of the beech forlornly, all her winged mood gone. "Poor little desolate maker of a home!" the man thought.

She met his look as she came down the path again. "So," he said, "history was right about all those ladies—Pandora, Psyche, Eve——?"

She wouldn't rally as he hoped she might. "Do you think perhaps that was the reason I couldn't hold Philip? Because I would poke and pry and try to understand? If I'd been a different woman——"

"How long can you keep water cupped in your hands? No woman can hold a man against his temperament."

She dropped down on the bench again, and prodded the ground beside her with the end of her parasol. "Did you know Philip well?"

"I know his type."

She gave a long sigh. "It was so different from mine—but I tried to learn it."

He nodded grimly. "Alterations made to suit incoming tenants—I know the sort of man who expects that from a woman."

"He never asked it," she defended. "It was the way we began. Philip had got in with a set of men at the Maskers—it was every afternoon, cocktails and cards. So I used to make myself as pretty as I could at home, or I'd telephone him to meet me somewhere. I tried to have something fresh every day—that's the way it all started. It's the reason that I miss him so. I used to be so busy taking care of him—and now there's nothing much to do."

"You blessed lamb—gone wolf herding," the man said savagely to himself, and struck the bench posts with his stick in silence. Then in silence he retracted, too. There was little enough of the wolf's breed in Prothero; he was just selfish and vain to the core, with charm of manner and wit enough to disguise it.

Felicity spoke again, almost to herself. "The world's so very dull and empty when you aren't needed." Then she straightened herself resolutely. "I'm afraid I'm not a very nice person to ask to a garden—" she tried for a cheerful note. "You ought to ask Angela Mount to come here; they say she's wonderful at painting gardens."

"Heaven forbid!" he said, taking the chance she gave to unburden his temper. "She may have painted stage scenery, but she never has seen the real thing. The Lord put Angela Mount and her tribe out of His garden once and for all, and you may be sure the angel with the sword knows his business better than to let her come straying in with any artist's permit. Angela's curiosity would take her prying anywhere, but there are some places where that doesn't work. And the best thing about it is that she's stone blind on three sides, anyway, and couldn't see if she did get in."

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Felicity stared. "Why in the world do you dislike her so?" she wondered.

"I—dislike—her for the harm she did to another man's garden," he said. "But my words are always a little mild to do justice to those people. I haven't the vocabulary."

"But why—?" she puzzled again.

"Why—oh, why anything!" He threw his cigar angrily into the bushes. "Why is it all so badly stage-managed that when one really needs a garden there's often nothing but a subway or a department store, and then when one has the garden it doesn't fit the mood? And why is the distance so long between them that a word in your heart and the same on your tongue are quite different?—So that when you want to speak of peace and righteousness and pleasant things to come to a lady in a garden, you're nothing but a surly brute instead?"

She laughed denial at him, and then she got up, restlessly. Vibert rose too.

"You want to be going? You see how it is—you spoiled the garden for yourself because you wouldn't keep the beech-tree limits; when other things aren't perverse, a woman always is. I thought better of you; I thought you'd stand all the tests."

"Oh, but I wanted to see the house," she said. "What is a garden for except to lead to a house?"

The man swung off abruptly. "You blessed, blessed maker of a home!" he cried within himself.

They were silent until the cab turned the corner to the river and they saw the deepening pageant of the sunset sky. Her eyes followed the exquisite unfolding of the evening, and she wondered at the sense of peace and beauty that enwrapped her. She drew a long breath. "Thank you," she said softly.

"For what?" His eyes were fixed on hers.

"For that." She pointed to the evening star. "You've given it back to me—it's the first time I could bear it."

She did not see the look in his eyes, but she leaned back in content. It was magic, white magic perhaps; but it was good to have things back in their places—trees, stars, gardens. The world was getting very comfortably furnished again.

Felicity put her hand blindly on the other door labeled 157, which yielded again to her touch, and she came into the hall vague with shadows and a cobwebby dusk. She flung herself up the stairs guarded by a spindling mahogany railing that crăbbedly showed the way to the square landing above, and blindly she pushed her way into the room beyond.

She had flown here as to a place of refuge that was sure, and she sought the man whom she had met here first—sought him from one room to another, with the same confidence as if her misery had trysted with him.

He was in the second room, in the window-seat, and faced her as she came in. "So—you've been in there—and you've seen them," was his greeting, as he eyed her slowly.

Felicity did not answer. She crouched down upon the settle in the L, and dropped her head upon her hands. From across the room there came the sound of breaking wood. She raised her head, and Vibert was looking at the fragments of his stick lying in his hands. His frown was deep. "I knew how it would be; I tried to warn you."

Felicity was still looking at his broken staff in a kind of half-awakened wonder. She lifted that wonder to his face. "I don't see how you know so much about them."

"I have a reason, a reason as good as yours. This was Montgomery Wayne's house. Do you remember? Ah, yes—" as she cried out—"you knew, as everybody knew, the end of the story; but you didn't know the beginning. She's too cool and too skilled not to see her time for getting out of things; but the beginning was Angela Mount. So when I saw Prothero on his way up those stairs, I knew what was happening to him. If things don't happen, Angela Mount makes them—and Mrs. Stepney is blood cousin to her."

Felicity's mind took what seemed to the man an inexplicable side-jump. She stared miserably about the room. "Do you mean this house was filled with tragedy like that? It talks only of happy things."

"They were happy once." He sat staring at pictures of the past. "The Waynes were like the other half of my heart to me. I watched Mary break, and I saw Wayne go under, and all to minister to the unappeased greed of that woman next door."

The girl gave a little inarticulate murmur, and he faced her once more. "Well? Will you tell me?"

"It's all over," she choked. "And I

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hated to see him so—it was as bad as that heap of desolation—the bricks and the raw trench I saw that day in the garden."

He smothered a sound of impatience. "Why—why would you go?"

"I had to go—I had to see. And oh, you don't understand—it's *over!*"

He looked across at her with a puzzled frown. Had she found the sight of his servitude behind the teacups unbearable? Had the spectacle of his cheap thraldom struck off her shackles?

"Tell me"—he leaned forward sharply—"tell me what you mean."

"I mean it's all over. I don't care any more—I don't love him." She dropped her head back between her hands.

His face changed, his heart leaped. "But, child—can't you be glad? Did you want to go on always fruitlessly caring?" His eyes were wide upon her. "At the best you lived just hauling him back from destruction; it was all restlessness and havoc of your peace. I'm only telling you what you told me. And surely you wouldn't hold to the dead bones of a thing? You're bigger than that."

"It was the last thing that I had. I said my fire was out, but it wasn't; while my feeling for him lived I still had embers. Now I am as cold and my heart is as bare and empty as this room—" she struck her foot upon the boards beneath it. "And I can't do without anything to live on. I'm more than ever like a house without a tenant—there are no lights in my window, no voices on my stairs, no clock to tell the time of day, no fires on my hearth. It's over, and I'm cold as death. . . . I came here to the other empty hearth."

The width of the room was still between them, and his look seemed to hold hers. "You came here straight to me. Don't you know it? Tell me!" he ordered.

She looked at him across the separating space with a strange, bewildered stare, as if she looked at a great number of pictures all slowly resolving into one—the different things that had happened between them since first they had met in this room.

"You found them there and you had your ordeal . . . then you came to me like a homing bird. Do you see what it means?"

She sat there paling, but saying nothing.

He had paled, too; he looked at her hungrily, but his tone triumphed. "Will you take it from me, or are you so in thrall that you don't know—how we care? I could have told you weeks ago that what you thought was love was only the pain of a wound, the place from which Prothero had been torn. Well, now you see it—don't you see the other thing, too?" And still she sat as if it were impossible to speak or to move.

She was too far away from him. He rose and tried to cross to her, and then swung helpless for a moment, his hand out for support. The fragments of his broken stick lay on the ground.

"Oh!"—she sprang up, finding her feet and her voice on the instant.

"Stop! Stay where you are!" he thundered. "No, not a step. Do you think I want to take you as Prothero did, for my weaknesses?" He limped across to her slowly, steadily, and stood before her. "I want you to love me, and I mean to make you, but not—" he threatened her—"not for a minute do you take me because I'm a lame duck and you're sorry for me. You're the sort that thinks a man's sins and his lacks are the only reason for loving him. But I won't have it. Now what do you say?"

The answer had risen in her face at last gloriously, a wonderful color to blot out the pallor.

He sat down beside her and drew her to him; the feeling in his voice took on the finer edge of tenderness. "Ashes and embers—how you clung to them!" he reproached her. "Will you have a new fire on the hearth, then? Lift your head and tell me."

She obeyed and looked at him.

Again he threatened her. "Understand—you're not to take me because of my sins."

"No," she said demurely.

"You're not to take me because I appear sometimes to have a bullying disposition."

She gave him another glance beneath her hat brim.

"You're not to take me because I limp and you're sorry for me."

"Limp!" she said hotly, roused at once. "Limp—you who go on wings!"

"But you are not to take me for my wings," he mocked her. "You are to take me because I'm a man and you love me, because I'm the tenant for your house of life. Now do you take me?"

And without more words the look within her eyes answered and contented him.

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OUR HUMAN MISFITS

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, A.M., M.D.

Author of "INSTINCT AND HEALTH," "PREVENTABLE DISEASES," "THE CONQUEST OF CONSUMPTION," etc.

IT WAS not until yesterday, geologically speaking, that it dawned upon us that the Greatest Thing in the World is Good, not Evil. We don't more than half believe it yet, in our heart of hearts. Our real working creeds, whatever we may nominally profess, range from

> Truth forever on the scaffold,
> Wrong forever on the throne

to "Be good and you'll be lonesome." We still sympathize with Diogenes when he took a lantern to hunt for an honest man at noonday. We echo the cynical creed of King David, "All men are liars," as if it were gospel truth, though the fact is that most men are automatically ninety per cent. truthful, and some average as high as ninety-eight per cent. It would take superhuman intelligence to invent a higher percentage of plausible fiction than this. But that little two per cent. of prevarication irritates us like a midge in the eye, and interests us so much more than the ninety-eight per cent. of monotonous, mechanical parrot-like reechoing of dull facts known as truth-telling, that we declare it to be the rule instead of the rare exception. We have become so accustomed to sharpening our wits upon lies that we have forgotten they are only the dash of mustard on the cold roast beef of truth. The difference between the most truthful and the most untruthful of men is merely the difference between ninety and ninety-eight per cent. Our average output is at least fifty truths to one lie all day long and every day of our lives—though we occasionally work overtime or go fishing.

Nowhere is this perverse tendency to exaggerate evil, this positive obsession, more strikingly shown than in our attitude toward crime and defectiveness. The obsession is an astonishingly widespread and deep-rooted one. Our senseless and brutal laws, our antediluvian police systems, our hidebound courts, and the floggings and fetters that, until within the last twenty-five years, disgraced our insane asylums and our poorhouses—these are mere surface symptoms of the terror-worship that permeates and taints our whole systems of morality, of education, of business, of politics.

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It is abundantly attested by figures all over the civilized world that nowhere, even in the best and most thoroughly policed countries, is more than one individual in a thousand ever in jail at any one time; that never more than one in two hundred is even convicted of a minor offense in the course of a lifetime; that of all the thousands upon thousands of individuals and firms engaged in mercantile occupations in these United States, not more than two per cent. ever fail in business in any census decennium, and of these two per cent., not more than five per cent. fail by reason of dishonesty or dishonorable conduct. The ratio of criminality in business is thus about one in one thousand. Yet we still gravely teach our children that any man will cheat you in business if you only give him a chance.

"THE POLICEMAN WILL GET YOU!"

In spite of the fact that not more than one in twenty thousand of them will ever become a murderer, not more than one in two thousand a defaulter in business, not more than one in one thousand of them ever go to jail for any reason, we scold and lecture and harangue our innocent babes on the terrible things that will happen to them from policemen and jails and hangman if they do not obey our every order and regard our most trivial and senseless rule of conduct.

In spite of the fact that no data yet collected show a higher occurrence of drunkards in any community than two per thousand, we are ready to declare that drunkenness is sapping the very fiber of the race and heading us swiftly toward decay and insanity, totally blinking the fact that while we have been hard drinkers for at least a thousand years past, nine hundred and ninety-eight out of the thousand of us are still sane.

There is, of course, a germ of truth in all these delusions; and the task of modern science now is to winnow that germ out of the bushels of chaff in which it has been buried, and to deal with it as its real importance and perspective demand.

The briefest glance at our criminal jurisprudence and police administration shows that both were constructed on two great fundamental principles: first, that every man would become a criminal if he dared, unless restrained by force or deterred by fear of punishment. Second, that all who offend against the moral or penal law do so deliberately, voluntarily, of their own free will and with malice aforethought; in other words, that they are responsible for everything that they do and must be punished accordingly.

WHY HANG SICK MEN?

Both of these fundamental positions the broad, humane spirit of modern science and rationalism challenges as not merely false but as mischievous and inhuman. We have been passing laws for the whole community that are applicable to, and needed by, *less than two per cent. of it.* We have been punishing insane men for being crazy. We have been imprisoning and hanging men sick in body, in mind, and in morals, for actions for which they were as little responsible as the typhoid fever patient is for walking about in his delirium. And we have been filling the mind of society with terror and its heart with dread by pompously marching out to war against the weakest and feeblest, the most stunted and underfed one-fiftieth of our total population, as if society were actually in fear of its very life and existence from a handful of half-starved rats.

Isn't it time that we regained our senses and sat down quietly, rationally, and unafraid to discuss the problem of our two per cent. of human misfits?

In the first place, let us find out what is the problem before us. How many are our criminals? What sort of people are they—plus or minus? "Bromides" or "sulphites"? Men too strong to be controlled by society or too weak to control themselves? Are they born or made? What environment encourages their development, and how can their birth and making be prevented?

To the first question answers both positive and cheering are promptly forthcoming. Criminals and defectives are astonishingly few among us, and even more astonishingly feeble. The crimes which society punishes so savagely are not acts of bold rebellion against her laws, or splendid sins that compel admiration by their virility, but petty, pitiably feeble dodgings and evasions and cheatings by those who can not win according to the rules of the game, or are unable to play the hands that have been dealt to

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them. The criminal is in no sense a superman, not even an incarnation of brute force, or a lawless, untamed savage, but a wretched, blear-eyed, stunted, dull-witted creature, stumbling in his gait, and fumbling and uncertain in his grip. A community of criminals could no more support itself and survive than a community of cretins.

Go to the rogues' gallery, go to the penitentiary and look at him, and then ask yourself how in the name of all that is rational did society ever come to dread this poor, half-baked, half-witted creature, far more to be pitied than hated.

ACCIDENTS IN THE HUMAN MACHINE SHOP

In one sense, it is as absurd to speak of a criminal class as of a blind class, a crippled class, or an insane class. The criminal is a criminal for a reason, and usually a most obvious and valid one, just as a blind man has cause to carry a stick and a deaf man an ear-trumpet. Instead of his existence being something to marvel at, to make us despair of civilization and blame the constitution of the universe, the real wonder is that he occurs so seldom. Accidents will occur in every enterprise, failures in every race and trade; and the criminal and the defective are simply, so to speak, the inevitable accidents, the unavoidable percentage of misfits, which must occur in even the most perfectly conducted and smoothest-running world.

Is it any wonder that in the making of that exquisitely balanced and wonderfully complicated machine which we call the human being—body, mind, and soul—here and there one should be turned out with a flaw in its castings, with a twist in its transmission, with a balance-wheel badly hung, or a bearing ill fitted, or a leak in its cylinder, or a twist in the spoke of its driving-wheel?

We are even beginning to be able to construct a sort of table of skewness for the probable percentage of defects in the different cogs and wheels of our human machine; and this curve of predictable deficiencies seems curiously uniform, ranging between one and five per thousand of the total product. Many of these percentages of failure are, of course, only in the nature of estimates, and the curves constructed from them must be simply provisional. But any of them might be amplified five or even ten times without giving any cause for serious alarm or uneasiness as to the future of the race.

The percentage of criminality, for instance, can be based only upon the percentage of individuals actually in jail or in prison at any given time. This nowhere reaches more than one in a thousand, and, of course, does not represent by any means the total number of criminals in the community; all the successful ones, for instance, being at large, and many of the unsuccessful ones as well. Expert criminologists are in doubt by what factor this figure should be multiplied in order to approximate the total number of criminals in a community, and their estimates range all the way from three to ten. Taking five as a fair mean, this would give us the percentage of this form of accidental defect in the output of the great human machine shop as about five in a thousand, or one-half of one per cent.

When we reach insanity, we are on a little surer ground, especially in the older and more thoroughly studied countries, where practically all individuals of unsound mind are both identified and registered. The range of variation is surprisingly small all over the civilized world. The number nowhere falls below two per thousand or rises above four, and the general average is about two and a half.

HOW MANY OF US ARE CRAZY?

There are, however, of course, plenty of us who are mentally unbalanced, but not crazy enough, or unconventionally enough so, to be shut up. Obviously, however, this would be a much smaller number than in the case of the unconfined criminals, and, allowing that it is double that of the certified lunatics, this would give us, again, about five per thousand, or one-half of one per cent.

The percentage of feeble-mindedness—that is, of congenital idiocy and mental defect as distinguished from insanity proper, which develops only in or after comparatively adult life (though much of it, of course, is primarily congenital)—we find to run in all civilized countries of the world close in the neighborhood of two per thousand.

Epileptics are a little rarer, numbering only about one in two thousand; but as it is only recently that the humane habit of

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caring for those unfortunates in special colonies has been established, it is probable that the number of unrecognized and unregistered epileptics is considerably greater than this.

When we come to defects of special organs, such as eyes and ears, a somewhat lower percentage occurs. About one in two thousand of the population of the United States is blind, and about one in five thousand completely deaf. It may seem irrational at first sight to class blindness and deafness with criminality, insanity, and feeble-mindedness; but the only real difference between these two general groups is that a somewhat larger proportion of the accidents and mishaps that result in blindness and deafness occur after birth instead of before it.

Another class of defectives, the paupers or desperately poor, range a little higher; but this is in part due to the vagueness of their classification, most official statistics counting as paupers all those who at any time in the course of a year are in the receipt of relief from public sources, though obviously many of these are from one-half to nine-tenths self-supporting. Even with this broad interpretation, the percentage of paupers never rises higher than about two per cent. in Great Britain, and reaches its low-water mark in the United States at about two per thousand.

The last great group of defectives—prostitutes—are, of course, incapable of accurate estimation, as secrecy is as much the vital breath of their wretched existence as is shame. But even the most Antonine estimates do not place their occurrence higher than one per cent. of all adult females and girls.

POVERTY THE MOTHER OF CRIME

Roughly, these various types of defective total no more than two per cent. of the total population. Surely the honest, sane, strong-headed, clear-eyed and sharp-eared, self-supporting element of ninety-eight per cent. of the community should be able to devise some plan for dealing successfully with the two per cent. of dishonest, insane, feeble-minded, blind, deaf, pauper, and prostitute.

We have spoken of this two per cent. of defectives and misfits as inevitable accidents. Yet it is not too much to say that two-thirds of these crooked vessels turned off the potter's wheel of destiny could be remolded after birth, and the other third could be prevented from being born at all. Under our present system, not only are those who are born slightly below par starved into criminality or stunted into cripples, or overworked and overcrowded and lung-poisoned into consumption, or infected into blindness, or driven over the border-line into insanity by that choice combination of degrading influences which we call poverty, but the same thing is done to hundreds and thousands of those born normal and healthy as well. We have a lying old proverb that "poverty is no disgrace." It may not be to the individual who suffers it, but it is to the community that permits it. It is the fruitful mother of disease, dependency, and crime, instead of the nurse of all the Christian virtues; and within the past half-century scientists and biologically-minded persons have begun to exhibit it in its true light. Now seven-tenths of a community see little to be thankful for in a "condition to which it has pleased Providence to call them" which makes their death rate and insanity rate nearly double that of their "betters," and their lives a third shorter.

"WHO HATH SINNED—THIS MAN OR HIS PARENTS?"

The preventability of such purely physical defects as blindness and deafness, for instance, needs little or no argument. From one-sixth to one-third, in different states and countries, of all cases of life-long blindness are due to one contagious disease—gonorrheal ophthalmia—which can be prevented by dropping three drops of a silver solution into the eye of the new-born infant. And the disease itself is due not merely to physical, but also to moral causes. Another ten to fifteen per cent. of those in our blind asylums are there on account of the other great twin plague, syphilis, whose name, because of that senseless and evil-minded hypocrisy which we term modesty, may seldom be mentioned in public. Society is like the ostrich with its head in the sand—whatever it ignores doesn't exist. But these two poisons go peacefully on their way, blinding babes, murdering mothers, and spreading the plague of the firstborn among generations yet unborn, even though,

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as with the old gods of the underworld, we dare not speak their names aloud.

When it comes to insanity, the field of prevention is not so wide nor its efficiency quite so obvious. It is the opinion of the ablest and most thoughtful students of mental diseases that probably at least three-fourths of those who become insane are born with some definite mental defect or unbalance, which ultimately under ordinary circumstances lands them in the asylum.

HOW TO PREVENT INSANITY

Yet they believe that at least two-thirds of these, if they had been put—as all children born into any community calling itself civilized should be put—under the watchful eye of experts in the treatment of mental disturbances, in education, and in biology, could be fed and strengthened and trained and developed away from their abnormal bent and built up into reasonably well-balanced, self-controlling, and self-supporting men and women. Of course, however, a biologically intelligent community would see that they did not reproduce their kind and pass on their unquestionably transmissible defects. The remaining moiety, born so defective that they will inevitably become insane in spite of every care, could be isolated before they have killed any one in an attack of mania, or ruined a household, or disgraced a family.

The cases of the twenty-five to thirty-five per cent. of the insane who were born practically normal, and whose reason has been shaken from its balance by the shocks of environment are, of course, *ex hypothesi*, preventable; more especially as fully half of these shocks are owing, not, as is popularly supposed, to mental afflictions and agonies, such as family bereavements, bankruptcies, and disappointments in love, but to the effects upon the nerves and brain of the poisons of infectious diseases, lumped together in the novels under the conglomerate title of "brain fever," but technically and accurately known as the cerebral complications of typhoid, pneumonia, spotted fever, the grippe, and last, but far overtopping all others put together, our old enemy, syphilis.

The vitally important fact of the whole situation, however, is that of all those who under present circumstances become insane, at least seventy-five per cent. could have been detected by an expert eye before they reached fifteen years of age, and, if curable, given proper training and environment; if incurable, isolated and properly dealt with. The young human animal is irrepressibly active, cheerful, gregarious, communicative, bubbling over with noise and laughter and play. Whenever any child prefers moping in a corner to joining in a game of tag, when he prefers his own company to that of any one else, or becomes worried about his sins instead of cheerfully committing half a dozen new ones every day and chuckling over them afterward—there is something radically wrong with him, and he needs a thorough overhauling and shaking up. All of these signs, though they may be in rare instances marks of genius and early piety, are far more commonly the shadows cast before by a coming insanity, which may, however, never go beyond the stage of eccentricity, or queerness.

FROM MOODINESS TO MURDER

The connection of criminality with preventable causes and conditions may not be at once so obvious; but here is a human document, a problem worthy of Ibsen, a case in point:

R. H., son of a carpenter; mother, moody and peculiar, but not recognized as definitely insane, died a few years after his birth. He had a comfortable home and fair surroundings, but grew up moody, shy, averse to making friends, and so bad-tempered, if interfered with, that the other children at school soon left him severely alone. He was slow in learning; his teachers complained that it was difficult to fix his attention; he seemed to be always brooding over something, so that, though regularly in school, he did not learn to read until nearly twelve years of age, and had barely reached the fifth grade when, at fifteen, he dropped out of school and went to work in his father's shop.

Here he worked fairly steadily, but clumsily and poorly, and when given some bills to collect was discovered reporting no collections and pocketing the payments. Later, though well supplied with spending money as well as clothing and books, he took money out of the cash-box in the shop. Matters dragged along like this for several years, the boy's only amusements being long, solitary walks in the country, and in-

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cessant devouring of stories about pirates and burglars.

Suddenly, one day, this quiet, shy, unsocial boy of nineteen, with a drawn revolver in each hand, leaped into a waiting automobile standing by the sidewalk, thrust one muzzle against the ear of the chauffeur, and ordered him to drive at once through the open streets at midday to the local bank. The instant the machine was halted there, without the slightest hesitation he blew out the brains of the unfortunate chauffeur, dashed up the steps of the bank, and appeared before the cashier's window with a demand for all the money in sight on his desk. When the cashier hesitated, he promptly shot him through the breast, fortunately not fatally; and when the president of the bank came rushing out of his office, another bullet from the revolver crashed through his brain. Shifting both revolvers to one hand, the boy calmly gathered up with the other all the bunches of bills that he could reach through the grated window, thrust them into a sack that he had brought, walked down the steps, and disappeared around the corner before the horrified crowd realized what had happened.

So insanely public and open was his attack, so well was he personally known in the town, that his arrest was a matter of only a few hours. The sight of the bodies of his victims raised public fury to such a pitch that he barely escaped lynching. Officers hurried him out of town in a closed carriage to catch a train which landed him at midnight in the state penitentiary. He arrived there in a hack with six deputy sheriffs armed to the teeth, one handcuffed to him on either side, and was taken at once to a cell.

WHO WAS THE CRIMINAL?

Next morning, his eye was clear and bright, his countenance smiling and undisturbed, and his manner as unembarrassed and at ease as if he had been a favored guest, brought there by invitation. On being asked if he had slept well the night before, he replied: "Oh, very fairly, thank you, considering that it was my first night in a strange room." And this with the faces of his victims fresh before him, and the howlings and curses of the mob of his midnight flight still ringing in his ears! Who is most to blame, this wretched, half-witted boy, or the society, calling itself intelligent and civilized, which had allowed him, unhelped and unhindered, to nurse and nourish and brood over his insanity until it suddenly exploded in that awful crime?

Only a few days later I saw him and had a talk with him. He came forward smiling, a courteous, pleasant-faced boy, diffident in manner, but without a trace of embarrassment or a line on his forehead or around his mouth. I was struck at once, however, with his large, prominent, staring blue eyes, set wide apart, with a curious unwinking look about them, which, with his small, narrow mouth, pointed chin, and the huge jaw muscles standing out beneath his ears, gave him an uncanny resemblance to some beautiful beast of prey. It was the face of a panther when she is purring.

MORAL EPILEPSY

He talked freely and intelligently, and the only sign of uneasiness or abnormality in his whole expression was in the pupils of his eyes, which every few minutes suddenly expanded wide and then shut down again to pin-points, while at the same time his tongue came up against the roof of his mouth, giving him a slight lisp. It was like attacks of *petit mal*, the lesser epilepsy, and the thought rose at once—might not his frightful crime have been committed in some sudden spasm of moral epilepsy? Certainly the three sinister triplets most often found together in the same families are epilepsy, insanity, and crime.

This is, of course, an extreme case; but careful students of both criminality and insanity are steadily converging toward the conclusion that somewhere from thirty to seventy-five per cent. of all criminals and of all insane persons either have facts in their heredity that might put us on our guard, or show traits of abnormality, slight but significant, that would have been detected by the eye of an expert on careful examination *before they were fifteen*, and often before ten, years of age. This is the age at which criminals should be caught, when there is still some hope of their remodeling, and when, if this fails, they can be isolated and the community protected from their aberrations.

There is no agreement as yet among experts as to what percentage of our criminals, are, in the language of the Lombroso

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school, "*criminals born*," and what per cent. are made so by their defective environment. Estimates range all the way from the flamboyant one of ninety-five per cent. of heredity in crime to the rose-colored one of barely ten per cent. The average, however, of cautious and conservative students of the problem regards from twenty to thirty per cent. of our offenders as criminals born, and from seventy to eighty as criminals made.

For practical purposes, however, these differences of opinion matter little, since all are agreed that from fifty to seventy-five per cent. even of criminals born can be molded into at least respectable lay figures, or fair imitations of normal human beings, if taken at an early age; while of course those not born criminals, or born so slightly defective that it takes an abnormal environment to push them over the line, will fail to develop these anti-social traits if properly handled in childhood. The more of our criminals that are born, the more vitally urgent it is to take them in hand at this stage; the more of them that are made, the more shame is it to society to permit their manufacture to continue.

A SQUARE DEAL FOR THE CHILD

Of course, if society is to prevent crime, our laws will have to be recast, and most of our lawyers as well. But the task is neither impossible nor hopeless.

Indeed, most encouraging beginnings have been made all over the world already, especially through those splendid children's courts, of which that St. Francis of the twentieth century, Judge Ben Lindsey, is our most appealing exponent.

These take precisely the one first and most fundamental step in the right direction, namely, giving the community through its representative, the judge of the children's court, the right promptly to take under its study and care all children who are being neglected, badly treated, poorly housed, or ill taught, without waiting until the poor little waifs commit some act which the owl eye of the law will recognize as a crime. In other words, they are the embryonic beginnings of a representative of society who shall make it his special business to see that every child born into the community gets a square deal from the start, and, if he does not get it, to know the reason why and who is to blame. Society is coming to recognize as a profound truth that it can not afford under any circumstances to let any child born into it grow up with less than a full, square "white man's chance," and that one of the deepest truths in sociology ever spoken was: "Whosoever shall cause one of these little ones to stumble, it were better for him if a great millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea."

THE PRISONER ON PAROLE

Another long step in the right direction has already been taken, at the other end of the line, in the form of the indeterminate sentence. This admirable provision, which is now in force in some seven or eight states of the Union, and in several countries of Europe, permits a criminal, either upon conviction for his second offense or for his first above the grade of a misdemeanor, to be sentenced to confinement for not less than two or more than fourteen years. He is then sent to a reformatory which, save for bars and locks, is more like an industrial training-school than a prison, and, after being thoroughly and carefully studied, weighed, measured, and having his family history investigated and mapped out, he is put to work in one of the shops at whatever trade he already knows or seems best adapted to learn.

At the end of two years, if his behavior has been satisfactory and his progress in his trade has reached a point where he would be able to support himself honestly outside, he can apply to appear before the prison board, consisting of the warden, or superintendent, several state officials, one or more expert criminologists, one or more physicians who are experts in insanity, and usually a clergyman or two. This board hears his request, investigates his prison record, examines and questions him. Then, if his conduct and progress pass muster, he is released on parole, but not until a definite job has been found for him and some member of the community to which he goes has promised to act as godfather to him and see that he makes regular reports of his conduct and progress.

He is not allowed to change his occupation or his place of residence without permission from the authorities of the prison, and is visited at least twice a year—at irreg-

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ular intervals, so that he will not know the time of the visits—by the parole officer attached to the institution. In this way he is kept under careful surveillance either until the maximum term of fourteen years has expired or until the board is convinced that he is able to support himself and has had his lesson in the unprofitableness of crime, when he may be formally released.

This system, even taking the criminal, as it does, only after he has been convicted of at least two serious offenses, after he has gone through the horrible and disgraceful schools of crime known as "coolers," calabooses, city and county jails, gives surprisingly hopeful results. It rarely happens that more than from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. of those released on parole forfeit their liberty and have to be brought back.

If it will secure such results as these upon the tree after it has become inclined, what might we not expect of a similar sane and humane treatment of the criminally disposed child before the twig is bent?

A BIOLOGICAL CENSUS

What, then, can be offered to take the place of our terror-born social systems—what in the way, not merely of remedial methods, but of a fundamental preventive system?

The first thing, again, is to ascertain accurately the exact facts of the problem to be dealt with. Incredible as it may seem, this has never yet been even approximately done in our most highly civilized and intelligent communities. Were it to be done, our first feeling would be one of surprise and relief at the comparative smallness of the problem. The community should be divided into small units, and every individual and family of each of these units thoroughly investigated, studied, and recorded, so we might know what individuals, families, and groups have shown tendencies to breed criminals, epileptics, insane or feeble-minded persons, or paupers.

These facts should be made matters of public record to which any respectable citizen, for properly authenticated reasons, should have free access, so that sound, vigorous stocks of the community could at least know when they or their children were in danger of marrying into unsound and vitiated stocks and groups. In order to do this, of course, it would be necessary to study and list the vital histories of every member of the community, and the ninety-eight per cent. of sound, decent, self-supporting citizens would receive almost as much direct benefit from this study and listing as the state would indirectly from its recognition and classification of the undesirable two per cent.

CUPID AND THE POORHOUSE

We have known for a century and a half that the proper study of mankind is man; but there is no other study, biologically speaking, which is more grossly and shamefully neglected and of whose rudiments we are more disgracefully ignorant. Any man who owns a racing stable, who breeds prize Holsteins, or even who affects fancy poultry and pedigreed dogs and cats, can tell you more about the physical characters, the pedigrees, the precise behavior from the admixture of different strains, the dangers of bad blood, the effect of feeding with different kinds of foods, the results of various systems of training and selection in horses, horned cattle, or even puppies and kittens, than any group or body of men as yet can tell about the *genus humanum*. To be sure, we have obtained astonishingly good mass results in the main by our infantile, hit-or-miss methods of man-breeding—thanks to Nature's permanent handicap of nine to one in our favor. But think how much better we might do if we would bring our reason and our common sense to bear upon the process, instead of ecstatically chanting the praises of the Little Blind God, and then providing insane asylums, poorhouses, jails, and orphans' homes to take care of his mistakes.

This biological census of the population could be readily carried out, even with the machinery now at our disposal, through a combination of three groups of servants of the Common Good—the teacher, the doctor, and the policeman. Probably we had better attach the prefix "new" to each of these titles, as they will all have to be reformed, if not recast—as Mrs. Poyser puts it, "made over again and made different"—before they can fill their new rôles to satisfaction.

All of these representatives of the public welfare have made encouraging starts in this direction already. All civilized countries and most states of the Union require of the attending physician a fairly elabo-

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rate and circumstantial statement of some of the more important biological facts about a new-born child, in the form of a birth certificate. This at present concerns itself only with such details as the race, color, occupation, social position, birthplace, previous residences, etc., of the parents; but it could easily be expanded so as to include as well their medical history and criminal or other official history, if any, and also to give a thorough and detailed description of the weight, length, chest girth, and presence or absence of any physical defects or diseases in the new-born child.

Then it should be arranged that either the family physician or some physician appointed by the board of health, the school board, or some other organization representing the social good, should visit and carefully inspect the child at least once a month during its first year, and three times a year during its next four years, until it became of school age. The purpose of this supervision would be both to detect any signs of defectiveness or ill health, and to investigate the healthfulness of its environment and correct any defects therein. As one step in this process, physicians should be employed by the year and expected to make regular yearly or half-yearly inspections of every member of the family, and of the house, offices, workshops, and schools in which all of these live or work. In other words, the family physician should be paid to keep the family well instead of merely to dose them after they have fallen sick.

ROCHESTER'S CHILD CATALOGUE

Then, when the child has arrived at school age, it should undergo and pass a thorough and detailed entrance examination before admission to school—an examination by a board of competent experts, upon which teachers, physicians, judges, and biological engineers should be represented. A careful record should be made and filed away of its vigor, its ability, its physical and mental tendencies, as well as any defects or abnormalities.

An admirable beginning of this work has already been made in Rochester, at the instigation of that splendid soldier of the Common Good, Mr. George Goler, whose examination blank for exceptional children covers six folio pages and is a model biological and sociological record of priceless value to the investigator.

The advantage to the normal child of such a conscientious study can hardly be overestimated, for it, and it alone, would enable us intelligently to fit the education to the child, instead of, as we now do, irrationally, fitting the child to the education.

This examination should be repeated at the end or beginning of each year, thus guaranteeing that every child in the community is under the observation of competent, thoughtful experts. They would detect any tendencies toward abnormality at the very first appearance, and would promptly take steps to modify the surroundings and training. Nine times out of ten they would be able to nip such tendencies in the bud.

A POLICEMAN TO WHOM YOU COULD TELL YOUR TROUBLES

Next comes the part of the new policeman for a watchful and fatherly care of the child's public and street life. The first duty of this glorified functionary—which, by the way, should also be first in his present unregenerate state—is to know *all about everybody* in his precinct. This is anything but an impossible task, even in our present absence of biological records, for the average number of inhabitants to each policeman in any of our great cities is only about three hundred and fifty to five hundred. A reasonably inquisitive and intelligent individual could readily make himself thoroughly familiar with everything important to be known about at least a thousand of his fellows. The qualities most required in a policeman are broad and intelligent kindliness, firmness, good judgment, good character, and, above all, a thorough knowledge both of the law and of the individuals to whom he must apply it. He must have intelligence and sympathy with his kind, especially with boys; and be given a correspondingly wide discretion in the discharge of his duties.

He must be able to decide promptly and correctly, at least nine times out of ten, when a given act is a crime and an offense against the welfare of the community, and when it is merely the result of ignorance, of thoughtlessness, or the exuberant vitality of childhood. Much of our "juvenile crime" in large cities is merely the irrepressible craving of youth for amusement and adventure bursting out in abnormal form, because absolutely denied any wholesome and natural gratifica-

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tion. Playgrounds, concerts, and theatres, yes, moving-picture shows and comic supplements, prevent more crimes than scores of patrolmen.

It is hopeless to expect any intelligent and adequate dealing with the open or outbreaking side of crime so long as we recruit our police force from the least intelligent and most narrow-minded classes of the community, and so devise our civil service examinations for admission that brawn and wind can score five points to brains and judgment two. The community pays enough now, both in direct salary and in perquisites "appertainin' thereto" to command a vastly better and more intelligent class of service than it gets. My advice to the college graduate of to-day who has no special training or love for any of the professions, and is desirous of being of service to the community, would be to go on the police force of one of our large cities. There is no more fascinating, more interesting and honorable field of human activity for any real man with a heart in him and a love for his kind.

Nor is this vision any more Utopian than either of the others, for an actual start along these lines has been made, with most encouraging results, in several of our larger cities, notably Cleveland, under the broad-minded and humane rule of Chief Kohler, whose orders to his policemen are: "Make as few arrests as possible, and settle all the difficulties you can out of court." A policeman should be the beloved and trusted confidential adviser upon legal and public matters of all the families in his precinct, and particularly of the boys and girls.

THE WAY TO PREVENT CRIME IS—

Such a perfectly feasible plan of biological engineering as I have outlined would obviously take care of the preventable two-thirds to three-fourths of crime and criminals. But what of that fraction of a fraction, the one-fifth, say, of one per cent. of the community, whose inborn defects are so great as to defy any attempts at correction after birth? Broadly considered, these individuals ought never to have been allowed to happen, and would not have been, eight times out of ten, in a biologically intelligent community. But, having happened, what then? That they should in the first place have been, of course, isolated and placed under such humane restraint as would protect society against their anti-social acts, is, of course, obvious.

But society owes still a further duty to itself and to future generations. It would be little short of criminal, from a biological point of view, to permit even the remotest possibility of their causing other failures like themselves to appear in the next generation. Those of them whose defects are so gross as to require their constant confinement would, of course, by that fact be prevented from reproducing their kind; but the other and larger class who, under favorable circumstances, are partly or even completely self-supporting, and who ought not, in justice either to themselves or to the community, to be perpetually confined, can not be so dealt with.

—TO PREVENT THE BIRTH OF CRIMINALS

For these the only effective and biologically intelligent treatment is sterilization. This has long been almost unanimously advised by penologists; but the sentimental objections to it have been so strong that the recommendations have hitherto been considered purely academic. Within the past ten years, however, a weapon has been placed in our hands which overcomes all these objections, and is probably one of the greatest forward steps in dealing with crime and dependency—in fact, with all forms of vitiation of the race stream—that has been made in the last century. This is the invention of a simple and ingenious operation by which, without any mutilation or loss of structure whatever, and with complete possibility of the later restoration of fertility, any individual can be absolutely prevented from reproducing its kind. Its application has already been carried out now for some six or seven years past in one of the states of our Union which has the most intelligent criminal and charitable code, with actual results that far exceeded expectations. The effect upon the male criminal was to render him much more amenable to discipline, to improve his general nutrition and his mental balance, and to give him a sense of protection against himself and of a new grip upon his life problem. For instance, while the average rate of relapse and return of thousands of convicts sent out from this institution has been about twenty-five per cent., out of one hun-

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dred and six men set at liberty on parole after being submitted to vasectomy, only five have relapsed and been brought back.

How striking and convincing the improvement in the individual criminal has been may be judged from the unexpected fact that while the law gave power to perform this operation upon only a certain limited class of criminals, and merely permission to apply it to a larger group with their consent, more than three-fourths of the seven hundred vasectomies now performed have been done upon criminals with their full consent, and indeed in many cases at their own request. The utter indifference of the criminal to his own reproductive powers is, of course, only of a piece with his general anesthesia. He is essentially a solitary, unsocial individual, casual and migratory in his habits of life, caring nothing for the forming of family ties or the assumption of the obligations of family life.

So great is the interest excited by this novel operation and its unexpected results in criminological circles that letters of inquiry are being received from all over the civilized world in regard to the methods of its application and its effects, several other states and countries have placed laws authorizing it upon their statute books, and many others are seriously considering such legislation.

A FAMILY PARTY OF DEFECTIVES

But, perhaps some one will ask, if criminals represent merely the inevitable accidental percentage of failures or are recruited in some degree from all ranks of society, what right have we to presume that they will tend to reproduce their criminal or other defective traits?

The proof is painfully abundant and convincing. Although the criminal, the insane, the pauper, the drunkard are in a sense accidents—what the biologist calls "sports"—unfortunately their peculiarities are, in biological phrase, "germinal"; they tend to breed true and reproduce their kind.

No one can advance more than a very short distance into the study of the problems of crime, of insanity, of hereditary diseases, of feeble-mindedness, of drunkenness, of epilepsy, before he discovers that he has, so to speak, got into a family party. All work done among any class of these defectives produces noticeable improvement in all, while failure in the attack upon any one of the hydra heads of this crime-and-dependency dragon gives new lease of life to all of the others. It is practically certain, for instance, that if all feeble-minded individuals were prevented from reproducing their kind for, say, fifty years, not only would the crop of feeble-minded and idiots in the population be diminished two-thirds, but our criminal output would be less by at least one-fourth, and our pauper by fully one-half.

HOW HEREDITY WORKS AMONG CRIMINALS

Through the wonderful dominance, or, in biological terms, "survival value," of the good, it is fortunately true that even of the offspring of a criminal or a lunatic, if he be fortunate enough to avoid mating with another criminal, lunatic, feeble-minded individual, or pauper, not more than one-fourth will be criminal and perhaps another fourth mentally or physically defective. Even the worst criminal stocks ever studied, like the famous Jukes of New York state—intermarrying, inbreeding, and mating only with their degenerate kind, as they did—produced nearly four hundred comparatively harmless and self-supporting individuals as a partial offset to their three-hundred-odd criminals, paupers, prostitutes, and feeble-minded.

In Mendelian terms, vigor and virtue are *dominant*, vice and weakness *recessive*, in heredity. But, unfortunately, another thing has shown itself equally clearly, and this is that even a recessive character tends to reappear in offspring most obstinately, although, roughly speaking, only one-fourth as frequently as the dominant character. Not only so, but, by another now well-established principle of Mendelian law,

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when recessive mates with recessive, then all the offspring are recessive, and the dominant traits are entirely suppressed. This has been most strikingly shown in that group of defectives in which this sort of diabolically selective mating is most common, namely, in the feeble-minded. Never yet was normal child born of the union of two feeble-minded parents.

What makes it even more legitimate, not to say imperative, for society to interfere radically in this process is that studies of the feeble-minded and paupers have shown that they are more prolific than the normal classes of the community, marrying early and often, and having families of the real old-fashioned size.

WHERE DIVORCE IS A DUTY

For instance, in the records of one group of eighty such families shown me by the superintendent of the admirable New Jersey State Training School for Feeble-Minded Girls and Boys, the average number of children per family was seven, a dozen or more ran over ten, and three reached sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen, respectively. To be sure, on account of the inevitable poverty, dirt, and neglect into which these children are born, their infant mortality rate is so high that they are probably not increasing in proportion to the rest of the community; yet it is practically certain that they are at least holding their own.

While the chief sentiment inspired by the consideration of these poor "innocents" and "objects," as the Scotch and Irish peasantry term them, is that of pity, yet they can not, unfortunately, be regarded as merely harmless objects of charity; for not only do they furnish mates for criminals and become the mothers and fathers of paupers and prostitutes, but in almost every group or generation one or more will rise to that level of unbalanced vigor which will make him an active and successful criminal. The famous ancestress of the Jukes family, "Margaret, the Mother of Criminals," was a half-insane prostitute, and her two sisters, whose descendants contributed largely to her viper's brood, were both feeble-minded.

Sterilize or isolate for life all our existing criminals, feeble-minded persons, chronic paupers, habitual drunkards, and incurably insane; clean up the rookeries and slums and bad neighborhoods and holes where they multiply, just as you would the breeding-places of the malarial mosquito and the typhoid fly, and in twenty-five years crime and dependency would be half wiped out.

But the duty of society does not end even here. The same law of the tendency of inherited defects to crop out again in successive generations holds through all ranks and classes of society. Not more than half our criminals come from previous criminals, paupers, or other unfortunate classes. The others are the results of the outcroppings of vicious or defective tendencies in all ranks and classes of society, including the highest. But even the black sheep of a good family does not come by chance; and a proper listing and registration of the little peculiarities which will crop out even in the best of families, with avoidance of injudicious and unfit matings, and a careful promotion by every possible means of fit and suitable matings, will within a few generations remove these defects in otherwise vigorous, desirable, and successful stock.

Progress in this direction and the awakening of a biological conscience will, of necessity, be slow and gradual; but it is sure to come. The most immediately important and practical step necessary is a prompt declaration by society and by the law—if possible by the church, though that seems hopeless—that not only should divorce promptly be granted to any man or woman who finds himself or herself mated to an individual marked with any one of these defects, but that to remain in wedlock with such an individual is a biological crime and an offense against the best interests of the race.

No small proportion of our criminals are the children born to drunken, vicious-tempered, dissipated, worthless husbands by women who would gladly have escaped from the hell upon earth in which they were living had it not been that the law forbade, that society would frown upon them, and that the church would forbid them her sacraments. Immediate provision should be made not merely for the prompt liberation of such a woman from such a bond, but for her full and adequate support and for the training and education of her children—wherever alimony would be difficult to secure, or, if secured, would be little better than a mockery.

No scheme of dealing with crime would be

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even approximately adequate and complete that did not include the successful criminal as well as the unsuccessful one. He is probably, it is true, less numerous and renders certain services to the community as an offset against the injuries which he inflicts; but he is, of course, much more powerful, and probably, in the long run, a more dangerous anti-social influence. Just what his percentile frequency is, it is difficult to determine, on account of the inadequacy of the data—due to the fact that he has never been caught and tagged—and to the vagueness of the systems of his classification. But so far as the reports of the census bureau enable us to determine, he would appear to approximate to the normal percentage of defectives, namely, about one-half of one per cent.

That such a class of moral defectives exists is unfortunately evidenced with painful distinctness by the daily and weekly personal experiences of every one of us.

The fact that our laws should have signally failed to deal effectively with him, as with his unsuccessful brother at the other end of the scale, is little to be wondered at when we remember how many of the laws were made under his direction or modified by his representatives, and how many of them are interpreted by judges who, however honest personally, have received the bulk of their legal training as his confidential advisers. He buys outright the best brains and consciences of one of the ablest of our learned professions, and subsidizes about half of the other two; and as he supplies the sinews of war to both political parties, he is never without friends in both legislative and administrative circles.

GETTING "WISE" TO OUR BIG ENEMIES

But there are encouraging signs that the conscience of the people is slowly beginning to awake to his encroachments; the learned professions are showing symptoms of being ashamed of the partnership into which they have been entrapped against the welfare of the community, and it looks as if at the present rate of judicial progress some indictments might be found against him before he dies of old age, and possibly one or two of him caught and appropriately striped, so as to discourage the others.

In the meantime, as he has succeeded in entrenching himself locally so securely in his ward, rotten borough, or state as to defy attack, one can not help thinking at times that it might be useful to return to that curious old weapon of the whole people when once thoroughly aroused against any single individual, namely, ostracism, with its accompanying sentence of banishment. On the whole, it appears to have worked well in classical times.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, when a boy, made the suggestion to his mother, after discussing the case of some village reprobate, that it would be an excellent idea to have an election every year at which a vote should be cast for the most unpopular man in each community; and then, gently but firmly, to take the individual so designated out and hang him.

HOW WOULD OSTRACISM DO AS A REMEDY?

It would hardly be necessary to proceed to such extreme lengths as this, but supposing, say, at each presidential election, it were permissible for any body of five thousand or more voters to demand a vote upon the name of some alleged enemy of the Common Good, declaring him a traitor to his country and an enemy to her peace. Then suppose a majority of the ballots cast by the united American people endorsed this sentiment. Suppose this individual were then sentenced to banishment until, say, the next presidential election, with loss of all political rights and without permission to remove from the country or to transfer any of his real estate or other possessions save the moneys needed for his personal support.

At the end of that period he might be permitted to return on probation, unless another submission of his name were called for. If this resulted in his condemnation for a second time, the sentence of banishment should become permanent and include confiscation of his property.

The system would, of course, be subject to certain abuses; but it would seem as if it could hardly fail to produce a chastening effect upon the high-handed actions of certain financial magnates and political bosses and to render certain defiantly and openly anti-social courses of action distinctly less popular. It certainly would make it unsafe to assume openly the "public-be-Vanderbilted" attitude.

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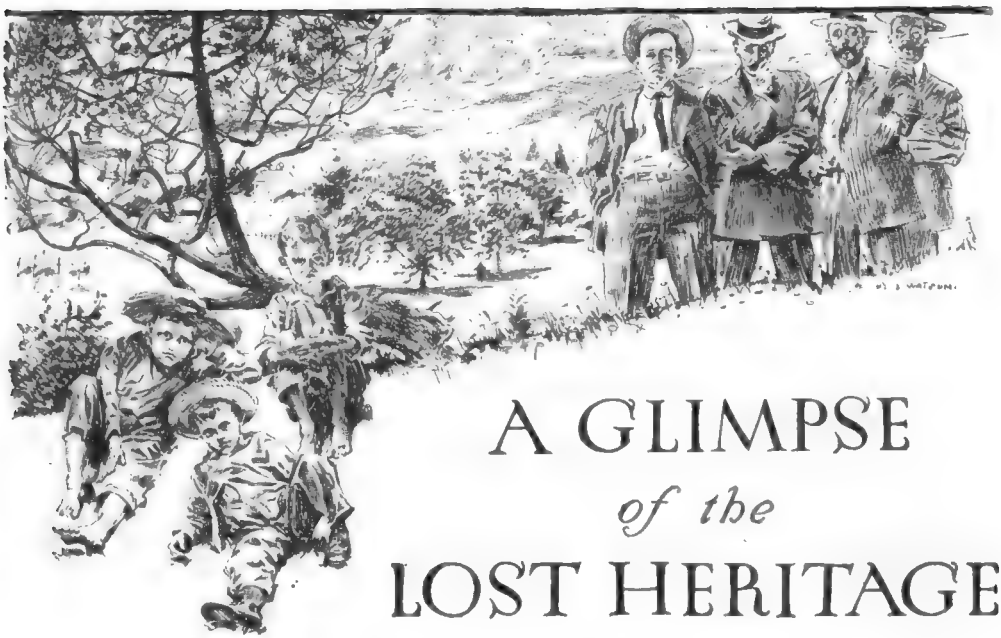

A GLIMPSE *of the* LOST HERITAGE

By HENRY S. WATSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

"I GIVE and bequeath to boys, jointly and severally, all the useful, idle fields and commons where ball may be played; all pleasant waters where one may swim; all snow-clad hills where one may coast; and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate; to have and to hold these same for the period of their boyhood; and all meadows with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof; the woods with their appurtenances, the squirrels and the birds and all echoes and strange noises; and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found—but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter devised to lovers."

"Together with the adventures there found!" That was the phrase!—from the last will and testament of a man in whose brain God had mercifully placed a tiny clot, so that his mind remained an utter blank about business. It had been revolving within me throughout this noisy city with each clattering flat wheel and shrieking car-brake.

I had just escaped from sea breezes heavy with hoarse barkers' shouts and the tum-tumming of electric organs, where I tried to find a bit of beach for myself. Watching the feet passing on the boardwalk, I had wondered how many of them would feel more at home in sabots stuffed with straw than in holiday patent leathers. I had bolted blindly from it all and had lunched perfunctorily at the club, imagining how my friends would behave at my funeral.

There were two days left of my vaunted vacation. With a vague determination to do something desperate with them, I was soon on a cross-street, hurrying aimlessly once more. Ahead of me was an old gentleman. My turbulent thoughts somehow focused on him. I slowed my pace. The lines of the shoulders, the way the trousers broke and hung, the walk, the cane, everything proclaimed unmistakably the old aristocrat.

He was just passing a stable. Some baled hay cluttered the sidewalk. He stopped, pulled out a handful, and held it to his nose. As I passed, I caught his expression —that of a boy watching eagerly for a soar-

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ing fly, which some fellow has knocked, to drop in his hands.

Then, out of my vague consciousness, I understood why the old gentleman's back had appealed to me. It suggested the venerable judge in our home town—the town where I had known the boys' underworld and overworld; where I was sent shining to Sunday-school, wondering if favoritism would again deprive me of the one book I wanted in all that library chosen so carefully by conscientious members of the church. Or was it my linen trousers, creased at the sides, making such a terrible noise as I walked, that held my thoughts in resentment?

I looked back at the old gentleman. His shoulders were squared; he stood straighter; he was still smelling the hay.

I knew exactly what I wanted now. I hurried on. In a moment I was racing up a brownstone stoop. It was after hours, and the doctor opened the door to me himself. I had him by the shoulders in an instant.

"Come on, Ed," I shouted; "come on out and smell the hay!"

The doctor looked at me steadily out of his gray eyes—a professional look, for a second, to make sure his old playmate had not gone crazy. Then a smile came.

"Gee!" he said, "you look just like you did before I blacked your eye for teasing me about the little girl that lived out at the crossroads."

But in a moment I had him as excited as I was, full of the idea that everything depended on doing something in the next two days.

"Oh, come on!" he was saying over the telephone presently. "We'll meet you at the ferry, and then we take the train and change at the junction, and then drive four miles to the little village beyond our old town."

That is how it all started; and the next morning we were sitting on the village tavern porch, in solid wooden armchairs, at sunrise.

I own up to a guilty feeling—a feeling that somehow I shouldn't be sitting there; that I ought to be skulking across the street, where I could watch—breathlessly—the crowd get up and go in and come out of a door that always spelt mystery to me, and made such whisperings among people I was taught to respect. I remember when Injun Joe was arrested, he burst out of a door just like it—a green, shutter-like, swinging door; and if it hadn't been that he slipped on the step, maybe the constable couldn't have handcuffed him so quick——

But here we sat, four of us, all country-bred; four of us to embark in two canoes for "distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found." What though the journey must end in two days at the boat club on the big river!

I had insisted on this early rising, for, now that we were here, I confess I was apprehensive lest, in the grinding years of the city, we had lost power to recall the long unused mood necessary to fit us into the picture with the blue sky over all. So here we sat, rather sleepily, our oldest clothes lovingly enfolding us like sunshine, our soft hats dented and drawn down over our eyes in a truculent abandon of freedom. And it was an hour till breakfast!—an hour simply to sit on the porch and invoke the native deities to aid in restoring an elusive mood, so that we might start right.

So far, my enthusiasm had kept all doubts of pleasure safely in the background; and now, my deaf ear turned to gibes and complaints, I was straining the other to catch sounds out of the morning mist. Already milk had rattled by to market. A shutter slammed. A pump creaked. The faint smell of coffee floated in the air. Some one began splitting wood. A boy came by, driving a cow. He was barefoot. His hair had been wet and combed and plastered down. He was dressed just right to be the first of the pack to toss his clothes in a heap and plunge into the swimming-hole. The four of us, with never a word, watched him eagerly till he disappeared around the bend in the road. The blacksmith's anvil began to ring out its sweet rhythm. Some chickens strolled into the road, scratching tentatively in the dust.

Then, at last, we looked at one another, and knew that the kindly deities had set the cup of Lethe to our lips. We were tingling with that immortal joy of the early morning mists. In the old bare-legged days it used to possess us in the race to the landing-place. But what risks we took coming back—slipping by Hermit Island in the twilight, with padlocks on our lips, an hour and a half late for supper, trusting to callers on the front porch to keep off parental wrath as long as possible, or to placate it altogether. At best there was always Mary to face, stolid and unforgiving, in the kitchen

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THE ELVES ON THE BANK WERE ALL DRESSED BUT ONE, WHO WAS CHEWING THE KNOT OUT OF HIS WET UNDERSHIRT.

where we ate our cold supper. But it was all risked again and again for the tingle and the promise of the early morning mists; and the cold supper mattered not a whit.

Nor did the village hotel breakfast matter now. We bolted it and were off.

Down by the creek lived a man—a pile of driftwood for his fire, his cabin cluttered with fish-nets and traps—a little old, sprightly boy-man with ripe red cheeks, who owns for himself alone every hour of the year. It was his sun-browned hands that pushed us off, his clear, bright eyes that looked approvingly on us as adventurous spirits embarking on this little journey, which had been called my "Kindergarten Trip." It was an auspicious omen. For among all the guides—men of Nature, call them—I have had for days or weeks at a time, this little old man stands out alone.

Moonlight and sunlight, the changing seasons—all the moods of the weather, had passed into his soul. The rip-ringing of cracking ice on a breathless moonlight winter night, when only water, frozen or liquid, is privileged to complain or laugh; the lush whisperings of the year when thistles plan an invasion of the daisy-fields—it was all his by heart; and it made him nearest of kin to the satyr who devised the first flute and played all the beasts to sleep on empty bellies. The little old man amounted to nothing in politics, but he was trusted to give all the small children swimming lessons.

Our canoes were fops in varnish among the village fleet of flat-bottomed boats that floated there. We dipped our paddles slowly, as one rolls a sweet morsel. We had but thirty miles to go in two days. Often we had made more in a day, away back in the wild woods, where each turn is taken cautiously for the sight of a moose or a deer.

We paddled through a swamp with over-

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hanging trees tangled with briar and vine. We drifted, while through willows we caught glimpses of tilled fields, green pastures, and wooded hillsides. We glided between meadow lands. On a level with our heads were armies of daisies and buttercups, marshaled in review as the soft wind bowed them into a salute to us, while a thrush somewhere flung out a brave fanfare. We stopped and slid carefully through the branches of a fallen tree, into the midst of a wavy, shady green valley. Little clouds, high in the blue, tried to mirror their joy in our creek; but the jealous trees guarded it well here.

Where a brook had thrown into our creek a raw gravel bar, we had luncheon. When one has stooped to wash dishes and pans in the edge of the stream, after a hearty meal, one goes away with a pipe and sits quietly to rest and nod—that is, if the journey be but a quiet canter for joy. So I climbed to the brow of the hill and stretched myself under a chestnut-tree. My view was a rolling sea of broad acres, with islands of trees. Over by the other shore, a house and barns nestled on one of the islands. Daisies and buttercups nodded all about me. I drew a big breath in the joy of smelling all this again. And then I tried to remember what the October smell under this tree was like, when a fence rail leans against it, so that the boys may climb and shake—and be late to supper for another reason. I could remember, too, all the different smells of the Mediterranean ports, and I was sorting them out lazily in my mind, when my pipe dropped from my mouth, and, with the supreme satisfaction of not caring what happened to it or any bedclothes, I snuggled—until loud voices called me.

The shadows lengthened and crawled across the creek and up the hillsides, as we got fairly under weigh again. We drifted by a bunch of candocks in the lazy hum of summer afternoon. Suddenly there was a widening of the creek and an air of expectancy all about us. Like voyagers coming upon a stockade new in the wilderness, we glimpsed, around a point, the old mill, and floated out on the swimming-hole.

The elves on the bank were all dressed but one, who was chewing the knot out of his wet undershirt. It was a critical moment to arrive. The small boy who bathes

A BIG-EYED BOY WITH DANGLING BARE LEGS AND AN ALDER POLE, COAXING FISH, TO BE CARRIED PROUDLY TO THE KITCHEN.

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in the altogether in packs of twenty or so has a summer-time jungle-lore of his own. At the unseemly flicker of an eyelash, at the taunting twist of a mouth all hidden by a beard, he is out in force to greet you with clots of mud and disconcerting gibes. Look him frankly between the eyes and smile understandingly, and your canoes and duffel go around the dam in tender, wondering pixy hands, and all his jungle-lore is yours for the asking.

We were accepted solemnly by our brothers in blood, and the talk on the carry at the dam was full of intimate tribal confidences. They pushed us gently off the bar below the sheeting-hole, and as we rounded the bend we saw, over our shoulders, a line of barefoot heirs-apparent watching silently the passing of strangers who thus, on sufferance, could briefly share their heritage.

With crackling, mirthless laugh, a kingfisher piloted us for a hundred yards or so, waiting on a dead tree, then flying on, and on again, until he concluded our danger was over. Back up the creek he went, perhaps to pilot, next time, an old fisherman with greasy hatband, whose squeaking thole-pins were sure to make all the sensitive citizens of the wood nervous and complaining.

It was the day-dreaming time of late afternoon, before the sunset comes to wrap about one's attention. The doctor was in the bow of my canoe, and his back fascinated me, with its steady, even swing. Odd fancies came and went in the moving stripes of his shirt; fancies that jumped to the shore and floated to the sky, flew across the ocean and around the world, perhaps —I have forgotten just whither.

We glided into a cool spot deep down between the hills. Up high on the tree-tops was golden-yellow sunlight, the forerunner of dying day. It was the light that crawls in under the branches and plays hide-and-seek amid the underbrush, lighting it up as the noonday sun never can. Imperceptibly it faded into a half light. Crimson clouds were piled high in the east; in the west every tree was etched sharp against a glorious burst of burnished gold. We paddled into it all where the stream smiled gently in spent wrinkles of color, as we followed the other canoe around the bend. We set our faces toward the crimson clouds, and the shadows and reflections slowly grew mysterious and faded around us, till all was gray, diaphanous twilight on stream and shore when we made our landing.

We were still miles from the boat club, with its butler and steward and carriageman; but another delegation of tribesmen met us, dug their bare toes into the sand, and sturdily pulled our canoes up on the shore of the little cove. Then they stood, shy and awkward in the background, eager to join in a shrill chorus every time a question was asked.

In the middle of a dusty lane leading to a farmhouse, gripping a tin pail for milk to grace our dinner, I stopped and listened. It was a boy's brave treble ringing out a glad song. The primal mystery of ending day had laid deep hold on his young soul. He was singing an unconfessed something that welled up forever within him. It penetrated the twilight, thin and strong, with the sheer pureness and lilt of something thrown into the world out of immeasurable joy. It was all untrained; but trained musicians would stop and listen, and not know enough to keep it for the world to hear—yes, a song heard perhaps once in a hundred years.

As it pierced and transfixed me. suddenly the tremulous, luminous haze of the sky faded and shifted, and there was the country schoolhouse, and in it a little girl with pigtails and bravely starched frock was singing, and a boy with moist eyes dreamed she was singing to him forever. Something moved rustlingly in the underbrush, and the vision was gone, leaving me alone with this boy just around the turn. I hurried away, lest he should discover me and know instinctively that I had no right to have overheard and understood.

I returned with my milk and brought out the package to which I had been acting as child's nurse. It had been the target for ludicrous insinuations all the way from the city, as I put it carefully here and there. It became again the target; but I stolidly built my own fire, opened the package, and coaxed the contents over the coals. Then I was forgiven all my faults and was told that every one was sorry for all the things that had been said about me; and, as a special mark of appreciation, when we had finished, the doctor proposed that we two paddle away into the moonlight.

In other years, a bridge that looked like a barn out wading would have been below us. Now it was replaced by a new iron structure.

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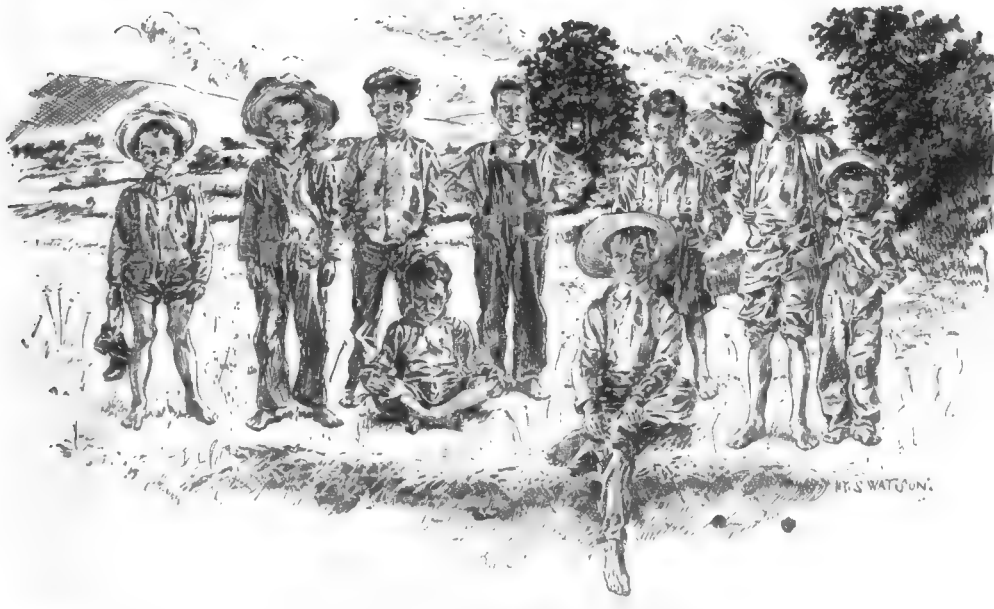
I am sure the town council had their names on a plate somewhere about it in plain view. Boys, skylarking in the framework, looked like spiders in a gigantic web. As the hours called them to a foot-bath and bed, we dropped down in the shadow of the bridge and tied. With the water a slipping noise in the darkness, we settled ourselves comfortably with our pipes.

Lovers strolled on the bridge, and their voices were low and caressing. Country carts plodded back from town. The fierce lights of an automobile peered over the hill, made a bow, dipped down, rattled across the bridge, and were gone. It had not the ancient lore of its wooden predecessor; but this new bridge, too, had secrets to tell the whole clock round—even when the tavern lights went out, and only the dogs were left to bay the moon.

We slipped back to camp before that, and soon four sleeping-bags gave a final heave and settled into silence.

Next morning the creek embraced us ever so lovingly as we splashed into it for our morning bath. Over its surface ran broad ripples of laughter to complete its welcome and hospitality. The smell of fried bacon floating on the early morning air, in a place where an Indian stepping suddenly from behind a tree would not seem strange, brings a contentment in lingering in unconscionable while over breakfast. But the moonlight mystery woven for us last night was far away now, and when the last piece of bread was toasted, we all, with one accord sought the haunts of our kind in the village.

Before we reached it, up the hill we met a straggling procession with muffled drums. Lagging back of the small boys, we followed to the modest God's acre, and stood, strangers with uncovered heads, silently watching and paying involuntary reverence at a veteran's burial. The crooked little platoon of eight shrunken soldiers was as pathet-



A LINE OF BAREFOOT HEIRS-APPARENT.

ic as the tiny faded flags showing here and there on the low mounds among the daisies fluttering a memory of strong, straight fighting-lines. Perhaps on just such another morning, years ago, the racket of musketry, the boom and flash of cannon, hoarse shouts and screams, had smitten their ears out of the thick smoke that changed God's landscape. And then, perhaps, a gentle breeze, like that which now stirred the white locks of the old pastor, made a little swirling lane in the hot, stifling fumes, showing the daisy-field strewn with the debt of a nation.

A cracked voice, which tried to reach up to its old vigor, gave a command. Ramrods rattled; locks clicked. Again a command, and a volley went clattering among the hills, to make the bluejays scold. Two more nervous, ragged volleys, and the smoke

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drifted and clung lovingly around the tattered flag that pointed straight up to the blue sky where another soldier had rejoined the command of the Great General.

We did not bother about the village after that, but went down the hill thoughtfully and embarked once more. We paddled or floated again through green meadows all shot with wild flowers or beneath the cool, inviting shadow of the woods. Other kingfishers took the job of piloting us. Our welcome was complete everywhere. Even the breeze rustled a song of joy for us above in the leaves of the birches, with their ragged bark clothes. In our supreme content, our pity went out to the passengers in a railroad train that rattled over a bridge, while we drifted under hanging boughs with to-morrow as far away as ever a South Sea Islander dare put it. We belonged nowhere; we were going nowhere; we had drained our cup of Lethe to the dregs.

Dancing along in sunlight and shadow were fancies, sweetest, daintiest, happiest fancies, born and buried all in a moment, at the sweep of a shady group of willows, or a farmhouse gracing a hill. We surprised a big-eyed boy with dangling bare legs and an alder pole, coaxing fish, to be carried proudly to the kitchen, strung on a twig. A muskrat raced with us, shutting his door with a splash against our friendly interest. It was all our creek now, though we held no musty deed for it; and had any man or grasping government tried to fence it or take it away from us, we should have fought with blind, sullen hate in our hearts—the same hate that the red men's hearts held as they watched the log cabins grow.

Regret came next and perched in the bows of our canoes. We smiled and sighed to think that we must leave all this again. It was the same sigh we heaved as boys when the landing-place came in sight.

We still belonged to another world after our canoes had ended their part of the journey. For us, the men at the boat club were aliens. And on the train we did not talk much even among ourselves. At the ferry-house each bought his favorite night edition and rattled it industriously. At the club we dined royally in apparently contented silence.

Each had caught a glimpse of his lost heritage, and the near retrospect was like a thirst half quenched, which wonders when it will get another draft from the old, worn cocoanut shell on the sweet, damp shelf of the well-house.

VOICES IN THE CITY

BY E. W. OSBORN

I listened to the city's harsh complaint
Of evils in high place; of moneyed taint
That marred her fair renown; of works half done
In duty's scorn; of crime at set of sun
That added darkness to the nightly shade.
And then—I heard a mother laughing with her child that played.

But soon the city's voice to boasting turned,
And revels rose where myriad white lights burned.
The hours were brief that late seemed dol'rous long,
The wine ran sparkling, and with jest and song
The gay throng whirled. But keen above the tide
Of joy, I heard—a mother crying for her babe that died.

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THE WORLD IN FOUR WALLS

NEW METHODS OF MUSEUM MAKING

BY HENRY M. HYDE
and A. S. CHAPMAN

MEDUSA, with her snaky hair; Cerberus the dog of many heads; Polyphemus, the giant with a single eye in the middle of his forehead; the monkey-faced mermaid; the Blood Sweating Behemoth of Holy Writ ("My! Ain't he plain!" says the sympathetic old lady at the circus); Jo-Jo, the Dog-Faced Boy—down through history to the present day marches the long procession of monsters, each, in turn, slain by some hero of mythology or science.

"The public loves to be fooled," said that glorious old mountebank, P. T. Barnum.

"Knowledge begins in wonder," answered Langley, the scientist, wiser and greater than the showman—and so gave the modern museum its working motto.

Hanging like pendent jewels to the southern tip of the oldest of continents are a thousand tropic islands, great and small. To the west, in the Indian Ocean, are the tiny Andamans and Nicobars. Dropping down from the Malay Peninsula and sprinkled over the China Sea and the broad Pacific are Sumatra, Borneo—where the wild men come from—Java, the Moluccas, the Carolines, and all that swarm of lesser islands which make the East Indies and the seas beyond the home of mystery, romance, and adventure.

For hundreds of years the English, the Dutch, the Spanish, and the Portuguese—sea-roamers and colonizers—have held title, often more or less shadowy, over these scattered lands. On the larger islands they

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among the great museums of the world.

All museums owe much to volunteer collectors, of whom Dr. Abbott is the finest type. But a really great museum, organized on a comprehensive scale, can not, of course, depend on casual gifts.

Huxley defines a museum as "a consultive library of objects." A regular library contains only books, wherein are set down in type what men have thought about themselves and other things. But in a great museum the things themselves are brought together and preserved. All history, all the ages, every continent, and every people are brought together in little—not only brought together, but carefully studied and arranged in order, showing their connections and their differences; how one has come from another; how the ascending spiral of creaship which exists between the microscopic microbe and the flaming sun.

Working toward such an ideal, it is clear that every museum must be dependent on field explorers and collectors for the raw material out of which its fabric is to be constructed. These men and what they gather determine its scope and the rate of its growth. In this direction the National Museum has been at once fortunate and limited. All scientific collections, made under the authority of the Government, belong to it by law. Very great and valuable have been the collections which have come to it as the result of various government activities. But for field expeditions of its own it has been forced to depend on the liberality—or parsimony—of Uncle Joe Cannon and his colleagues in Congress.

By courtesy of the Field Museum of Natural History.

A BEAR GROUP IN PREPARATION. THESE LIFE-SIZE CASTS WILL BE COVERED WITH THE TREATED BEAR-SKINS, AND THE GROUP WILL BE MOUNTED AS IN THE MINIATURE MODEL, AGAINST THE PAINTED BACKGROUND.

tion, beginning in space and chaos, climbs slowly upward through a million forms to man. A museum is a reverent attempt to make plain the plan of God. Its tremendous collections are gathered in the fervid hope that some day a man shall be born whose mind is great enough to grasp the full scope of created nature—to demonstrate the certain and intimate relation-

And—as in most matters not connected with the pork barrel—Uncle Joseph has been most frequently quite conservative.

Richly endowed institutions, such as the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago, maintain a regular staff of field collectors, who may be sent to any part of the world to search for new material or to fill up gaps in existing collections. Certainly in the pres-

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By courtesy of the Field Museum of Natural History

GETTING FOSSIL BONES FROM A PERPENDICULAR FACE OF ROCK.

ent generation no class of men lead such romantic and adventurous lives as these world-wanderers after scientific loot. Also, by way of preventing the profession from being overcrowded, it should be said that no class of men of equal ability and attainments, whose work is so hard and dangerous, is so insufficiently paid.

It is hard to get a true scientific collector to talk about the personal perils he has encountered. Most of them, in fact, hold that even the most primitive and savage tribe may be safely visited if one is careful to introduce himself properly and to behave like a gentleman during his stay. They seem to feel that automobiles and electric cars and typhoid germs in the water are more to be feared than the poisoned arrows and war-clubs of the most ferocious heathen.

Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, Curator of Physical Anthropology in the National Museum, spent the summer of 1910 in the interior of Peru, where he collected 3,500 skulls and skeletons of various Indian tribes, many of whom were buried before Columbus started the Go-West-Young-Man movement. One would think that to ravage the graves and carry away the bones of almost anybody's ancestors would be a somewhat dangerous business. But Dr. Hrdlicka shrugs his shoulders. "It is only necessary to be honest and tactful in dealing with a primitive people. Tell them that you do not come to take their land; that you are ready to pay for food and a place to sleep; that you want to study their history and to find how they are connected with other tribes and peoples. It is foolish to try to frighten them with mysteries and incantations. They have magicians of their own, who have their full share of professional jealousy."

Turning, with a sigh of relief, from the personal discussion, Dr. Hrdlicka pulled open one of the hundred drawers which lined the room. "Here are a dozen skulls," he said, "which show that these Indians understood the delicate operation of trephining, which our surgeons have only comparatively recently learned to perform with success. This specimen, where the edges of the opening in the skull are still sharp, shows that the man died under the knife; but in all these others, where the edges have grown smooth and even, the patients recovered. But these same Indians did not understand how to reduce a simple fracture of the arm or leg bones.

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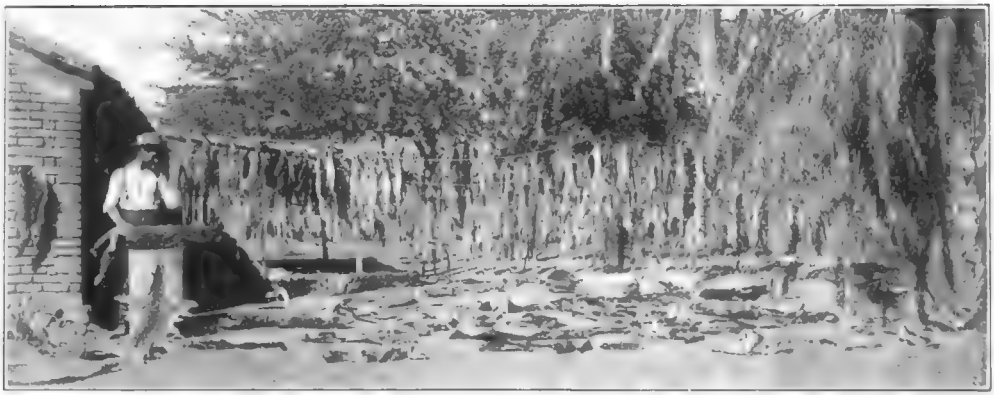

By courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.

PACKING DAY FOR A COLLECTOR IN MEXICO. THE SKINS OF ANIMALS ARE THOROUGHLY TREATED BEFORE SHIPPING, SO THAT THEY SHALL CARRY NO GERMS OF TROPICAL PLAGUES.

"It is our business," he went on, "to study the physical characteristics of the different races of men; the results of a mixture of races; of work in various trades, and of life in different climates and surroundings. We study, too, the structure of the primates—the great apes and monkeys—to see how they differ from and are related to man."

On a shelf near by stood a great row of glass jars. "Each holds the brain of a gibbon monkey." His arms went out in a gesture of pride and possession. "Here are more brains of gibbon monkeys than all the other museums of the world can boast!"

His collection contains, besides, more than eleven thousand human skulls and skeletons.

One does not find that all field explorers are so fortunate in their dealings with savage and remote peoples.

A Chicago Board of Trade man gave twenty thousand dollars to the Field Museum to finance an expedition to the *terra incognita* of the Philippine Islands. Headed by Dr. Charles Jones, the party left Manila and disappeared into the dark and unexplored interior. For months it was lost, unheard of. Then, carried for many miles through untracked jungle and forest by native runners, and across the Pacific by cable, came the terrible word that young Jones had been murdered. On the instant, the head curator of the department left Chicago, to rescue, if possible, at least the blood-stained trophies of the year's work and to secure the punishment of the murderers.

By courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.

THE SKINS ARE REMOVED BY TRAINED WORKERS, WITH THE LEAST POSSIBLE CUTTING AND MUTILATION.

Over the long trail hurried the

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curator, to find at the end the great collections untouched. Dr. Jones had penetrated into the far interior of northern Luzon, where never a white man had been seen before. He had made friends with the Ilongot tribe of savages and had lived with them, in apparent harmony, for weary months, all the while gathering unique and priceless material for his museum. His great task near completion, and all suspicions of danger quieted, he had been set upon and killed as he slept. Perhaps he had unconsciously offended the head men or magicians of the tribe; perhaps savage cupidity had inspired the murder. But once this strange white creature lay dead, superstitious fears seized the natives. They fled, leaving his collections intact. The curator, trusting the long arm of the army to put the fear of the white man's vengeance into the hearts of the Ilongots, raised a small monument over the grave of the martyr and brought back his treasures to Chicago, where he is spending the year in their study and classification.

Happier—and happily more typical—is the experience of Wilford H. Osgood, Assistant Curator of Birds and Mammals in the same museum. Mr. Osgood returned in May from four months spent in the far interior mountains of Venezuela and Colombia. He brought back with him between eight and nine hundred specimens of birds and mammals. But his chief treasures, announced in such modest triumph as a scientist allows himself, were—not diamonds or gold nuggets from a newly discovered mine

By courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.

MUSEUM ARTISTS AT WORK ON A WILD TURKEY GROUP. THE UPPER PICTURE SHOWS THE FINISHED PRODUCT.

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—but the skins and skeletons of ten specimens of a small animal about the size of a rat, belonging to the genus *Cænolestes*, which includes, also, the kangaroo and the opossum. Nothing but small remnants of the bones of this animal have hitherto been discovered, and it has been believed to be entirely extinct. The study of the material which Mr. Osgood has secured is expected to settle several mooted points in zoology. It may also throw some light on the theory that, in some remote period of geologic time, there was a land connection between Australia—home of the kangaroo—and that portion of the South American continent inhabited by the opossum and this new-old animal; for all these marsupials, the young of which are carried in a pouch in the body of the mother, are among the earliest and most primitive existing forms of animal development, and are found nowhere else in the world.

By courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.

"DO YOU WANT TO BUY THIS BIG TOAD, MISTER?"

From the work of such men as these, supplemented by the many gifts of volunteer collectors, a great part of the museum material is obtained. The great world museums have also a system of exchanging their duplicate specimens among themselves and with various large private collectors. The National Museum,

By courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.

MODELING A GIANT SALAMANDER. THE ORIGINAL CAME FROM JAPAN AND WAS THE LARGEST EVER KNOWN.

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which is directed by the Smithsonian Institution, has nearly forty thousand foreign correspondents scattered about the world, who give it the first chance to secure their surplus material.

Another rich field for museum collectors is the enormous aggregation of objects which are brought together in the great expositions. It was, of course, the World's Fair in Chicago which was responsible for the Field Museum, with its present working capital of ten million dollars—the gift of Marshall Field, one of the world's greatest merchants. From each of these big shows the various museums get, by purchase or gift, large and valuable additions. The National Museum is especially favored by the fact that scores of officers in the army and navy, scattered about the world, take a patriotic pleasure in serving as its unofficial representatives. It is also now quite the established thing for every hunting and exploring expedition of any importance to take with it a collector for one or another of the great museums. In all these ways museum collections are constantly increased, until to-day the three buildings of the National Museum at Washington alone contain about ten million objects of real scientific, historical, or artistic value.

Here in the receiving-room stand a dozen great hogsheads, heavily strapped with iron. They hold the skins of beasts killed in the interior of Africa by a party headed by the most famous of faunal naturalists. They are already packed in brine or treated with preparations of arsenic. Even more closely guarded, and packed in a triple case, is a box of rare moths from the Himalaya Mountains, a single pair of which is valued at five hundred dollars.

From the old lava beds of Wyoming, fifty miles from a railroad, come these big boxes containing the quarried bones of a prehistoric dinosaur, each fragment first encased in a plaster of Paris overcoat and then packed about with sage-brush, the only material available. These alone represent three months' arduous work on the part of a devoted scientist and half a tribe of wondering and amused Indians. The young collector has come back from the bleak interior of Labrador personally to escort to the museum the precious skin of a black fox, for which furriers would gladly pay a couple of thousand dollars. In other bales and bundles are the skins of birds and a collection of native baskets from Australia. Here, presented by his descendants for patriotic preservation, are the uniform and sword once worn by a famous soldier of the Civil War.

Now, at the beginning, comes the necessity for scrupulous care. The germs of cholera, bubonic plague—any one of a score of tropical plagues—might conceivably be hidden away in these trophies from pest-ridden districts. White ants, the fly whose bite causes the sleeping sickness, other pestilential and undesirable insect immigrants, might possibly be liberated to ravage the museum and spread beyond it. Twenty-four hours' treatment in tanks filled with a vapor fatal to all forms of life removes the last trace of danger.

The skins of birds and beasts are now ready for further treatment and for final mounting. Day before yesterday the taxidermist ranked with the mechanic who repairs and upholsters furniture. He took the skin of a beast, set it up on a stiff wooden framework, stuffed it as full of hay as it would hold, painted the inside of its open mouth a brilliant crimson, surrounded it with half a dozen preserved palm branches from Florida, and labeled the resulting masterpiece "The King of Beasts at Bay." To-day, the man who mounts animals for a great museum must be, among other things, an expert photographer, an enthusiastic big-game hunter, something of a scientist, a sculptor, a landscape artist, and—most important of all—an ardent lover of the exact truth.

The master of the modern craft is Carl Akeley. Suppose Akeley gets an order from the American Museum of Natural History in New York for a group of lions. With a corps of assistants, escorted by a caravan of black porters, he penetrates the African jungles. First of all, he takes flash-light photographs of a family of lions drinking at a pool. Then, quite deliberately, he shoots the beasts. As they lie, they are measured, and every dimension is carefully recorded. The skins are taken off with the least possible cutting and mutilation. The skulls are removed and cleaned. Specimens of all the vegetation in sight are gathered. A bucketful of the sand is picked up, and impressions are taken of the surface of the rocks. Water-color sketches of the scene are made.

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Then Akeley is ready to begin.

Aided by his photographs, sketches, and collected materials, he first models in clay a miniature of the proposed group. This is approved by scientists and artists. With the exact measurements of the living animals before him, and with his miniature and photographs for positions, he builds up of steel and plaster of Paris, stiffened with burlap, the life-size, hollow bodies of the lions, to which the actual skulls may be added. On these manikins the carefully treated skins slip easily and fit with exactness.

Meanwhile, other artists, working with the photographs, water-color sketches, and actual specimens of African bushes and grass, are reproducing that pool in the jungle. The sample of sand is exactly matched in color and size of grains. The water—a mixture of gelatin and glycerin—duplicates in color and outline the lions' drinking fountain. Laboriously, leaf by leaf—it cost the Field Museum twenty-five thousand dollars to learn how to reproduce foliage exactly in lasting wax and metal—the tropical jungle is built up, true to the life in every shade and tendril. Now, as the climax of six months' labor, the great, tawny beasts are put into place, so that a million people a year, looking at that tremendous group with staring, half-frightened eyes, shall get from it not a single false impression. So much Science demands and Art has accomplished.

It was Langley again—greatest, because most imaginative, of museum scientists—who first made it easy for the common spectator, perhaps uneducated and indifferent, to lift himself from open-mouthed wonder to the beginnings of real knowledge.

Collectors brought back from the Eskimo country a thousand objects—skin clothes, stone and wood utensils and weapons, photographs of the snow-houses and strange surroundings of the arctic North. They were displayed, side by side, in a long row of cases, each with its appropriate label. Glancing hurriedly at a thousand scattered objects, one got a thousand blurred impressions—remembered nothing.

Langley put them all together. Now in a single group one may see an Eskimo family—father, mother, and children—dressed in their shaggy skins, standing before their huts of snow and ice, using those scattered tools in the common occupations of everyday life—spearing seals, harnessing their dogs to the sledge, sewing with needles of walrus ivory. So with other tribes and races. One may travel the world over inside the walls of a great museum and come away with a truer and clearer impression than a dozen Cook's tours will give him.

Museum directors have learned from the vaudeville managers the wisdom of a frequent change of bill. Month after month the exhibits are changed, amplified, arranged differently, so that a frequent visitor may almost always find something new to catch his eye and fix his attention. They have learned, too, the folly of showing too many objects of the same kind, of attempting to make an exhibit comprehensive and complete. The appeal must be simple and direct, else it will result only in confusion.

So by their tens of thousands the people pass daily out of the roaring streets into the quiet spaces of the museum corridors. Here an Italian mother stops to point out to her sons the death mask of Lincoln, and into those alien eyes, born to a birthright of antique and epic majesty, comes a new pride in the American ideal, a new understanding. Under the vast articulated skeleton of a whale, stretching like some grotesque air-ship down the center of a great hall, a group of country people stop to stare and whisper. A bevy of children grow round-eyed and rosy-cheeked as they gaze at the tiny egg of a humming-bird displayed side by side with the gigantic ovum of some winged prehistoric monster, looming large as a football, dwarfing even the ostrich egg beside it.

Each of the thousands gets some new fillip to his imagination, some fresh glimpse into the infinity of created nature.

"Knowledge," said the wise, gray, unappreciated old Langley, "knowledge begins in wonder!"

III

"How many teeth has an elephant?" (Perhaps even you don't know that an elephant has only four teeth at a time, two in each jaw.)

"How long is the human leg, on the average? I make chairs and want to use the information in my business." (The Curator of Physical Anthropology has measured perhaps thirty thousand human skeletons in his time.)

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"There is a snake in my pasture that milks the cows regularly. How shall I stop it?" (The cow-milking snake; the snake that takes its tail in its mouth and rolls swiftly off; the snake that instantly develops when one drops a horsehair into a bucket of water; the cabbage-snake that kills whole families when they eat too much spoiled sauerkraut—all these reptiles have been slain a thousand times by the patient scientists. But they still persist.)

"Is there any gold in this piece of rock?" (There is gold in the specimen you send. If you wish to know how much, consult a regular assayer.)

Each day the people ask by mail hundreds of questions. They are answered, after careful analysis or painstaking investigation, by the departmental experts. Each day come also letters from students in special lines, living in far corners of the country or abroad, who are unable to visit the museum, and who lack proper materials for their research. To such are often sent carefully prepared collections which illustrate the points under discussion and study. Permanent collections of duplicate objects have been contributed by the National Museum to the museums of scores of colleges about the world. And every week traveling scientists of distinction visit each of the great museums and spend days of study and investigation under the guidance of the resident curators.

From the scientific standpoint, the most important part of the work of a great museum is the original research done by these same curators. They are men whose names are quite unknown to the general public; but they are known and honored by the learned societies of every world capital. The pay of the most incompetent congressman would supply the annual stipend of two or three of the most eminent.

In the upper stories of the great museum buildings these men are housed, surrounded by the long files of cabinets which contain their cherished scientific collections. In a single drawer taken from these files one may find fifty or a hundred skins of the same small animal. The ignorant and sentimental person cries out in horror at such wholesale slaughter.

"Suppose," the patient curator makes answer, "a scientist from Mars should come down to make a scientific study of the inhabitants of New York. Suppose he should capture and skin a typical Wall Street broker. From the study of that single specimen he would conclude that New Yorkers habitually wear silk underclothes and Panama hats; that they feed on terrapin and champagne; that their abdominal girth is forty-eight inches and the cranial index about that of the *Engystoma carolinense*; all of which would be greatly misleading if taken, for instance, as fairly descriptive of the East Side multitudes.

"To make scientific descriptions and classifications even fairly accurate, it is necessary that many specimens of each species—of different ages and sexes—shall be studied and compared. Perhaps the absurdity of the illustration will make that point plain."

Nine-tenths of the specimens of most great museums are thus kept locked away from public sight in light-proof cabinets and drawers, for sunlight and dust and changes of temperature inevitably fade and injure exposed materials. They are touched only by the skilled and loving hands of men to whom they represent the scattered and broken letters of the great alphabet which, properly arranged, shall finally spell out the answer to the riddle of the universe.

In that spirit a museum curator, constantly watchful that his collection shall grow more and more complete, hampered by many routine duties, still finds time to spend laborious days in the patient study of the moths or fishes or fossil remains which fill the small field of his special care. It may be that after a lifetime of labor he is able to add only a single word or two to the total of known truth. But in the aggregate and in the course of years the contributions of these men to science are enormous.

Every year the great museums issue hundreds of scientific reports covering the results of such original research. In 1910, for instance, the National Museum published eleven large volumes and about ninety bulletins and papers, which were distributed—ninety thousand copies of them—to more than four thousand libraries and scientists the world over. By exchange and occasional purchase, the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, with the National Museum as its greatest activity, has collected no less than five hundred thousand volumes, which form a division of the Library of Congress and constitute one of the largest and most valuable scientific libraries in the world.

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WATCH COMMISSION GOVERNMENT GROW

BY WILLIAM DALY JR.

"I TELL you," said Governor Woodrow Wilson, recently, "the people of this state and this country are determined at last to take over the control of their own politics. We are going to cut down the jungle in which corruption lurks. We mean to have the kind of government we thought we had."

When we used the national scheme of government as a model for our cities, we thought we had established representative government. We are just awakening to the fact that we have a government of office-holders by the bosses for the corporations. The Honorable James Bryce pointed this out to us years ago. We are just getting "wise" to it.

The commission plan is an attempt to make the *theory* of representative government a *fact*. It aims to give the people what they want when they want it. Contrary to the statements of its opponents, it is the most democratic system yet devised.

Many brands of the new idea are on the market. The most efficacious of them all is really very simple.

Commission government has two objects: administrative responsibility and popular control.

The first is obtained by the election of a small board of five or seven commissioners. No other names appear on the ballot. They are elected, not by wards, but at large. This makes ward lines useless. No party designations are allowed on the ballot. Any one can be nominated for commissioner by obtaining the signature of a certain number of voters.

The commissioners make all appointments. The work of the city is divided among them, although the whole board is collectively accountable for the conduct of each. Thus it becomes a sort of responsible cabinet. One of the board may be called mayor, but he is really only the chairman.

The commissioners have all the powers of the old council or aldermen, or both. The scheme thus frankly breaks with our established ideas of "checks and balances." We have found that a division of authority among mayor, council, and aldermen is merely a device for evading responsibility.

The second object—popular control—is obtained through the initiative, referendum, and recall.

Whenever fifteen or twenty per cent. of the voters feel that a certain ordinance should be passed, they may present their petition to the commissioners; these then must either pass the ordinance or submit it to the vote of the whole city. That's the initiative.

Whenever the commissioners pass an ordinance (except one that concerns public health or safety), it must not go into operation until after a certain period of time. If, during that period, fifteen or twenty per cent. of the voters protest, the commissioners must either rescind the ordinance or submit it to the vote of the whole city. That's the referendum.

If fifteen or twenty per cent. of the voters feel that a commissioner is incompetent or dishonest, they may ask that the whole city vote for his removal. A special election is called just as if his office were vacant, and unless he receive the highest number of votes, he is automatically removed. That's the recall.

These three measures are the devices to give back to the people the control of their city government.

The idea of running a city by a small board of commissioners originated in Gal-

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veston only as far back as 1903. In the next three years, a few other Texas cities adopted the idea; but it was not until 1907 that the most *democratic* and *representative* form was tried out, in Des Moines, Iowa. This "Des Moines Plan," as it is popularly known, has served as a model—with slight modifications—for more than a hundred cities throughout the country. When EVERYBODY'S published, in 1910, Charles Edward Russell's "Sanity and Democracy for American Cities," the list of cities having commission government in some form totaled only sixty. Since then the number has almost trebled.

The fight the people have had to wage to get better city administration really exposes the failure of representative government, as we have it, to carry out with the proper efficiency a clearly expressed popular wish. Our state legislatures (representatives) are opposing the people's demand for this new scheme of home rule.

The hitch arises from the fact that, so far as municipalities are concerned, the state is the sovereign power. The city or town exists solely by virtue of a charter granted to it by the legislature. There are, roughly speaking, two ways by which a city may get the new form of government: either by special act, or by virtue of a general "enabling" act. The latter means, simply, that the legislature passes an act to permit any town or city to adopt commission government merely by voting to do so at a regular, or special, election, to be called upon the petition of a certain percentage of voters. So far, the following states have passed general acts:

Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, Kentucky, Kansas, Mississippi, New Mexico, Texas, North Dakota, Louisiana, South Dakota, South Carolina.

The following states allow the municipalities, under certain conditions, to construct their own charters:

Michigan, Washington, Minnesota, California, and Oregon.

In all other states, each municipality must go to the legislature and plead for a special act.

Since commission government is proving an unwieldy weapon for the bosses and the corrupting corporations, a single city has a hard time of it at the state capitol. It stands alone. But the bosses—there you have a shining example of "community of interest," of perfect team-work. The bill the city wants passed is, of course, referred to a committee—a few men, easy to handle. Sometimes—often—bills get no farther than such committees. This is the well-known bit of legerdemain known as "shelving."

The best example of this legislative stupidity is the long fight of the city of Buffalo for the commission plan. After a campaign of education that aroused unusual public interest, Buffalo presented to the state legislature a bill embodying the Des Moines charter. Mind you, the people of Buffalo had already voted that this was the bill they wanted. Moreover, it had the endorsement of every civic and business organization in town. The entire delegation from Erie County to the legislature supported it. But Boss Barnes and Tammany realized a common enemy and defeated the bill. They naturally objected to the initiative, referendum, and recall.

But the whole state is up in arms. A Commission Government Association has organized a state-wide campaign. Already more than thirty municipalities are enrolled. Representative government, as interpreted at Albany, has been giving the people what they want when the "intelligent minority" wants it. The people, for that reason, are out to prove that there is no wisdom but "collective wisdom."

The Illinois legislature, last year, tried the same tactics, but had to submit at a special session, because it was perfectly evident that the people meant business. The legislature finally passed an enabling act, and sixteen cities immediately took advantage of it.

In New Jersey, mainly through the efforts of Governor Wilson, a general enabling act was passed last winter. The cities immediately got busy, but the bosses got busier. The political machines of both parties in every city practically united against the scheme. They fought the fight of desperation. In Bayonne they won, but Trenton voted 6,792 to 4,890 in favor of the new régime. With a final burst of speed, the bosses of both parties succeeded in throwing down the plan in Hoboken, New Brunswick, and Jersey City. Workers for good government were given a new gleam of hope July 26th, when Passaic voted two to one (1,792 to 861) for commission.

In some states the opposition adopted the scheme of amending the charter so that

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it looked like commission government, but was in reality something very different. This accounts for the hodge-podge documents that Boston, Pittsburg, Scranton, and St. Joseph, Missouri, drew from the legislative hopper.

But despite all this opposition from the state legislatures and political machines, the movement for commission government will grow. The people want it. And they will get it—eventually.

The following is a list* of cities that have most of the essential features of the commission form of city government:

CITY	STATE	POP.
Birmingham,	Ala.	132,685
Montgomery,	"	38,136
Mobile,	"	51,521
Tuscaloosa,	"	8,407
Berkeley,	Calif.	40,434
Oakland,	"	150,174
San Diego,	"	39,578
San Luis Obispo	"	5,147
Santa Cruz,	"	11,146
Vallejo,	"	11,340
Colorado Springs,	Colo.	29,178
Grand Junction,	"	7,754
Lewiston,	Idaho	6,043
Carbondale,	Ill.	5,411
Clinton,	"	5,165
Decatur,	"	30,140
Dixon,	"	7,216
Elgin,	"	25,976
Jacksonville,	"	16,326
Kewanee,	"	9,307
Moline,	"	24,199
Ottawa,	"	9,535
Pekin,	"	9,897
Rock Island,	"	24,335
Springfield,	"	51,617
Spring Valley,	"	7,035
Waukegan,	"	16,069
Burlington,	Iowa	34,324
Cedar Rapids,	"	33,811
Davenport,	"	43,028
Des Moines,	"	86,386
Fort Dodge,	"	15,543
Keokuk,	"	14,008
Marshalltown,	"	13,374
Sioux City,	"	47,828
Coffeyville,	Kan.	12,687
Dodge City,	"	15,543
Emporia,	"	9,058
Hutchinson,	"	16,364
Independence,	"	10,480
Iola,	"	9,032
Leavenworth,	"	19,363
Kansas City,	"	82,331
Newton,	"	7,862
Parsons,	"	12,463
Pittsburg,	"	14,755
Topeka,	"	43,684
Wichita,	"	52,450
Wellington,	"	7,034
Newport,	Ky.	30,309
Shreveport,	La.	28,015
Cumberland,	Md.	21,839
Gloucester,	Mass.	24,398
Haverhill,	"	44,115
Lynn,	"	89,336
Taunton,	"	34,259
Port Huron,	Mich.	18,863
Pontiac,	"	14,532
Wyandotte,	"	8,287
Hattiesburg,	Miss.	11,733
Faribault,	Minn.	9,001
Mankato,	"	10,365
Missoula,	Mont.	12,869
Passaic,	N. J.	54,773
Trenton,	"	96,815
Roswell,	N. M.	6,172
Greensboro,	N. C.	15,895
High Point,	"	9,525
Wilmington,	"	25,748
Bismark,	N. D.	5,443
Minot,	"	6,188
Ardmore,	Okla.	8,618
Bartlesville,	"	6,181
El Reno,	"	5,370
Enid,	"	13,799
Guthrie,	"	11,652
MacAlester,	"	12,954
Muskogee,	"	25,278
Oklahoma City,	"	64,205
Tulsa,	"	7,289
Baker,	Ore.	6,680
Columbia,	S. C.	26,311
Aberdeen,	S. D.	10,753
Huron,	"	5,791
Sioux Falls,	"	14,094
Lead,	"	8,392
Chattanooga,	Tenn.	44,604
Memphis,	"	131,105
Austin,	Tex.	29,860
Beaumont,	"	20,640
Corpus Christi,	"	8,222
Dallas,	"	92,104
Denison,	"	15,632
Fort Worth,	"	73,302
Galveston,	"	36,981
Greenville,	"	8,850
Houston,	"	78,800
Marshall,	"	11,452
Palestine,	"	10,482
Port Arthur,	"	7,663
Logan,	Utah	7,522
Ogden,	"	25,580
Provo,	"	8,925
Salt Lake City,	"	92,777
Spokane,	Wash.	104,402
Tacoma,	"	83,743
Hoquiam,	"	8,150
Bluefield,	W. Va.	11,188
Huntington,	"	31,161
Parkersburg,	"	17,842
Eau Claire,	Wis.	15,543
Appleton,	"	16,773

*This list does not include twenty-nine cities with populations under 5,000.

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The SACRIFICE of WOMAN

BY HUGH JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMANN C. WALL

BRANDLER swung himself down the side of the ocean-stained transport, a little pinched and yellow of face, but, in the strength of his broad-shouldered youth, still magnificent.

His two years of Philippine exile had been months of peril and dreariness, and he was starved for the sights and the sounds and the smells of his own country. Every passing woman was a vision of loveliness to him, and he stood on the street corners, staring at them, all the offense of the act lost in the frank admiration in his eyes. He sniffed the fresh odor of water on the hot pavements, and closed his eyes for ecstasy in the rumble and clangor and clatter and cries of the city's day.

The journey across the mountains was a wafting on wings; and no sybarite's dream of an Oriental paradise was ever sweeter than his realization of home. He reveled in the provincial functions of his town until his modest little mother became almost obtrusive from pride in her soldier boy.

From the romantic days of his first long trousers, Brandler had kept fresh in his memory the figure of a round-faced, pig-tailed, wispy little girl; but he scarcely recognized her in the comely young lady, with vast pretensions to dignity, who spent much of her time at his mother's house and called him "Captain Brandler," very distantly. He had not talked to three white women since his regiment left the States, and she frightened him a little.

His shyness and her dignity wore away in timid association, and after a while a little of the frank intimacy of the pig-tail days returned. Weeks passed before Brandler realized that something more potent had taken its place. But he did realize it in time, and the hours that followed left little balm for the day when he bade her good-by on the station platform.

"Please go back now," he choked. "I can't bear to stand on the train and feel it taking you away from me before my very

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eyes. The next time I can watch your *ship* come in."

With the completion of his long train journey and a month at sea, the acute pain of parting dulled and gave place to a numbing loneliness, saddening but almost sweet; for, luckily, he was a visionary, living in the somnolent islands of the East, and he fashioned a new Helen out of dreams and longings, and *she* was with him always.

When the first half of their time of separation had passed, there came the anxious joy of anticipation, a joy of air-castles, of fond visions, and of absurdly long letters that came so seldom and were so hoped-for as to be little meetings in themselves.

"To-night," the daily record of his musings read, "I rode in from duty, and when the orderly had clattered off with my horse and saber, you were there, waiting at the gate (it never seems to be this *I* who meets you, but a rosy-faced, desired I who is fondly watched by this one from under the vizor of a cap of invisibility), and we walked past the hollyhock hedge (actually they would have been just sunflowers) and up into the quarter-light of the veranda, until finally I lost the rest of it behind the vines." And this and such as this made up the bulk of the great, reamy letters that the homeward-bound transports carried away each month.

"They aren't letters at all, you know," one of them said. "Of course you really aren't sitting there across my table, but I love to imagine you are, and so, as I sit and talk to you and you answer me, my hand writes it on the paper that just *happens* to be before me."

His fancy had contracted the high ceilings and broad walls of the great Spanish room in which he lived: it had banished the rococo furnishings and replaced them with the simple settings of a honeymooner's cottage, become so real that their letters spoke confidently of *the* book-shelf, and *the* table, and *your* chair, when in truth these things were stored with the cornice of the Tower of Babel, which was seen in dreams but never fashioned.

The coming of her letters meant seasons of fulfilment, and he would not be seen at the mess for days—but, passing under his window, the sentry could hear him reading the letters with long stops. He would draw a chair that he allowed no visitor to use (her chair, of course) before him, prop her picture on the table, and read her letters half aloud. The natives thought him mildly deranged and kept far from his path; his comrades knew him to be mildly deranged and envied him his malady.

He had planned the two months of their honeymoon in a fabric of the tenderest texture, neglecting not one waking moment. It was a masterpiece of gentle forethought, that schedule, and it was set in a delicate jumble of age-musty chapels and wonderful Japanese wistaria gardens.

The time grew short, and here the ugly heads of things material began to rise, for his troop was ordered to Danginan, a miserable little station in the interior. It was on the main road to the larger garrisons across the island, and generals with their escorts, inspectors, paymasters, and officers' wives and families, on the enviable journey home, used to go through and relay-in there. It was a land without hostelries; and all these kindly people stayed a night with Brandler. Brandler—oh, yes, they knew Brandler, that Kansas boy who was to be married in the spring. So, one and all, they willingly assumed the duty of instructing him in the responsibilities of his solemn step. Brandler's dreams knew no such phrase as "solemn step," but he listened with wide eyes to those who were sincere. Crabbed bachelor field-officers commented on it with grunts, but Brandler smiled the knowing smile of youth. Unmarried captains with appalling mess-bills pitied him his coming poverty, but at this stage the item of expense was relegated to a far corner. Besides, fresh-faced subalterns' brides assured him that he could live "beautifully" on his pay.

There was one class of tales of reality that he liked, and the gray-haired ladies of the Old Army delighted to tell them to so sympathetic a hearer, through the long hours of the island evenings beneath the flaming stars. They were stories of the great hardships and sufferings that are almost joys, and that leave no serious wounds, because they are borne by people *together*, and because they are salved by purest unselfishness and willing, mutual sacrifice.

Brandler had not realized the meaning of the theme that ran through all the tales, until one night after Edgerton's mother had been telling him of the service of the 'Seventies in the Northwest. Then clearly and suddenly he understood that there had been spun out for him night after night for weeks a fabric of the sacrifice of woman,

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HE WOULD DRAW A CHAIR THAT HE ALLOWED NO VISITOR TO USE (HER CHAIR, OF COURSE) BEFORE HIM, PROP HER PICTURE ON THE TABLE, AND READ HER LETTERS HALF ALOUD.

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that he had accepted it as a thing that thrilled and interested him, with never a thought for its true texture, and that he had not read its possible bearing on his own life.

The one story that wrought the beginning of a change in him was an old woman's recollections of the days she had spent in her own happy youth with the man who was her hero still. She told Brandler of the day the Seventh rode out of its garrison behind the careless, daring Custer. She herself had seen him lift his broad hat from his curls and toss it into the air, and she had heard him cry "Custer's luck!" as he drove the spurs into his horse's flanks and rode with two brave, bronzed squadrons out of her sight forever. There was everything of the Spirit of the Cavalry in this, the dashing, clattering thing that Brandler loved, and he sat clutching the arms of his chair as he caught the thrill of it in her voice. It was his *own* life. He, too, had ridden clanking into the field, and this conjured up everything that he had dreamed of in the past or hoped for in the future.

But from this point she drew for him the things that he had yet to learn: the long days of waiting in a lonely frontier post—miles from any railroad or line of telegraph—the helpless little colony of women and children, drawn so close by a great common emotion that all lines of foolish caste went down, and the wives of sergeants and of field-officers gripped each other's hands and sat thus through those terrible days of waiting for the faintest whisper of a rumor. His eager imagination ran along with her words and saw these things in the hearing as plainly as she in the telling. And when, at last, she spoke of that day when the breathless, dusty courier from the Little Big Horn staggered into the post with his awful news, he rose slowly to his great height, and left her there, a lone old woman, sobbing in her chair.

That night his evening talk to the girl whose dream-presence sat in the big, carved chair was a little saddened and incoherent. He wondered if, perhaps, all the things he had said before had not been too much colored by the romance and glamour of his life. He knew that some of her friends had envied her her big soldier in his bravery of blue and gold lace, and while he felt that this had not affected her, yet he was uneasy for her sake. He did not put all this into words. He did say that he was not worthy of her—lovers have always said that—and he did say that the life was very hard. But there was no definiteness in all this, and he went to bed unhappy and greatly dissatisfied.

There followed more stories of the same kind, and Brandler began to take each in its entirety and then unconsciously to thrash out and cast aside all the little joys there were in it, leaving only the crude misery. And this was before him night and day.

In a society where any member is at liberty to take a register of flimsy paper and from it to set down in dollars and cents the exact income of any other member, there can be no pretensions or vain display of truthless tissue. These people spoke of their poverty frankly, and it was a trouble that was all-pervading. The colonel of Brandler's regiment talked with him for an hour of the boy he was trying to send through college, and of his family in the States, and Brandler saw that there was no stage beyond which this pinching ceased to be.

And then Trelawney of the Sixteenth came through Brandler's station, taking his wife and baby to Manila. Trelawney's wife was a girl whom Brandler had known in San Francisco, and he remembered her as a cheerful, plump little person, who used to drive out to camp in a dog-cart to see Trelawney on days when he was on duty and could not go into town. He had talked with her sometimes, and had admired her frank, boyish manner and her perfect unaffectedness. He looked forward to their coming because he needed assurance; but he felt that he had hardly played fair in not selecting a more typical case, so sure he was that he would not be disappointed.

The "escort" rattled in at sunset, and Brandler was out to meet the Daugherty as it drove up. He had looked forward to a cheerful evening of reminiscence, but he was bitterly taken aback as he helped the pair to alight from the ramshackle conveyance. He scarcely knew the pinched, sallow face of the girl. She was quite as cheerful as ever, and she laughed at the shocked surprise that he could not keep from his face; but Trelawney—Trelawney did not laugh.

"It's this confounded island malaria," he groaned, and when they were alone: "What can you do? Medico says: 'Japan for months,' but if you'll sit down and figure steamer fares and compounded hotel and doctor and nurse bills, two establishments,

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and trips home, out of one-thirty-seven-fifty for me, I'll be obliged. No, I'm sending her home, and she's making it as bitterly hard for me as she can by her blessed cheerfulness. Said she wouldn't go at all at first. The doctor had to come right out and tell her that she'd lose the kiddie if she didn't—that was the first time she would consider it.

"Sometimes, I wish I'd never seen the Service, and always I wish she never had. It's no place for women, and the worst of it is, they seem to love it more than we do. You've no intentions, have you, Brandler?—Don't. It's brutish cruelty. Ask any of these old Army people—they'll tell you."

It was on this night that Brandler wrote *the* letter. Yet, in spite of all he thought, all he had heard, Brandler was not sincere in that letter. He knew it as he formed every word and sentence. It purported to be a full record of the cruel mistake he had made, and an exposition of married life in the Army from the standpoint of a pessimist. It laid out in cold, unemotional words all the hardships and privations of two people living on the scant pay of an officer. It told of the houses they must live in, of the little indignities they must suffer in their daily life, and it drew conclusions from all this and offered the girl an opportunity to reconsider. There was not an untruth in it from inscription to signature, and yet the whole of its twenty pages was absolutely untrue to Brandler, and he knew it. It was the tone that lied. Had there been one faintest note of even tentative regret, the shadow of a doubting, or the ghost of a complaint in any of her letters to him, then his letter would have been a fair and honest one. But it threw the initiative on her, and Brandler knew as he sealed the envelope that there could be but one answer.

Two months were required for a reply to reach him, and during that time Brandler talked to his guests of Pulajanes and ladrones, of the coming of the dry season, of the cholera that had appeared in some of the provinces, but never of the home life of the Army. Nevertheless, the thing that he avoided followed him closely, for about this time Brandler's second lieutenant reported from detached service and brought his wife to Danginan.

He was a good boy, this Morton. He had been appointed to West Point from Tennessee, and his people were of the war-impoverished planter class of the South. With an inherited recklessness born of better days, he had married on graduation-leave, carrying lightly an overwhelming burden of "kit-debts." His wife was a brown-eyed child, who called him "Mo'ton" and was as much in love with him after their three happy years together as she had been on the day when she walked down the aisle of the little brick plantation church, with her hand on his gold-slashed sleeve.

"We' mighty glad to get 'way off hea' out of the world," she confided to Brandler on the day they reported, "because, you see, po' Mo'ton's simply 'bliged to get out of debt sometime, and you don't have to put fo'th any appearances hea', do you, Captain Brandler?"

He found her a queer little contradiction of capability and frivolity. She made their barren rooms so comfortable and dainty and cool that Brandler spent as much of his leisure time there as he could, and she proudly displayed her little red "'count-book" to prove that they were living on almost nothing a month.

"We'll have Mo'ton out of debt in a yea' at this rate," she prophesied; and Brandler began to write in his "talks" of the dizzy sum *they* could save against an expensive station in the States.

When Brandler came to Danginan, the ground was steaming from the recent Rains. The interminable brush-land that stretched from the river back to the vague outlines of the crumbly blue hills was a sea of convolutions of cool, green foliage, and morning broke over the sheltered *barrio* crisp and delicious. But by the time the Mortons reported, the heat had fairly taken its stride. Already, fine little cracks had checkered the ground beneath the brush into dry flakes, and the heat waves danced along the skyline from noon to sunset.

Brandler knew that this was but a beginning, and he was apprehensive for the delicate girl who was to endure an ordeal that sends strong men back to the States with the fall transports. Morton did not know what that meant, yet he had already begun to complain for her. But then, Morton knew something else of which Brandler was ignorant until one evening after a day that had sent the dust-devils whirling up the streets of Danginan. He was talking of Morton's wife to the surgeon, and he had understood neither the professional head-

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shakings nor the grave looks of the little man. They irritated him, for he was fretful from the heat.

"For heaven's sake, speak out, man—is it consumption or—or *what?*"

"No, impetuous youth," the doctor said. "It isn't consumption. It's—it's more in the nature of *what!*—I supposed you knew long ago."

Brandler sat in his chair fairly gasping. "Why, I thought they had to have trained nurses and hospitals and all such things as that," he stammered.

"Nurses they certainly should have, and hospitals are most desirable—n e x t t o mothers—but do you see any of them in the bosk? She should have gone home months ago, but she wouldn't. Nurses and hospitals and trips across the world cost money, permit me to remind you. Morton has implored her on all these scores, but she won't listen to him. Nervy little woman, she is—pure grit. They're the kind that pull through, you know."

All that Brandler had striven to keep from his mind in the preceding weeks came upon him in a flood that, do what he might, he could not escape. He rose and walked slowly to his quarters, where he sat until far into the night, looking out across the weird bosk. He saw everything in the light of this new knowledge, and he drew a lurid meaning from the most trivial occurrences. He remembered a score of the boy's despairing little observations, and the pauses that had followed them when Morton had been waiting for a word of sympathy from the older man. He owned less of that sympathy for Morton now than ever, but for the girl he felt an infinite compassion. He thought of the cheerfulness that had kept both him and Morton keen to an enjoyment of *little* things, even in the most miserable days of the heat. And now he knew that cheerfulness had come from the lips and eyes of a woman about to go down to the very doors of death for a careless, thoughtless boy, who had accepted it all with no more protest than could be overcome by her mere expression of a desire that he should accept it.

He carried the case to his own life and realized that he measured no nearer to his standards than the man whom he condemned. He had lived so long in dreams and visions that, when the bleak reality of his future dawned, he had covered that, too, with a gauze of hopes and foolish bravery, and had thrust it so from his ken, to face about with open arms, ready to accept a like sacrifice from other hands. The reality came upon him now in all its ugliness, and still he could not meet it. Once he rose and walked to his table, but it was only a short-lived impulse, and, with his hand poised above the paper, he faltered and sat motionless, his eyes still fixed upon the moonlit brush-land.

In the days that followed, he was more miserable than he had ever been in his life. Before, he had been able to shut out the whole haunting doubt. But now that was no longer possible, and he sought wildly for even the most flimsy of reasons to allay it. "It is too wild a step to take unproven—" this was his one fiction of defense. "I can not so wound her heart and mine. It is a thing of daily happening, perhaps without danger—I have not seen, and I must *know*."

He avoided Morton now and remained to himself. He had not even the comfort of his evening talks, for, before the clear eyes of the picture, neither the words nor any joy in them would come. Sometimes he saw Morton and his wife, walking in that period just after sunset which held the only respite from the stupefying heat of the day. But that interval was becoming shorter, and the little breezes that had been wont to blow up from the sea came now as the faintest breaths that rasped in the dry featherings of the palms.

The miserable days wore on to weeks, and the weeks to a terrible month, and, as the time grew shorter, Brandler's trouble abated not one whit. He felt a foolish sense of responsibility, more for his selfish sex than for himself or Morton, and he dreaded the final hour perhaps more than the other two who awaited it. Yet, when Morton came t o h i m, frightened and unmanned, he breathed an audible sigh of relief.

They found the surgeon and a withered old native woman at Morton's house, and the two men sat down on the steps without a word to each other, to begin the hours of waiting for what might so easily be Death.

It was one of those soul-trying island nights that crumple strong men in the vigor of their youth. The Rains had been long threatening, and the hot, dry weeks flaunted this last night in their face as an achievement of accumulated strength. The west was a rampart of piled-up clouds, with sheets of heat lightning playing continu-

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SHE PROUDLY DISPLAYED HER RED "'COUNT-BOOK" TO PROVE THAT THEY WERE LIVING ON ALMOST NOTHING A MONTH

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ously beneath them, displaying their muggy blackness; and the sweltering earth lay parched and breathless. Out in the brush-land, an infinite chorus of dry-throated insects raged in a monotony of ringing, like the muffled droning of anesthesia; and above this came the hissing of the sere palms thrashed by the inexplicable puffs of hot, dry wind that came up out of the bosk.

Morton got up, at intervals, and paced back and forth on the gravel path; but Brandler sat in the same cramped position for hours that were never counted. His body was racked by sleepless nights, and his mind was worn almost to the danger-point by his continued misery. Those hours passed in a confused dream of shuffling footsteps, the cloying odor of chloroform, the sight of a man walking backward and forward with absurd regularity of motion, and, droning through it all, the gentle, plaintive moaning of a woman.

He thought of nothing definite, and the shock of transition from inert apathy to sharp terror left him nervous and shaking. The nearing of a heavy tread brought no sharp consciousness. Without volition, he rose and turned to meet the surgeon, and then the transition came without an instant's interval: with every nerve in his body acutely alive and quivering, he stood, looking through the low door above the doctor's shoulders, straight at a face wrung with the primal agony of the world. It was as though his eyes, long closed, had opened suddenly upon some red mask of horror. He held his hands before his eyes as though to ward off a physical blow.

"No," he pleaded. "No—no, oh, no."

It was the surgeon who grasped him by the arm and led him, blind and stumbling, into the open field. He stood for a moment uncovered, with the moist breeze from the west in his hair; and the full realizing acceptance of all that he had fought against surged in and purged him of his truthless bickerings and his self-deceit. It left him at his desk, calm and unfaltering in his resolve, before the clear eyes of the picture.

He wrote this time in great black characters—terse phrases striking straight to the crux of their subject with inevitable logic, and with all their crudeness softened by the evident suffering in which they were conceived. *They* left no second course, and rang true to his perfect sincerity.

He had only done what he had long known, unacknowledged, he must inevitably do; but, as he rose to his feet, he caught his throat between his hands to choke back the welling sobs. He kissed the picture reverently and placed it above the letter, then turned and went back into the night.

He could talk with Morton now, and his grasp on the boy's elbow comforted Brandler as he had not been comforted. There remained between him and complete peace only that moment which came very soon, when the surgeon stood once more behind them with the smile that doctors show with such meaning on these occasions.

"Just one single second," he was saying, "and, mind you, don't you touch that strapping boy of yours."

Brandler heard the choke of a sob in Morton's voice, and the sound of his feet, so light that they seemed hardly to have touched the floor. There was a peaceful little murmur, and it dawned upon Brandler that it compassed all the joy and happiness in the world.

"Mo'ton—dea'—Mo'ton—" and, without a thought of the sacrilege to a holy moment, Brandler raised his head.

For one blessed instant he saw, above the heaving shoulders of the boy, that face again, but transfigured with a happiness of whose faintest existence he had not dreamed. It glowed in her eyes and lighted her face with a holiness of beauty almost effulgent. It radiated across the room and set Brandler's own racked heart aglow with a warmth it had never known, and, in that moment, the meaning of the Sacrifice of Woman flooded through him like a dawning.

Once more in his own room, he took from the table a sealed envelope. He was as one released from years of bondage, and he tore it across and across until it was a handful of tiny, white flakes that fluttered out in the still air through which the first great drops of the cooling Rains were splashing.

Is the society of your town a Squirrel Cage? Our new serial touches American lives in almost every circle of society, in communities of every size; and it tells a story of gripping interest. *See page* 447.

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LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW CHURCH

BY THOMAS SAMSON MILLER

IS IT because on a Sunday we look at a landscape through a Sabbath perspective that it seems to put on a special quiet and restfulness?

Perhaps it was the solemnly sonorous church-bell tolling from the Presbyterian spire that gave so deep a peace to the sunlit valley, with its marshaled orange-groves and silver-gray olives, that added tranquillity to the tranquil turquoise sky, made the eucalyptus frieze a bit of still life, turned the green seas of alfalfa to painted imagery, and gave to the liquid notes of an oriole, caroling from the magnolia that shaded the mission-style station, a sense of the eternal.

Across the laughing valley stretched the gleaming rails of the Sante Fé. In the blue distance puffed the Los Angeles Limited, and presently its engine-bell could be heard metallically disputing with the slow tolling from the shingled spire.

A rude jostling in the ribs brought me down from the astral plane to gaze indignantly into the homely face of the runner of the Hotel Arcadia.

"How's things?" He gave sincerity and depth to the abrupt inquiry.

"So so," I replied.

"Doin' anythin'?"

"Nope," I answered apologetically—he seemed so much the personification of energy.

He eyed me with that half-pitying, half-curious look which such an admission provokes on the Pacific slope, then jumped to the inevitable next. "Lookin' fer anythin'?" And, not waiting answer, he went on: "'Cause we're wantin' help over t' th' Arcadia—got a lodge party comin' from Los Angeles to lay the foundation-stone to th' new church. They have dinner at th' Arcadia. You'd—" The tumultuous arrival of the train drew him away; he ran down the platform, shouting: "Arcadia! Arcadia! Only first-class hotel in Palomares. Free 'bus."

Two special coaches were side-tracked to disgorge their living freight. I was suddenly and intensely interested in a gorgeously-uniformed personage—surely, such a display of gold lace and feather plumes never honored democracy. But, wonder of wonders, he was followed by others, until the little depot looked like Buckingham Palace on levee day. But again the runner jolted my gaping admiration.

"Well, how 'bout it?"

I had forgotten his proposition; indeed, I had always thought that the world rested on the Sabbath. He took hesitation for consent.

"It's only mucking round the kitchen a few hours. There's six-bits and a thirty-five-cent chicken dinner in it for you."

Seventy-five cents and a chicken dinner for "muckin' round a few hours" didn't seem so bad. I went.

I was introduced with customary brevity. "Here's a man, chef."

I was left standing in the kitchen, while the fat chef deftly skimmed grease from a boiling pot. Rusty black dresses, topped by

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marble-white, worrying faces swept through the murky atmosphere like pale witches in a nightmare. A dozen stenches, a clatter of pans, a score of people questioning, punctuated by snappy snarlings: "You pushed me." "I didn't." "Mind, don't take all that lettuce; there's others besides yourself." Over all was the roar of oil-furnaces. Then I heard a sharp voice ordering:

"Fewer bananas to your dessert bowls—you—Ella—use up the oranges."

A little old man was glaring at a girl who stood at the fruit counter, one worn-over shoe resting on the other, arranging her dessert bowls with shaking, bloodless hands. Her face was pretty in spite of its paleness—even, clean-cut features, with large, soft brown eyes. Her sensitive little mouth was a trifle marred by its tired droop; days of limp hanging to the counter had distorted the lines of her neat, lithe figure; and all individuality was smothered in the black dress and diminutive apron.

The old man, having got in his stab, rushed away to the pantry. Ella revived a little. A girl standing beside her remonstrated in an undertone:

"You shouldn't take any notice of him, Ella."

"Oh, May," the girl returned, "it goes right through me when he jumps at me like that."

"Sass him back," said the wise and experienced May.

At that moment the chef gripped my arm and shoved me out into a yard where morning-glories, like specks of the sky itself, trailed over garbage bins. He pointed to a sack of potatoes and dropped two words, or one and a half:

"Peel 'em."

I had slashed away the larger portion of five potatoes in an endeavor to remove the epidermis economically, when a shadow fell on me, and I looked up into the kindliest pair of blue-gray eyes that ever smiled out of a tanned face.

"Say," said a chesty burr, "you're new to that. Let me show you." The knife was taken from my fingers, and, spellbound, I watched the skins fall like shavings from a plane.

"That's the way to take 'em." The knife was back in my hand, and the philanthropist was saying, "Is Ella around?"

"Inside." I had caught the prevailing brevity.

"Will you tell her Harry is here?"

"Sure." I ran into the kitchen, eager to bring the girl out to something wholesome.

Ella turned to May. "Tip me if the old man comes."

"Of course. Run along, dear."

I had to return to my potatoes, thus thrusting myself on the meeting. His right arm was about her little waist, his left hand under her chin, tilting up the pale face, and he was speaking, or purring:

"Why do you shake so, girlie?"

"I don't know—the rush, I suppose."

"What time do you start work?"

"Six-thirty. But never mind me. What brought you round?"

"You, of course." The gray-blue eyes spoke worlds.

"Yes," she smiled. "But there is something else," she said, with quiet assurance and a sort of hope.

"Yes; I want you to come out this afternoon and see a ranch that I have the offer to work on shares. I've got a buggy. When can you get away?"

"Two-thirty—for about two hours."

"Shall I call here?"

"Oh no, no, no!" she gasped, drawing a little away from the malodorous garbage bins.

"Then under the live oak, corner San Antonio and Dolores."

"All right." Then, a bit wistfully: "You won't get mad if I'm a little late? We've a church party in to-day; and I have to set my tables for supper before I come away."

"Get mad? Why—" The rest was cut off by the sudden coming of May, calling as she ran:

"The boss is yelling his head off for you."

Ella took his peck at her bloodless lips and scuttled in. Then the scolding tones of the little old man rang out from the kitchen:

"If you can't keep up with your work, I have no use for you."

The dish-washer came out to help on the potatoes. He upturned a box and, peeling with astonishing rapidity, began to chatter:

"The old man is down on Ella."

"Why?"

"He always puts it over on a green one. She came in about three weeks ago—her father is a rancher—he lost his crops through car shortage and the fruit rotting on his trees; so Ella had to get out and rustle. My, but she's easy—can't speak above a whisper, jumps like a mouse if you touch her. The

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old man works her for the soft thing, sends the extra guests to her tables, and gives her the mean ones what is always kicking."

"The beast!"

"Beast nothing! It's human nature to get all you can out of the other fellow, and that's where the unions come in. She'll get wise by'm by. Now if he got fresh with May, like as not she'd tell him to go and sit on a tack. Nothing don't ruffle May; she's got Christian Science; and what's better, she has money saved. She goes straight on her way, saying nothing, holding down her job, saving every cent and giving as good as she gets. But you wait and see the old man put it over Ella, whose job means bread-and-butter to her, and the old man knows it." A bell rang, and he jumped to his feet. "Leave them spuds. Come on; the dining-room is open." He shoved me into the kitchen and to a long counter, giving me directions: "Take the dirty dishes what the girls shoot here and scrape the plates: the chicken into that can for to-morrow's chicken potpie, all meats into that dish for to-morrow's veal loaf, and vegetables into those jars. Slide the dishes along to me to souse. Hustle!"

I HAD TO RETURN TO MY POTATOES, THUS THRUSTING MYSELF ON THE MEETING.

Away beyond those fly-spotted kitchen walls were sunshine and orange-blossoms and doming blue; and gorgeously-uniformed people gathered under a banner, gold-lettered—"Brotherly Love and Fraternity"—and many ceremonies and expressions of Christian brotherhood and general all-round satisfaction. But here, in the murky kitchen, waitresses, looking more than ever like pale witches wraithed in steam-clouds, jostled, and snapped, and tricked, and gasped for breath, and sometimes dropped explosive little "Damns!" in their mad endeavor to fill up the regular guests, that the dining-room might be cleared for the lodge party.

Ella had not yet got hardened to it all. She suffered from the jolt of those rude contacts, the rasp of invective, the strife, the heat, and the smells. Her worn features reflected her soul's rebellion. I hoped she would not be too tired for her afternoon's buggy ride. I wondered if she had time to spare a thought for it. And then she answered my unspoken question, as she shot her "dirties" on to my table, side by side with May. She spoke like a petulant child:

"We sha'n't get through before two o'clock, and I won't be able to make a change; and Harry hates me in this black."

One felt that Harry's hatred was justifiable. Why must servitude be so hideously garbed?

May parted her lips to sympathize, when a blonde waitress—a very self-possessed young woman—shot her tray to the counter, exclaiming, "Here's the lodge party. Gee, but they've got the glad rags!"

It was like the "charge" to waiting cavalry; the girls raced to the serving counter, thence to the dining-room.

Ella staggered up with a loaded tray of "dirties." She barely reached the counter.

The dish-washer cautioned: "You're looking for a smash-up and a slice off your wages

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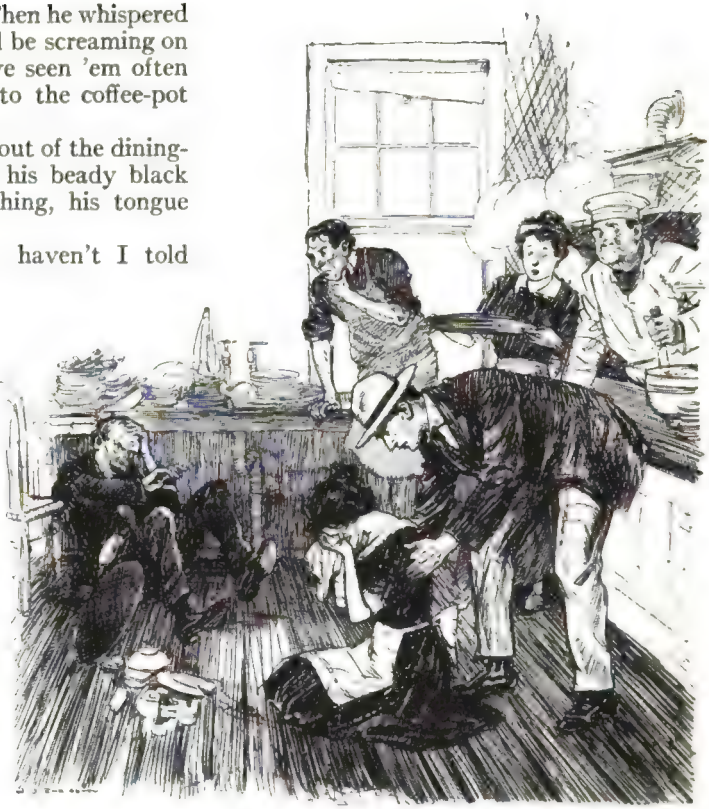
in loading up like that." Then he whispered to me: "She's all in; she'll be screaming on the floor in a minute. I've seen 'em often like that. There she goes to the coffee-pot to stave it off."

The little old man came out of the dining-room, rubbing his hands, his beady black eyes noting every little thing, his tongue snarling out on discovery:

"Hey—you—you, Ella, haven't I told you a hundred times not to give more than five olives to an order!" He went up to her and counted out an offending six, and, picking up the extra one, shook it in her face. Then, in answer to her plea that the pantry-man had fixed the dish, he shied away to another complaint: "Put some parsley to that fish. . . . Well, go and get some. And get a move on."

Away he scurried to the dining-room, unconsciously changing his brutal scowl to a servile smile, his bullying to subserviency, as he passed from one world into the other.



"IT'S ALL RIGHT: IT'S ME—HARRY. STOP CRYING, DEAR, OR I'LL KILL THAT LITTLE OLD MAN!"

The blonde came out with a tray, announcing to Ella and May, "There's a new party at your tables."

May exclaimed indignantly, "It's your turn to take the extras."

The blonde flung back exultingly, "The boss showed them to your tables."

"All right," said May. "I'd rather take extras than buy the old man's favors." She looked the blonde squarely in the face. But the latter merely laughed.

Ella was more and more losing track of her work, unconsciously crowding the other girls, then humbly begging pardon, and shrinking back under the chef's reprimand: "Keep your place, Ella. Don't crowd." But she didn't hear; she was looking up at the clock, and when it struck two, each strike was a stab in her heart. One could read the fear in her face: Would Harry wait? Would he get angry and blame her? Would he frown at her black dress? Would she get out into that buggy at all?"

At last the diners were filled. One of the girls wedged back the spring-doors to facilitate the clearing of the tables. Suddenly there was an ominous hush in the dining-room. Looking up, I saw the little old man waving the waitresses back to the kitchen.

May voiced the indignation. "The minister is going to make a speech; we sha'n't get out at all; and I haven't been beyond the corner for a week."

The propped-open doors framed a frock-coated, comfortable man on his feet, sawing the air with one soft white, manicured, jeweled hand, while the other toyed with a small gold cross that dangled on a bounteous stomach. His words fell in the pleasing optimizing of one who has dined well, to be accorded the applause of the well-fed. But to the group of waiting girls, on tiptoe for a rush to clear the tables at the last word, they came with torturing slowness and futility.

Ella's troubled face appeared above the

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others as they bunched in the spring-doors. She looked up at the clock. The hands were at thirteen minutes past two. The pain in her face was that of a child when looking down on the broken head of its favorite doll. She seemed bewildered, lost. And still the even, self-complacent tones flooded the hushed dining-room.

The little old man tiptoed into the kitchen. At the spring-doors he started rubbing his hands, and speaking.

"Girls"—his voice took on the tone of one asking a favor—"Girls, there's an automobile party coming in. We'll fix 'em up something cold—a little salad. Use up that box of muscats for the dessert bowls. Hurry!" He hustled away to the ice-chest, and then over to conciliate the chef, for the dining-room doors should have been closed to the public.

The girls stood and stared in each other's faces, and for a moment it looked very much like a strike; but they remembered in time that it was the dull season, and that work in the laundry was a great deal harder. Their resistance fell away before the little old man's monumental selfishness. Again the rush from kitchen to dining-room, and again the pushing and confusion, during which there came to the back door a stalwart form, which I recognized as Harry. I went over and explained the situation.

"All right," he said, "I'll wait here. Needn't tell Ella; it'd only make her nervous."

So he stood there just inside the door watching the work, a proper disgust on his tanned face. Ella's whole soul was on her work. Every now and then I caught a glimpse of her white, strained face through the vaporing steam; she might have been the ghost of an Ibsen drama. I saw her at the chef's counter; and I heard the chef speak to her with irritated sharpness:

"Speak up, Ella; I can't hear you. Did you say 'rare'?"

She swayed there a moment, then the vegetable cook called out, "Look out! She's falling."

She went to the floor a mushy heap, sobbing into her napkin.

May's voice cautioned, "Look out, Ella; here's the old man."

But the girl sobbed on. The next moment the little old man was on her.

"What's the matter here?" he snapped. "You, Ella! Get up! After this I have no use for you." He caught up her tray, to carry in himself, when he found the floor slipping from under him; two strong hands swung him aloft. He screamed like a frightened woman. The next moment he was in the corner, trying to disentangle himself from a mess of meats and salad and scalding coffee.

Harry gently raised Ella from the floor, his voice burring through the kitchen soothingly: "Hush, Ella. It's all right—it's all right, I say. It's me—Harry. Stop crying, dear. Go up and put on your things. . . . Are you hearing me? For God's sake, stop crying, or I will kill that little old man!" He led her to the hall stairs. "Hush, girlie. Go up and pack your trunk; I'll be back in a few minutes with the buggy."

It was two hours later that I passed round the front of the Arcadia, with a thirty-five-cent chicken dinner where it should be, and seventy-five cents all by itself in my vest pocket. The oriole was still singing from the magnolia; the sky was still blue; the valley still breathed peace, and there was only the feel of a fifty-cent piece and a quarter to remind me that the Arcadia kitchen was not a nightmare.

THE CHAMPION FORGETTER

BY G. W. OGDEN

"I'M THE same about ridin' in one of these here cabooses at the tail end of a freight as m' old woman is about 'tendin' the theatre," said Joe Lynch, working his clumsy chair, the legs of which were capped with glass telegraph-wire insulators, into a corner, and bracing his back against a bunk.

The others, sleepy-visaged and tired with the long wait at the loading pens, looked up questioningly. The brakeman climbed down from the cupola, his smelly lantern

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over his arm, and passed haughtily out to the rear platform and the enjoyment of his own superior society. Hog shippers, ugh!

"Yes," said Joe, scraping the sides of his lean face, alternately, with his finger-ends; "she says she can't see what other folks find to enjoy at the theatre. For her part, she says, she ain't able to take her mind nor her eyes off'n them big fiddles up in the front, always afraid one of 'em's a-goin' to bust. Some folks may feel easy an' contented in a caboose, but I'm always feelin' like the darned thing's a-goin' to come onjointed an' sling off to nowheres."

"I don't reckon they's any danger," said Turp Wilson. "We all been a-doin' it for twenty-five years, an' it ain't never happened yit."

"Reckon not," assented Joe, "but thinkin' about what the old woman said about the fiddles brought the oneasiness to my mind."

"Well, forgit her," counseled Charlie Short. The others laughed, and the sweep of merriment was as awakening in its effect as a douse of cold water.

"That's what Fred Hightower said when he run off with Shanghai Smith's gal," said Joe, grinning reminiscently.

"Tell us about it," urged one.

"Not much!" denied Joe. "I ain't easy enough in my mind to tell no story. Gimme a chaw, somebody." Joe squared around so he could spit out of the door, and the others edged up to him, understanding his symptoms.

"Eli Harris an' Shanghai Smith was a stand-off for forgittin' things. Both of 'em was—and air yit if they're alive—dadblame eediots. But I want to tell you right now 'at either one of 'em could ricollect a dollar furder'n any man I ever knowed.

"Eli, he was an old bach, though he wasn't adzackly old, an' he was a money-gitter an' a money-holder. He j'ined farms with Shanghai, an' in time took to spurrin' aroun' Shanghai's gal, Lueller. That suited Shanghai, all right, 'cause he was as clost-fisted as a dornick; but Lueller she didn't blaze up to him for a long time, 'count of another feller, Fred Hightower, that was longer on gab but shorter on dough than Eli. How she ever did come to promise to marry that Eli 's always been a stumper to more'n me, 'cause Lueller was as smart as they make 'em. But she put Fred in the poke an' promised that forgittin' feller of a Eli.

"Folks used to excuse Eli, sayin' he was all right, only he was absent-minded—jist absent-minded, that was all. I used to say maybe that was so, but I b'lieved his mind locked the door when it went away, an' throwed the key in the well.

"They 'lowed to make the weddin' blow-out a big thing, an' old Shanghai spent more money on the infare supper an' Lueller's dress, an' all the do-daddles they had, than he ever tored hisself loose from before or after. It was harvest-time, an' they callilated to make the weddin'-spread a kind of a celebration of the wind-up of the two events.

"You got to have a license to marry in that state, an' you got to git it from the county clerk, so Lueller, day before the weddin' day, sent Eli off to the county-seat, ten mile, after it, takin' him out of the harvest fiel' to do it, an' lecturin' him purty sharp on his lack of intrust. It was middle of the afternoon when Eli rode off, an' all the way to town his lopsided mind was runnin' on his wheat, an' how the han's 'd loaf on him, an' how the nigger woman he hired to cook for 'em 'd lavish an' waste while he was gone; an' all them things chased the thought of his errant slap-dab out of his head. When he got to the county-seat he didn't know what he was after, no more'n a rabbit.

"But he hitched his horse to the rack around the square, with the courthouse right before his eyes, thinkin' wheat an' han's, an' nigger woman, an' waste, but no Lueller nor weddin' day; an' went moseyin' aroun', gawkin' at the winders of the stores, tryin' to think what he was there after.

"'I reckon,' he said, 'I must 'a' come here for somethin', but I don't ricollect what. Dad burn me! what was it? Taxes? No, them's paid. A section for the machine sickle? No, not that. Let me see, what was it?'

"In one of the winders he seen some alarm clocks offered for sale for a dollar an' a quarter, which was cheap in them days. He kind o' brightened up a little, an' says to hisself: 'By crackey-diner, I'm a-goin' to buy me one of them there ringin' clocks.'

"Eli he was kind o' lunk-headed about wakin' up in the mornin', an' he'd been layin' off to git a 'larm clock for a good while; only he didn't like to leave the price git out of his sight. So he poled in an' ast the feller if them there clocks was guaranteed to git a man out of bed at four A. M. in the mornin', year round, an' the feller said they was. Eli, he feeshed up the money an' come out

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with the clock, still wonderin' if that was what he come to town after. It was about sundown when he started home, thinkin' wheat an' han's, an' nigger woman an' waste, but without no more notion of a license than the horse he was a-straddle of.

"It was late in the night when he got home, an' as he didn't want to disturb the han's asleep in the house—not 'cause he had any considerations for 'em, but 'cause he was afraid if he broke in on their rest they wouldn't be frisky an' fraish in the mornin'—he went behind the millet stack an' dug him out a bed in the straw. Me an' another one of the boys was out there too, 'count of the heat in the house, an' we woke up an' begun to cod Eli about to-morrow bein' his weddin' day.

"'Ad zan,' says old Eli to hisself, 'I'm glad them fellers mentioned that! I clean forgot I've got to marry Lueller Smith at ten o'clock to-morrow mornin'. I'll jist set this here 'larm clock an' put it under m' head so's it'll remind me of it when I wake up.' So he taken the clock an' set it on the tack for four A. M. in the mornin', rolled it up in his coat, an' went to sleep with it under his year. Didn't seem to Eli like he'd been asleep more'n ten minutes when he heerd a zippin' an' a rattlin' under his head, an' he set up kind o' dazed for a minute, till he seen where he was at. Then he loped to the fence an' come tearin' back with a rail, hollerin' to me an' the other feller:

"'Look out, boys! they's a rattlesnake under m' coat!'

"Then he fetched the rail down kersmash, an' walloped his coat till he thought he'd fixed the rattler; then he poked at it with the end of the rail, careful an' cautious. It was broad daylight, an' me an' the other feller we stood off a-lookin' at Eli, an' when he poked out that there 'larm clock with the livin' daylights busted out of it, we tumbled over an' kicked up our laigs an' jist hollered.

"Eli, he was mad. 'What the dickens you mean puttin' that blame fool thing under my head?' says he. 'You may call it a joke,' he says, 'but I call it a low-down piece o' dirt.'

"*We* couldn't convince Eli we never done it. Oh, no! He went off in a huff, after he told us he was a-goin' to pay us off, an' then we put our heads together to conspire ag'in Eli. We knowed by the way he acted he'd forgot all about it bein' his weddin' day, an' we posted the rest of the han's not to remind him of it, but to jist work right on an' see how fur he'd go. Well, he forgot to pay us off, so all han's went to the fiel' after breakfast. That was before the day of self-binders, an' Eli had one of them old contraptions of a machine that two men used to stand on an' bind the wheat as it was cut an' passed up to a table between 'em. Eli drove hisself, an' he was so wrapped up in that old machine he never onct thought of Lueller!

"'Long about noon here come Shanghai, horseback, with a big blacksnake whup in his hand. Us fellers—I was bindin'—seen the old feller's dander was up, an' we begun to feel sorry we hadn't reminded Eli of his obligations to Lueller. Shanghai pulled up 'longsider Eli's machine an' slung that old bull peeler out over Eli's head with a pop like a forty-five.

"'Come down from there,' he yells, 'you sneakin' purp, an' leave me whittle the hide off'n you! You're the low-downest hangdog shadder of a humant bein' I ever seen, an' if you had your just de-serts you'd be dancin' juber at the end of a rope!'

"'Put up that whup,' says Eli, wrappin' the lines around the sickle lever an' climbin' down off'n the seat. 'Put up that whup, I tell you, Shanghai,' says he, all white aroun' the gills, an' gulpy an' thick-swallerin' in his voice. 'I ain't a-goin' to 'low no man to come poppin' a rawhide aroun' me! You rack out o' here, Shanghai, 'fore I forgit you're my father-'n-law an' lay han's on to you!'

"Shanghai he backed off a little. Nobody hadn't never seen Eli thataway before. He looked like he'd eat hot rocks, an' us fellers thought he was a-goin' to chaw Shanghai up as fine as cat hair an' spit him out like feathers.

"'Father-'n-law!' snorts Shanghai. 'Father-'n-law nothin'! I ain't no father-'n-law o' yourn. You'll make a joke out of it, will you?' says he, slingin' out the whup ag'in an' zippin' it clost to old Eli's years. 'You'll set me an' my gal up for a laughin'-stock after you've tret us like you have, hey? Well, take that!' he yells, bringin' Eli a welt aroun' the back an' leavin' a red streak on his shirt.

"We looked for Eli to land a-straddle of his neck, but he didn't. He jist stood there a-lookin' kind o' dazed, an' put his hand up to his forrid. 'I didn't mean no harm, Shanghai,' says he, meek an' whiney. 'I clean forgot all about it—bust me wide

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open if I didn't forgit all about it!'

"'You never intended to marry Lueller,' says Shanghai. 'You wanted to bring us down to ruin an' disgrace, you rabbit you, an' I'm a-goin' to have your heart's blood for it!' he says.

"I did intend to marry her, an' I do intend to marry her,' says Eli. 'I went after the license yisterday, an' I got it in my coat pocket back of the millet stack right now.'

"'Git it,' says Shanghai, short as a hired man's blessin', an' Eli, he poled off after the coat.

"'Course he didn't find no license, an' he come back with the coat over his arm, leadin' a saddle horse. 'I ricollect now,' says he, lookin' foolisher 'n he ginerally did, 'I went after the license yisterday, but I clean forgot to git it. I'll go after it right now, an' I'll be back in no time.'

"The old man eyed him a minute, then he said: 'Well, Eli, I reckon I can 'preciate an' understan' your weakness better'n anybody else, bein' in the same boat as you myself, as the whole county knows. But I hope t' the ghosts of Je-rusalem 'at I ain't as fur gone as you. But to make shore you git that license this time, I'm a-goin' along with you.'

"Well, they sent me off to Smith's to tell Lueller an' her ma what the hitch in the gearin' was about, an' they racked off for the county-seat. On the way over, I met Fred Hightower comin' along in his buckboard. 'It's a dad-burn shame for Lueller to throw herself away on a feller that'll forgit what's happened to him two minutes after they're married,' I says.

"'Yes, it is,' Fred he 'lowed, slow an' solemn. Then he perted up on a suddent an' ast me if I'd tell Lueller, on the sly, that a friend wanted to see her for the last word, at the old place. An' I done it, an' I thought she was a-goin' to faint. But purty soon I seen her dodgin' down through the orchard, her sunbunnit in her hand like a basket, an' lookin' as sweet as sliced peaches.

"She didn't come back, neither, an' her ma got mighty juberous an' fidgety about it as the day passed on; but Tilly Wright said Lueller told her she felt so put out 'count of Eli 'at she was goin' off to the paster woods to be by herself, an' for them not to worry over her. Long in the evenin' here comes Shanghai an' Eli, but no Lueller. They went out searchin' an' callin' her, but they couldn't find hide nor hair of her, an' the old lady was took with a collapse.

"Jist before dark here comes Lueller an' Fred in the buckboard, an' they drove right in at the gate an' up to the front yard, Lueller's cheeks a-flarin', an' her eyes a-shinin', an' her hair a-flyin' like she'd been runnin' a race. They all come crowdin' round the buckboard, an' Shanghai he orders Lueller to 'light an' Fred to git off'n the premises. But them two they looks at each other an' grins, an' Lueller, she up an' says:

"'Did you an' Eli git the license, pa?'

"She knowed they didn't, 'cause her an' Fred they ast about it at the courthouse. Folks in the county-seat said they saw Shanghai an' Eli there together, an' saw 'em ride off home together, but the re-cords didn't show that they took out a license for anybody to marry an' settle down. So when Lueller she ast that, sweet as a drop of honey, Shanghai looked at Eli, an' Eli looked at him, an' they stood a-gapin' at each other like a pair o' b'iled owls.

"'No,' says Shanghai, after a while; 'dad-burn our hides, Eli, *that's* what we went after!'

"'Yes,' says Eli, 'I ricollect it now.'

"It 'pears like them two fellers got to talkin' wheat an' han's, nigger woman an' waste, on the road to the county-seat, an' both of 'em clean forgot what they went after! It was the beatin'est thing I ever heerd of, an' I wouldn't 'a' b'lieved it m'self if somebody had 'a' told me it happened; but I was right there, gentlemun, an' I know they done it.

"'We reckoned you would,' says Lueller, still smilin' an' blushin', 'so me an' Fred we got it for you.'

"'Good girl'! says Shanghai, pattin' her hand.

"'Much obliged to you, Fred!' says Eli.

"'Oh, they ain't no thanks comin' to *me*,' says Fred. 'We callilated you'd 'a' forgot they ever was any Lueller by now, so we jist up an' used the license ourselves.'

"'You which!' says Shanghai, leanin' forwards with his mouth open an' his hand cupped back of his year.

"'We used it,' says Fred. Then he got out, an' helped Lueller out, careful as if she was aigs, an' faced Eli. 'Eli,' says he, 'you're the champeen forgitter. You can forgit most anything an' never turn a hair. I've took Lueller off'n your han's. She's m' wife. Forgit *her!*'"

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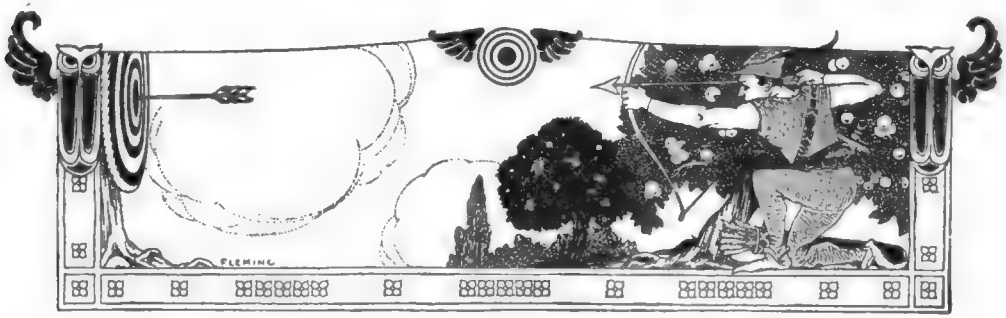

STRAIGHT TALK

WHY NOT MAKE YOUR TOWN A "FRIENDSHIP VILLAGE"?

The Board of Aldermen of this city has lately greatly increased the license fees for dance-halls where liquor is sold, as a result of which most of the dance-halls have closed. The Board acted after a public hearing at which the Probation Officer of Hudson County, representatives of the Holy Name Societies, and the secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children told of the evils of the dance-halls, how they were the cause of the ruination of young girls, etc. This action of the Board has resulted in a great deal of good, but the city has not completed its work. The city has taken the dance-hall away from the young folks and should replace it with something else. With what? By opening the assembly halls of the public schools for dances and promenade concerts. The assembly halls are used but a few minutes each day and could be used at night by the young working people who can take their pleasure only in the evening. The School Extension Committee is now endeavoring to get the Board of Education to adopt this innovation along with our other plans for "Neighborhood Centers" in the public schools.

I want to thank you, on behalf of the committee, for one of the best arguments I have heard or read in favor of our movement. I refer to the story "Mothers to Men," by Zona Gale, in the August number. The story is well written, the characters are drawn true to life and represent people we meet every day, and it accurately portrays the present situation in this city. The author stated a truth when she said that the schoolhouse belongs to the people; and I trust that before long the people will come into their own. I wish that everybody in Jersey City could read "Mothers to Men." I am sure that, if they did, Jersey City would soon become a real "Friendship Village," with a Neighborhood Center in every public school.

JOHN WARREN,
President School Extension Committee,
Jersey City, N. J.

WHAT IS AN AVERAGE READER?

The Census Bureau announces the highly unimportant fact that the density of population of this country has been located near a small Indiana town. How much more worth while it would be if the authorities at Washington were to furnish magazine editors with statistics on the density of the average reader.

Who is this person? Where does he live? In what station of life is he? What are his likes and dislikes? What is his intellectual equipment?

Editors discourse—privately, of course—on just how much the average reader will stand. They bewail the fact that they are so hampered in their work because of the receptive limitations of their audience—the "average reader." They are prevented from doing this and that because they are afraid of shooting their stuff over the readers' heads.

Such sentiments explain the presence of the immense amount of pleasant, harmless—although, at times, good—stuff one finds within the covers of the popular magazines.

Why don't editors try a new tack? Why not try and see just how much the average reader really will stand? It were far better to shoot a little above his head than at his feet. Besides, it's a bit more complimentary. We all like to be credited with more intelligence than we really possess.

Life is too full of great big, important, vital facts and ideas to fritter away valuable time and energy on the inconsequentials.

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Individually, magazine editors have grown tremendously, in every fundamental respect, during the last five years. They are now making the mistake of thinking that the public has stood still.

Get busy!

Muscatine, Io. L. B.

APPRECIATION FROM THE VETERAN

On behalf of the Executive Committee of the Volunteer Retired List Association of Kansas, I wish to thank you for your article "Gratitude and Graft," by Walter Lippmann, in the August EVERYBODY'S.

Hoping that you will continue to expose Graft, the greatest enemy of the republic, I am,

Topeka, Kan. R. C. B.

WE'RE STUMPED

In the June EVERYBODY'S was published a "Chestnut" which provoked a letter of remonstrance from a loyal son of Britain. Not wishing to keep a good thing to ourselves, we append both the "Chestnut" and the letter.—EDITORS.

"In this country, when the contracting parties to a marriage desire to inform the public of the event, you will see inserted in the proper column a little notice like this:

BROWN-SMITH: Married, on Saturday, March 4th, at St. Joseph's Church, Mary Smith to William Brown.

"It's simple and sufficient; but did you ever take up one of the English social weeklies and see how a marriage is recorded? It will read something like this:

"Married at Ramsgate Rookery, near Oakley, Stafford, at noon on Thursday, 30th instant, by the Reverend Plantagenet Clutterbuck, LL.D., F.R.S., A.T.S., M.N.O., Q.R.D., uncle to the bride, Rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, Elephant's Head, Briary Lane, Berkeley, assisted by the Reverend Theophilus Timoleon Titmouse, J.O.B., R.R., R.X.Y.Z., D.B.F., cousin of the bridegroom, Rector of Calvary Church, St. Martin's in-the-back-cellar, Man's Nose, Grantly, Gertrude Maude Beatrice Constance, daughter of Grantville Neville Bollingbroke Bopgappers, Esq., L.P., M.P.T., S.P.Q., W.P.N., of Bareknees Briary, Cholmondeley Chairbones, Somerset, to Harold St. John Evermont Stragsby, K.C.B., R.B.A., L.G.J., and T.E.C., late of the 14th Royal Lancers, of Pumpernicle Priory and Stonehenge and Stickleneck Lodge, St. Christopher's-under-the-Hedge, Mumblepeg, Hartford."

SIR: As a true Britisher, I desire to protest most emphatically against an article appearing in "Under the Spreading Chestnut-Tree," showing the difference between an American marriage announcement and an English one.

Unquestionably the person who wrote this article is not well acquainted with British titles, customs, or names, and I can not understand the article in question. I shall not bother you much with details, but shall invite your attention to the more glaring errors.

I am a Cambridge University man, and acquainted with the degrees and titles of England. Will you, therefore, kindly explain what the following degrees are, and by what college, or by whom, conferred? "A.T.S.," "M.N.O.," "Q.R.D.," "J.O.B.," "R.R.," "R.X.Y.Z.," etc. I have never heard of them.

My father was a Church of England clergyman, and I am well acquainted with English churches. I defy you to tell me where, in all Britain, one can find "Rector of Calvary Church, St. Martin's in-the-back-cellar."

It seems to me that, as a matter of justice to Englishmen, you should give my letter the same publicity as the article from which I have quoted.

L. P. J. H.

British Consulate, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

"PLAY-PRODUCING AND THE FICKLE PUBLIC"

The original manuscript of my article entitled "Play-Producing and the Fickle Public," published in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE for September, was prepared under the inconvenient circumstances of travel in Europe and Northern Africa. I regret that the editing necessary to be done after it left my hands, and the impossibility of submitting a proof of the article to me in my absence, permitted several inaccuracies to creep in. Indeed, in the outcome, certain points which I tried to make clear became aggravatingly obscured, and certain anecdotal and autobiographical details, which I regarded as of minor consequence, became unduly accented.

My attempt was to show the dizzy heights to which play production has soared (making an ordinary "success" unprofitable to the manager, and leaving only the ascendingly sensational as his field), and to speculate on what the end is to be if we keep up this present tremendous pace.

In the mention of "The Christian," I am made to say that we fixed over Mr. Hall Caine's play "much to Mr. Caine's disgust." As a matter of fact, whatever fixing over was done was done by Mr. Caine himself. It is unfortunate, too, that in the making up of the list of members of the original cast of "The Children of the Ghetto" the name of Miss Grace Filkins should have been included.

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I am sorry that there is not now room for comment on Mr. Hartley Davis's extremely interesting "answer" to my article. At another time I should enjoy the task of replying to the separate paragraphs and the gladsome whole.

New York City. George C. Tyler.

WHY WE MUST BE PATIENT

Indignation, however righteous, is easy. Pessimism is easy, too. And the succession of articles that EVERYBODY'S has published since it came to be its present self—articles on graft, on the crimes that cast themselves like a net around the feet of a conscientious public servant such as Judge Lindsey, the commercial horrors of child labor and the shadowed side of "The Woman's Invasion," the abuses of money power, and now on Mormonism—the succession of such articles lures many readers to the easy indignation which is long-distance and the pessimism which, though apoplectic, is abstract.

"How long are we in this United States of America going to stand all this?" one can hear in any sidewalk argument. And the current solution is wistfully to seek for some celestial dynamite that will blow the offending problem into nothingness.

There is a positive, constructive, idealist, and educative side to all you do. I find in you all warrant for a sanely confident but deep-knowledged optimism. But can't we have this made so insistent that the patriotic pessimist can not escape it; that it shall less often be necessary to read between your lines? It is one of the deplorable truisms that good is not half so dramatic as bad and needs twice the emphasis to have the same effect. And for this positive side I, for one, count increasingly on you.

For the problems in themselves are indications of a far from hopeless state of affairs. They are the indications that no artificial simplification has been attempted. This United States of ours is the one absolute experiment in freedom *via* democracy that history knows. We are pledged to omit no point of view that is sincere, however much it may vary from our cultural preconceptions. For it is written as an axiom guaranteed by the stars in heaven, that a man can not honestly be in earnest and all wrong at the same time. And the nation must stop to listen when such a man speaks, no matter who or what he is. We are the "Melting-Pot," and have pledged ourselves to an ultimate synthesis that shall omit nothing of worth.

Therefore we *must* have the negro problem; and should not explosively wish to be without it. We *must* have the problems of immigration; we could not in loyalty wish to eliminate them, needing just the enrichment of the immigrant's traditions and genius for the ultimate product's completeness. We *must* have such problems as the Mormon problem, that the ideal of religious freedom may not be impoverished. We *must* face the inevitability of fearful problems in our self-governing, choosing the difficult process of easily abused delegated servantship rather than the easier simplification of absolute policemanship. It is *because* the ideal is so high and because it accepts no compromise that such problems are blossoming like a field of daisies overnight in this generation, when for the first time we see what the full scope of the ideal is.

We *must not* be discouraged. The problems will be solved, not exiled by ease-seeking force of law, and we shall have gained the worth which was disguised and struggling in the "problem" which we together helped to rid of unworthy dross.

At the end of the process we shall see that the whole truth of democracy came because there was allowed no artificial simplification in the hope of a short cut to perfection.

Boston, Mass. P. O.

THE COMING POLITICAL ISSUE

Hidden away in the closing pages of your August number, like an unloved literary stepchild, I found the most vital article that EVERYBODY'S has published in a twelvemonth, "The Only Answer to Socialism," by George L. Record, of New Jersey. Why Mr. Record's most able exposition of a great public question was not printed in a more prominent place, such as the one occupied by Mr. Eaton's mildly innocuous ruminations concerning gardens, is one of those mysteries of editorial policy which must ever remain an enigma to the lay mind; but in spite of that, and of the somewhat apologetic tone of the introductory note, your magazine is to be congratulated upon its broad spirit in printing the communication at all.

There is no doubt that the principle of the tax upon land values, which is the fundamental principle in "The Only Answer to Socialism," is rapidly becoming a vital issue in this country and in Europe. Even here in Pittsburgh, the boss-ridden heart of a boss-ridden state, the single-tax theory has a surprisingly large number of adherents. Indeed, so strong is the sentiment in its favor that the Keystone party, which polled the second largest vote in the last election, and which is pledged to drive the Penrose machine from Pennsylvania, has made a tax upon land values one of the principal planks in its platform.

If EVERYBODY'S is to continue as a voice of the people it must sooner or later declare itself on this question—the sooner the better. As a suggestion—why not publish another article by Mr. Record, Charles Z. White, Louis F. Post, or Henry George, Jr., *in the front of the book?*

Pittsburgh, Pa. G. M. P. B.

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A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

ONCE in a very long while the world finds itself deep in debt to some inspired shoemaker who has refused to stick to his last. But, taken by and large, not only is Rule Number One in the Cobbler's Manual pretty safe to peg along by, but all sorts of things, from fisticuffs to amused winks round the stove in the general store, are likely to result from transgressing it. This paragraph is a wink to the wise. For not only would fisticuffs be a brutal and uncalled-for violence to offer to our old friend, William J. Locke, for whom, surely, thousands of us feel a cuddlesome and protective fondness; but the sight of Mr. Locke turned sociological propagandist and, in his new novel, "The Glory of Clementina" (Lane), fictionally standing in Trafalgar Square and begging the New Woman to come home and be good, is more conducive to smiles than to anger.

Mr. Locke, like Abou ben Adhem, may be written down as one who loves his fellow men. Moreover, all that he has written bears witness to the fact that he loves them as they are, rather than as he thinks that they ought to be; and it is doubtless difficult to sit at one's bench and hear so many architects of the future exploiting their plans and specifications in fiction without breaking into the argument. But, all the same, "The Glory of Clementina," which is a typical bit of late Lockian fiction, attractive because of its quizzical, kind-hearted humor and yet uncomfortably suggestive of the fact that its author knows what is expected of him and is working hard to live up to his responsibilities, is rather pathetic in its naive begging of the woman question under the guise of triumphantly settling it.

But the truth is that what is known as the "woman question" is not a question at all. It is a symptom.

The big, clumsy, lumbering creature that is called human progress belongs to the order of *Crustacea*, and not only is it difficult to tell from its crab-like movements whether, at any given moment, it is going or coming, but its sole method of effective growth is by periodically bursting its shell of tradition, convention, and dogma, forming a new and more commodious shell under conditions of vulnerability and danger, and then, during a quiescent and contented epoch, filling the new shell once more to the bursting-point.

Naturally, when one of the shell-bursting times comes round, the poor beast is convulsed with fright and horror. Its dogmas irk it. Its conventions have become brittle. Its morals have got out of joint. And it thinks that it is going to die. But the aches that it takes to be the agonies of dissolution are merely growing pains. And what is now called the "woman question" is merely one of a number of small cracks in the shell; for the crab is in one of its periodic crises.

The real question, the question that is too big for any one of us human cells in this crustacean organism to answer, but that will get itself safely solved in due season, is the question of shedding the old shell and growing a new one. And this question, or some inkling of it, is the impelling inspiration, even when it is not the acknowledged thesis, of most of the world's contemporary literature; and our attitude toward it is (often unconsciously) a determining factor in our intellectual reactions to art and to life.

For, consciously or unconsciously, each of us is a partaker in the throes of readjustment. Some of us shrink from the premonitory pains of coming change. Mr. Locke, for example, timidly advises us to leave well enough alone—

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to take a little sentimental morphine, if necessary—and all will go happily on the old lines. Some of us, on the other hand, help heave on the cracking shell. And one of the sturdiest and most effective of these is the French dramatist and Academician, Brieux, whose "Three Plays" (Brentano's) have recently been done into English.

There are many people who do not care to read plays; partly because the reading usually entails a troublesome and active imaginative adjustment to the false and strained conventions of the theatre, and partly because most plays, nowadays, are so inane that they require the stage's meretricious realism to make them even momentarily acceptable. But Brieux's "Maternity," "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont," and "Damaged Goods" are not plays of this kind. Each of them is a straightforward yet dramatic demonstration of a piece of ruthlessly keen social analysis. Each is as arresting and eye-opening to students of the drama as to students of society. And while few English readers will read them without a certain mental and moral shock, it is safe to say that only inveterate shrinkers from the question of the bursting shell will be "shocked" by reading them.

Even in the cosmic quandary of the Moulting Crab, however, it is true that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." And Morley Roberts's "Thorpe's Way" (Century) can be recommended to the most rabid progressionist (as well as to the ordinary lover of witty fiction) as an exhilarating recreation. In outline this novel is the simplest of casual love stories—the story of the daughter of a well-to-do, middle-class family who is asked to marry an earl and perversely falls in love with a writer of iconoclastically up-to-date literature. In effect, however, it is not only a swiftly moving tale of clever surprises, but a sustainedly scintillating commentary on the contentions, claims, and compromises of the Shavian school of ethics. At times, as is the case with most epigrammatic writers, the author's lamp disappears in the glare of its own light; but for the most part it burns with surprising steadiness, and he turns it, dark-lantern-wise and with engaging deftness, so as to illuminate the shortcomings of the intellectual Philistines and the incongruities of the intellectual elect.

To have known one's grandmother in the flesh is almost always an educational advantage. It makes for breadth of view. Children who have a live example in their own experience are apt to think that grandmothers are "easy"; but it is a very dull child that thinks it can teach the old lady to suck eggs. And the same mixture of patronizing affection and instinctive respect is pretty certain to be found in the attitude unconsciously assumed by contemporary modes of thought toward any kindly, tolerant, yet convinced statement of the surviving or reemerging ways of thought of a past day.

This, it seems to me, is a fairly accurate explanation of the nature and extent of the vogue that the works of the writer known as Pierre de Coulevain have had in France and, to a less degree (since, after all, she does not represent our own grandmother), are having among us. They present to us that world which we are used to seeing through the dogmatically disillusioned and more or less cynically sophisticated eyes of what we are pleased to regard as our new-found wisdom, in terms of the unquestioning faith of the past, yet with the quiet, perspicacious understanding of digested experience. And, as we are prone, when left to ourselves, to think these two things mutually incompatible, it is at once a diverting novelty and a salutary check to find them marching happily hand in hand.

Pierre de Coulevain's new book, "The Unknown Isle" (Cassell), is an interpretation of contemporary England offered to contemporary France. The writer is characteristically certain that she is the only French person who has ever understood the English, and also that Providence put her in the world for the express purpose of acting as intermediary. But if she is, as usual, astonishingly naive, she is also at times delightfully clear-sighted. And if her book has the defects, it has also the qualities, of its grandmotherliness.

If you happen to be a man—and especially if you happen to be one of the men who imagine that their youthful idea of professional baseball as an Olympian sport carried on by demigods is irrecoverably buried beneath the stratified deposits of geologic eras of later living—beg, borrow, or buy Charles E. Van Loan's volume of short stories called "The Big League" (Small, Maynard). Short of finding a box of imported Perfectos in an old drawer, you are not likely to stumble upon so unexpected and gratuitous a gift from the forgotten. Mr. Van Loan may, or may not, have been a baseball reporter. If not, he has had his own opportunities of intimacy with the personnel of the profession. And, if so, he has outlived the hog-latinish vocabulary without losing the ver-

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bal vividness of the trade. The nine tales in the collection (and there is not a forced or a trite story in the lot) deal with the homely, human eventfulness of the training camp, the diamond, and the road; and are as full of what the critically unregenerate call "ginger" as they are free from the artificial death-in-life of the average well-made short story.

One nice thing about human nature is that there are so many different ways that you can divide it into theoretical halves for the purposes of convenient cataloguing. For instance, we are all more or less definitely identifiable as being either fore-minded or hind-minded. If, let us say, we are given to going fishing, some of us get the maximum of enjoyment out of anticipatory preparation and planning. The rest of us find our real reward in smacking mental lips over our recollections. Your fore-minded man, again, studies Chamberlain and Lafcadio Hearn on his way to Japan. The hind-minded fellow hobnobs with these commentators after his return.

I hope that all fore-minded lovers of mountain meadows, of the big woods, and of the sense of personal ownership in out-of-doors, have already read Stewart Edward White's delightfully easy and intimate volume upon his family foothold in the Sierran foot-hills, "The Cabin" (Doubleday, Page). If they haven't, they will have to keep it to work up next year's enthusiasm. But the hind-minded man or woman who has ever been in the mountains and to whom a meeting with a kindred spirit for purposes of retrospection is like getting dividends on an investment, will do well to have this book handy when the first open fires are lighted in the fall.

We are promised some hopeful reading when the fall crop is garnered. The second instalment of that most engrossingly and comprehensively human of modern novels, "Jean-Christophe"; a new book by William De Morgan; and other things. But meanwhile, like clients in a waiting-room, we may be glad to find some entertaining stop-gaps on the table; and there are two little books among the summer's output that are worth picking up. Both, in a way, are by-products of a larger industry—side issues of intention and experience materialized into print. But each admits us to a sort of intimate participation in action or in reflection.

Joseph Husband's "A Year in a Coal Mine" (Houghton, Mifflin) is one of them; it gives the graphic and, in the literary sense, un-self-conscious, account of a young college man's adventures in studying the practical end of a future business career. Reading it is as real as meeting the writer in a communicative mood on a train. The other is called "The Corner of Harley Street" (Houghton, Mifflin), and contains what purport to be selections from the private correspondence of a London physician. Whatever these letters really are—and they are almost certainly a literary makeshift—a very genial and well-balanced mind is behind their comments on life, their kindly humor, and their hinted sketches of personality.

OTHER BOOKS

"France in the American Revolution," by James Breck Perkins. (Houghton, Mifflin.) An interesting and well-presented study of the causes that inclined France to aid the American colonies, of the conditions that led to her open intervention in their behalf, and of the actual part played in the struggle by her subsidies and her arms.

"Members of the Family." (Macmillan.) A volume of short stories dealing with episodes in the lives of some of the characters made familiar to his readers by Owen Wister's Western novels. They are likely to find a warm welcome from many old friends.

"The Early History of Jacob Stahl." (Little, Brown.) A novel, by J. D. Beresford, of a type which Arnold Bennett's success has made inevitable. An intimate study of an individual career, developed with patient labor, considerable understanding, and no little skill in presentation, but (unlike Mr. Bennett's work) failing to relate itself to life either as a criticism or as an elucidation.

"The Tennessee Shad." (Baker and Taylor.) Another of Owen Johnson's stories of schoolboy life at Lawrenceville. A little less spontaneous than the earlier stories, but still entertainingly successful in recapturing the difficult atmosphere of the cub-cosmos.

"The Obvious Orient." (Appleton.) A modest but illuminative book of travel and comment upon colonial problems and native peculiarities, by Albert Bushnell Hart, professor of the science of government in Harvard University.

"The Street of To-day," by John Masefield. (Dutton.) A novel by a writer of brilliant parts and keen mind who has not yet found himself in fiction. The book is full of good reading, but wholly fails to get anywhere as a story.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

In a small South Carolina town that was "finished" before the war, two men were playing checkers in the back of a store. A traveling man who was making his first trip to the town was watching the game, and, not being acquainted with the business methods of the citizens, he called the attention of the owner of the store to some customers who had just entered the front door.

"Sh! Sh!" answered the storekeeper, making another move on the checkerboard. "Keep perfectly quiet and they'll go out."

"The theory of governing children by appealing to their reason isn't all it is made out to be," said a public school teacher recently.

"I teach in a primary class, and it's my opinion that a youngster actually needs a good spanking once in a while for his health. Here is an instance:

"One of my boys had skipped his classes, deceived his mother, been found out, and caused much unhappiness all round. I took him aside and we had a heart-to-heart talk. Bobby sat still, looking at me intently, deeply interested. I thought that my little sermon was making a great impression and penetrating his head. He seemed positively fascinated by my line of argument. But you never can tell. Just as I had reached the climax in my appeal to his better self, a light of discovery broke over Bobby's face.

"'Say, teacher,' he said eagerly, 'it's your *lower* jaw that moves, ain't it?'"

"Thomas W. Lawson is always full of quips," said a Boston banker.

"Not long ago I attended the funeral of a millionaire financier, one of those real 'high' financiers on whose low methods Lawson loved to turn the light. I got to the funeral a little late, and took a seat beside Lawson.

"'How far has the service gone?' I whispered.

"Lawson, nodding toward the clergyman in the pulpit, whispered back:

"'Just opened for the defense.'"

Wilton Lackaye, the actor, was billed to appear in a New England town where De Wolf Hopper had played the season before.

Introducing himself to the Yankee proprietor of *the* hotel, he said: "My name is Lackaye. I am a friend of Mr. De Wolf Hopper, who

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stopped with you some time ago, and I should like the very best accommodations you can give me."

Without making any reply, the landlord turned, took a key from the rack, and tossed it on the counter in front of his guest.

"Are you sure this is the best you have?" inquired Lackaye. The landlord peered at him over the rims of his spectacles and merely nodded.

"I am Wilton Lackaye," repeated the actor. "I am playing at your theatre here to-night." Again the landlord nodded.

"I am an intimate friend of Mr. Hopper," persisted Lackaye. "He said for me to be sure and mention it when I saw you."

Another nod from the landlord, and Lackaye continued, half-heartedly: "Mr. Hopper recommended your hotel——"

"Well—" drawled the Yankee, "what d'ye want me t' do—kiss you?"

It was in the primary class of a graded school in a Western city, and the day was the twenty-second of February.

"Now, who can tell me whose birthday this is?" asked the teacher.

A little girl arose timidly.

"Well, Margaret, you may tell us," said the teacher.

"Mine," was the unexpected reply.

Little Ikey, on the sidewalk in front of his home, with one foot extended, was strenuously endeavoring to defend himself from the blows of several little ruffians who were "beating him up." His lusty cries and yells brought his father's head to the window.

"Come queek, Ikey, into de house. Run away from de bad boys queek."

"I can't, fader, I can't!"

"Queek, I say, into de house."

"I can't, fader, I can't, I say. I got my foot on a niggle!"

A certain haunted house down in Georgia was held in terror by all the negroes in the vicinity, except Sam, who bravely declared that for two dollars he would sleep there all night. A purse was raised, and Sam was told to carry out his end of the bargain and to call in the morning for his money. When morning came, no trace could be found of Sam; the house contained nothing but evidences of a hurried departure. A search party was organized, but without result.

Finally, four days later, Sam, covered with mud, came slowly walking down the road.

"Hi dere, nigger!" yelled a bystander. "Where's you been de las' fo' days?"

To which Sam curtly responded: "Ah's been comin' back."

"Wot cheer, Alf? Yer lookin' sick. Wot is it?"

"Work! Nuffink but work, work, work, from mornin' till night."

"'Ow long 'ave yer been at it?"

"Start termorrer."

A traveling salesman out of Chicago was in Lexington, Kentucky, recently and had to talk over the telephone to one of his customers in a neighboring town. When he had completed the conversation he asked the demure little operator how much the charges were, and she replied, "Thirty cents." At this the C. T. S. irately declared that in Chicago one could talk to hell and back for thirty cents.

The operator quietly replied: "Yes, but this is a long-distance call."

Little Willie, being a city boy, had never seen a cow. While on a visit to his grandmother he walked out across the fields with his cousin John. A cow was grazing there, and Willie's curiosity was greatly excited.

"Oh, Cousin John, what is that?" he asked.

"Why, that is only a cow," John replied.

"And what are those things on her head?"

"Horns," answered John.

Before they had gone far the cow mooed long and loud.

Willie was astounded. Looking back, he demanded, in a very fever of interest:

"Which horn did she blow?"

Some years ago, Mark Twain was a guest of honor at an opera box-party given by a prominent member of New York society. The hostess had been particularly talkative all during the performance—to Mr. Clemens's increasing irritation.

Toward the end of the opera, she turned to him and said gushingly:

"Oh, my dear Mr. Clemens, I do so want you to be with us next Friday evening. I'm certain you will like it—the opera will be 'Tosca.'"

"Charmed, I'm sure," replied Clemens. "I've never heard you in that."

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Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* | TRUMBULL WHITE, *Managing Editor* | WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* | ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

THERE were two shows running in New York last summer which should not have been permitted by the authorities.

We hope we are not prudish. Our instincts are all against censorships and restraints. We believe in the widest possible latitude to free thought, free expression, and free action.

That is American.

Whatever is true can be shown on the stage within the limits of good taste and decency. A play may skate over very thin ice to a solid moral. But it is not necessary, and it is positively harmful, to flaunt the delicacies.

Managers can not lull conscience by shifting their responsibility to the audience. Vulgar shows are not justified because they are patronized. Or every crime would wear a halo for its million devotees.

Besides, many folks purposely avoid informing themselves about shows in order that they may enjoy all the surprises.

The great theatre-going public prefers good shows—the proof whereof lies in the fact that the bad ones die young. Some bad ones have a huge vogue for a little while, but we are persuaded it is in spite of the badness and because of some strong feature that makes a wholly worthy appeal.

Bad shows and bad men may have many worthy and extremely likable traits. But you would not care to have your children in their company.

As a friend of ours remarked recently, "Human nature is still very prevalent."

We have little concern for that considerable class which hurries toward every hint of pruriency in the hope of stimulating a vigor long since recklessly dissipated.

But for the youth who find within themselves all the natural and worthy yearnings which they can possibly hold in leash, we have the greatest concern. They should be guarded and aided in restraint. Their imaginations should be starved, not stimulated.

As long as even a few human beings remain who are willing to risk lowering the national morale by vulgarly flaunting the delicacies in order to make a few infected dollars, we favor a vigorous censorship.

Parents who are at great pains to inform themselves about the books their young people read often give no thought to the plays they see.

A bad book is harmful enough, Heaven knows, luring youth to hide for a debauch in indecency. But from such an experience youth returns soiled and ashamed, certain that decent people would not countenance such performances.

But a bad play! There vice enacts itself in the public gaze, with many supposedly decent people in the audience.

WHY A BAD PLAY IS BAD

Youth is wide-eyed. Instantly it suspects that indecency can not be the sporadic, exceptional thing youth has been taught to think it. It must be general. Maybe it is universal. Maybe everybody is bad. Is purity only pretense? Is innocence only unsophistication? Is it manhood and womanhood to know and do such things?

You see what infinite possibilities for harm lurk in a bad play, and why we ought to keep plays wholesome and helpful.

Nothing can be so helpful as a good play,

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just because it does intimate the universality of purity and nobility; just because it does inspire youth to emulate the best.

Proud Rome promptly fell into doddering senility when her youth learned only of gluttony and the luxuries of bath and bedchamber from the fathers and mothers.

If America is to keep her proper place, the fathers and mothers must have a care of plays and literature and their own lives and ideals.

What was it the Master said? Better a millstone about your neck than offend a child. Playwrights and managers, and book and magazine writers and publishers, are under the most insistent obligation to look to that responsibility.

We have been conscious of ours for a long time. In this magazine, and in all the magazines which this house and our affiliated houses publish, we strive—not always successfully, but we strive—to eliminate and exclude everything from our pages that might prove harmful to youth.

Often this is an extremely difficult thing to decide. Increasingly so. For younger children are reading magazines than formerly—at least younger in years. And, too, the tendency in literature seems to be in the direction of more frankness.

A STRONG WHITE LIGHT ON VICE

We believe newspapers should turn on the light. The light will show that crime is punished, that foulness is hideous. Youth will see the moral if the press tells the truth and does not yield to the temptation to play up, unduly emphasize, the charm of vice.

Magazines must also tell the truth. The facts should be accurate and the fiction true to life. We can not run stories without complications and situations and plots. But we can refrain from so emphasizing the lure of sin that the reader will overlook the wages.

Not long ago EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE declined a serial which we knew would add to our circulation and which the publisher who ran it claims actually did add a hundred thousand to the circulation of another magazine. We know that readers could hardly wait for each issue of that magazine.

We rejected the story because we felt sure it would, in the sense the Master meant, offend young people.

We are not prejudging the publisher who sent this story broadcast, nor the writer of the story. The fact that crowds rushed to get it is probably proof to them that the story is all right.

But those of us publishers who have spent years laboriously building up magazines with reputations for wholesomeness and helpfulness can not but regard with infinite regret this apparent indifference to the harmful effects such stories must have.

The fact that thousands of people want such stuff, and that they can read it and keep public respect and some self-respect when they find it between the covers of a presumably respectable magazine, is precisely the reason for not printing it.

A magazine ought to be the cleanest, safest thing published. Unlike a book, the parents can not always read all of it before the children get to it. It comes into the home twelve times or fifty-two times a year, entirely different each issue. It ought never to publish anything that any broad-minded parent would not wish the children to see.

The things the children ought to know—and there are vital ones—ought not, in our judgment, to be told them through the magazines. Such information should be given the children at a time and in a form suitable to each child. Only the parents, or the nurse, or the teacher, can know when and what that is.

Certainly the publisher can not know.

You parents who are permitting poisonous literature to reach your children through a supposedly respectable magazine, in the guise of a popular serial or otherwise—

You parents who are permitting a publisher to talk to your children of things about which you alone should talk to them—

You parents who are permitting a publisher to send unclean advertising pages into your home, for his profit, at the risk of your children's morals and health and prosperity—

Better a millstone were hanged about your neck and you were cast into the midst of the sea!

You can not evade responsibility by claiming that you trusted the publisher, any more than he can evade responsibility by claiming and proving that he only gave you, the public, what you demanded.

Your *omission* from ignorance or indifference, and the publisher's *commission* for money, are both capital millstone offenses.

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